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JANUARY
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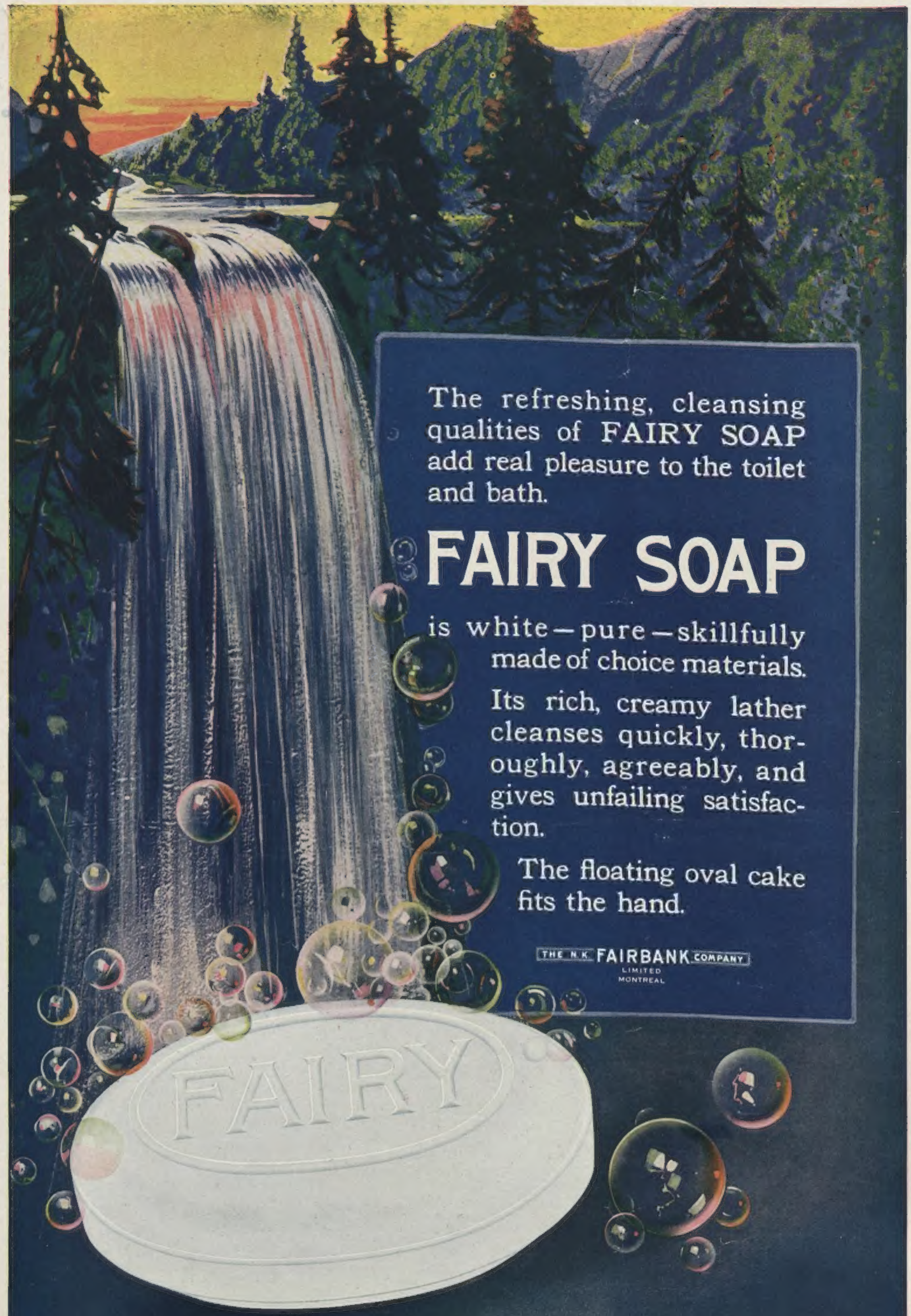
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FAIRY SOAP
is white—pure—skillfully made of choice materials.
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The floating oval cake fits the hand.
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FAIRY
"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor

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Vol. VII. No. 1

JANUARY, 1917

A Personal Chat with the Editor

An Important Announcement

IN the February issue we announce the first instalment of Isabel Paterson's latest and most fascinating novel, "The Magpie's Nest." The publication of this second story of Canada's newest and most successful novelist will be welcomed by those who have read "The Shadow Riders," the novel that created a furore last season, and brought Mrs. Paterson fame.

"The Magpie's Nest" is the story of a girl—the reaction of a courageous, unworldly, paganistic girl to the world as she finds it when she tries to make a living.

"There is no moral to the story," says Mrs. Paterson. "There is a strong moral to the story," you will say when you read it.

Watch for the announcement next month.

A Woman's Fight for Decency

THE true story of a woman's struggle to remove corruption and stagnation from the politics of one of Canada's most politically backward provinces. How she succeeded with the aid of the women of her province in influencing the election of men who pledged themselves to bring in the reforms asked for—reforms that would make life worth living for women—and how she got Equal Suffrage in her province, makes one of the most absorbing stories of the year.

Their Quality of Mercy

By E. A. TAYLOR

THIS is a tremendous heart-moving tale, woven around German brutality and treachery. After you have read it, you will better understand the nation so cursed with the love of dominance and power. "Their Quality of Mercy" is the best short story of the War yet published.

The Gap

By MARY MACLELLAND

ANOTHER story on the War, but with an entirely different setting to "Their Quality of Mercy," for this little story radiates the sunshine and love that is almost invisible to those who see only the gloom and horrors of the Great War.

Babies, Babies Everywhere!

GOODNESS me! I never saw so many babies in all my life as I have seen lately. Nearly every street car I ride on carries a half-dozen mothers with babes in their arms and kiddies at their knee. I used to know mothers who were ashamed to take their children down town with them. But now all that is changed. A mother with a babe is the most honoured person in the world, and even if she appeared in public in rags, men and women would pay homage to her.

And all that brings me to the question—"What kind of beings are our mothers going to make of the little lives they carry beneath their hearts and in their arms?" I wonder! But then you know we have EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and no mother will go astray if she assiduously applies herself to all the information we impart every month to mothers and parents.

I am going to publish some very important articles for mothers in coming issues, but I can only give you a hint of what they will be.

"One child only in five hundred is born bad. Parents are responsible for all the other bad children." See what a responsible job you mothers have!

"Mother, Where Did Baby Come From?" is a question children are asking every day. You should know how to answer it aright.

"A Sulky Child is a Sickly Child." It's up to you mothers to find out what causes the sulks. You can do it.

And other phases of these important subjects that are now being prepared.

So you see we place a big importance upon the rôle our mothers are playing in the big drama called "Building Up Canada."

Woman in Finance

IN connection with the new and important department in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD being conducted by Ethel Kerr MacKnight on "Making Your Money Make Money," it is interesting to note the way women have successfully invaded the field of investment and, either by an all wise judgment or a wonderful intellect, have proved themselves able investors.

It is not hard to discover why women have come into this man's domain. Her entrance into business was bound to bring it about; and the idea has spread to women not in business.

Photo by Aylett

The genial, lovable Jean Blewett, whose writings are known and admired all over Canada and the United States, whose page "The Good Wife" has been one of the most popular features of Everywoman's World. This series has been running since October 1915 and has steadily grown in favor. The subject for March will be "The Blessings of a Big Family." Two of Mrs. Blewett's books are shortly to be published in Canada, England and the United States.

May Cleland Hamilton, Canada's Greatest Music Correspondent, whose important department on music starts in this issue.

Many a woman, untrained and uneducated in business, has taken hold of the helm of the family ship, after an incompetent skipper of a husband has put the vessel on the rocks, and has run the craft back to smooth waters and thus gained an experience that has served her as a beacon light in the future. She cared little for herself. All her anxiety was concentrated on bringing her children into a safe harbour where food and plenty awaited them.

Some persons find it easy to make money, but can neither keep it nor invest it to advantage. To these Mrs. MacKnight's advice is particularly helpful, as she provides an incentive for saving and points out a safe way in which these savings may be invested.

The woman investor has learned that there is no mystery about buying and selling good stocks. No special talent or aptitude is required, no big capital needed, no extraordinary facilities necessary. But one essential is necessary—knowledge; and this knowledge Mrs. MacKnight is imparting to those women who read her articles and make use of the service she so liberally offers.

The Greatest Debt in the World

A GREAT many years ago the Almighty created a mother so that mankind might learn love objectively and, through his affection, catch a gleam of that heavenly beneficence which has been waiting to guide him along the right path these many, many years.

But like many another providential favour, it has taken man a number of centuries to fully appreciate that woman's mental equipment—even when given equal opportunity—is anywhere nearly as good as his own. It is because of that slow mistaking that our mothers have patiently endured a needless minor martyrdom and continued to lavish a love that, in its prodigality, only tended to make the world forget her citizenship and thereby focus problems which we are only now commencing to solve.

The only way to gain a man's hearing and attention is to show him that it will pay him to do so.

So man is commencing to listen to woman's plea for equal citizenship because it will pay him larger dividends, not only in dollars and cents, but in health and happiness as well. That is the reason why men believe now that Equal Suffrage, Mothers' Pensions, Old Age Pensions, Anti-Child Labour Laws, and other social problems, can be solved more quickly by combining masculine logic with feminine experience and intuition.

Realizing that mankind is learning, through travail of soul, that there is a fuller and more comprehensive meaning embodied in the word helpmate, we asked Mr. Hearst, Premier of Ontario, and Mr. Rowell, Leader of the Opposition, to give us their conception of the future of Canadian womanhood. Their statements, published on the editorial page, are amongst the most important that have been made by any Canadian public man on this subject.

Our New Music Department

I ASKED May Cleland Hamilton, Canada's greatest music correspondent, to tell you about the new music department which we have entrusted to her to edit regularly, and she says:

"It is with very great pleasure that I am undertaking the editing of a Music Department for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD; and I hope that the pleasure will be shared by my readers.

In this department I shall endeavour to discuss all phases of music—voice, harmony—and in addition to the piano, other instruments both old and new.

National anthems have always interested me, and I intend to give some attention to them, beginning with our own, and "God Save the King," "Rule Britannia," "The Maple Leaf Forever," and "Oh, Canada" will all have their place in an issue in the near future.

The Old Masters and their compositions, church music, ancient and modern, and interviews with prominent artists are all on the programme which I have arranged.

I shall be glad to answer questions and to give any information you may desire. Address me care of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, enclosing self-addressed and stamped envelope."

Who is Elizabeth Burton?

WE have pleasure in announcing the result of the contest, "Who is Elizabeth Burton?" The prize of $5.00 was won by Mrs. J. J. Fear, 104 Erskine Avenue, Toronto.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD acknowledges the receipt of $1.00 from Mrs. J. B. Haight, Belleville, Ont., for the Belgian Relief Fund. This amount has been forwarded to Montreal.

Makes All Shoes Wear Longer
(Especially Children's)

Puts Joy in Walking

The story of Neolin is the story of better shoes. Because of Neolin, the new synthetic substance for shoe soles, shoes can now be had that wear longer than before.

Neolin was discovered in the Goodyear laboratories. It was tested in our factories. A year ago we announced its advent to the Canadian public.

Since then throughout the world millions of men, women and children have worn shoes built on Neolin soles. Thousands of shoe merchants who sold these shoes, have reported,

The Result of a Million-Pair Test

We who make Neolin, those who sell shoes with Neolin soles, and those who have worn those shoes, all came to the same conclusions.

That Neolin wears longer than the best of leather—and good leather is very scarce.

That because poorer leather is so often used for children's shoes, Neolin gives such shoes greatly increased wear.

That Neolin is waterproof. Such an advantage is of inestimable value during the winter and spring months.

That Neolin is light and flexible, easing shoes and strengthening foot muscles.

That Neolin is slip-proof and stub-proof—noiseless and will not scratch. Children can be allowed to play anywhere indoors in shoes with Neolin soles.

You can secure now some brand of shoe with Neolin soles from your favorite store. If you will ask for one of the brands listed below you will be sure of getting them promptly. If your merchant has not got shoes on Neolin soles he can secure them immediately.

Ladies' Shoes

Altro	Macfarlane
Ames-Holden	Mayflower
Bernice	McCready
Classic	Onyx
Corona	Blachford
Georgina	Perth
La Parisienne	Vassar
London Lady	Bell

John McPherson

Children's Shoes

Hurlbut

Neolin is:

Neolin is a new synthetic substance for the soles of shoes.

It differs from both leather and rubber in many ways. It possesses advantages over both.

Neolin wears longer than leather or rubber. Neolin is waterproof—slip-proof—noiseless—light—flexible. Neolin will not scratch furniture or floors.

In the face of the rising cost of leather and consequent cutting down of quality, Neolin, one quality on shoes of all prices, is a boon to all people.

Neolin is a quality product of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited.

Every genuine Neolin sole is branded with this trademark.

Neōlin

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
JANUARY
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN WOMEN

Assured by the Wonderful Record of the Past

AN EDITORIAL

by William Howard Hearst, Premier of Ontario

ALL that woman had accomplished before the War, all that she has sacrificed in time, money, energy, and pleasure since the War began, and the many excellent traits of character which have, at all times, been exemplified in woman as a whole, and particularly in woman here in Canada and in Ontario, all this has been recognized and is being appreciated.

Now that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has given me the opportunity, I do not hesitate to say that I sympathize with the aspirations of woman in her claims to higher citizenship. Premier Asquith stated the case pretty well when he said in a recent speech that "after the War the British Government might be forced to give a better recognition to women for the sacrifices they had made, and the initiative they had displayed during the War."

How the War will affect matters in Canada, and particularly in Ontario, I am not prepared to prophesy, but I believe it will not be very long before the great majority of male voters will come to the conclusion that we shall be better off together than we are separated. At present the Government is very busily engaged doing its utmost in what it considers to be its duty during the Great War, and until there is a more pressing demand, it would probably be wiser to minimize new legislation as much as possible while the War is on.

CANADIAN MEN AND CANADIAN WOMEN

Together Must Solve Our Great National Problems

AN EDITORIAL

by Newton Wesley Rowell, Leader of the Opposition in Ontario

ANY student of history cannot but be struck with the fact that the forward movements of the race have ever been marked by a removal of the restrictions which hampered the liberties of woman, and by the gradual improvement of her status and the enlargement of her opportunities.

War has not changed conditions; it has simply helped the great mass of the people to realize that which observant social students understood and appreciated long before the War broke out.

That the State needs the help of woman in the solution of the great social problems of modern civilization, and particularly the industrial revolution of the past century, has been obvious for many years, but the outstanding part which woman has taken in this War, the countless sacrifices she has made, the unselfish and continuous service she has rendered—all these have crystallised public sentiment, and won for the cause in which woman is most immediately interested, a host of recruits—an army which is constantly growing.

The great social and industrial problems which we shall face after the War must have the sympathy and ability of the best men and women in Canada for their satisfactory solution. And to me it is practically unthinkable that we should try to solve these problems without seeking the whole-hearted co-operation of woman.

Before the War broke out, I repeatedly declared myself, in the Legislature, in favour of Equal Suffrage. The War has only confirmed the opinion I then entertained, and, if anything, has emphasised its importance.

That woman will have the Franchise is a foregone conclusion. The only question is the date when legislation will be enacted. That, of course, depends upon the attitude of the regnant party. The War has again and again emphasised that, after all, the great thing in a nation's life is its men and women, and that, more important than any question of development of resources, or problems of transportation, is the character of the men and women on the farms and in the cities. When the War is over, Canada, and all other countries involved, must face the future bereft of thousands of its finest and healthiest young men. Those who have fallen upon the field of honour were not physical weaklings, and in this new land we have had the best part of our population drawn upon for recruiting purposes and from a greater and wider area than any other people involved in the conflict. This question of human wastage, of making up this great loss, is the most difficult, as it is also the most vital, of the problems we must face.

If, therefore, Mothers' Pensions and kindred legislation will help the mothers of our nation give their children a better chance for life, and the opportunity to lead a fuller life, we should have it, and have it as soon as possible.

If social legislation will help the working man and working woman during sickness to pay his or her way and not expose the children to a grinding poverty which might impair both physical and mental energy, then both men and women should have that relief.

In other words, we should, deliberately and wisely, plan to promote all such remedial measures as will give a wife and mother the just opportunity to live the part of a real wife and a real mother to the coming generation, and to insure to every child born in Canada the certainty of a healthy, normal development, and an education which will fit that child for filling a useful part in the growing life of our young country.

The most famous skin treatment ever formulated

First the lather, then the ice, then gradually but surely the charm of "a skin you love to touch"

IS there some condition of *your* skin that is keeping it from being the attractive one that you want it to be?

Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or excessively oily?

Perhaps your complexion is being marred by that disfiguring trouble—conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the condition that is keeping *your* skin from being beautiful

—it can be changed!

The Woodbury treatment described here was first formulated and published five years ago. Since that time it has brought to thousands of people the lovelier complexions they have longed to possess.

They have read it, tried it, felt such a difference the first time they used it, that they have adopted it as their daily method of cleansing. Here it is:

First the lather—then the ice

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then—finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.* Always be particular to dry the skin well.

This is what happens

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is just the opportunity this treatment wants.

Every day it frees your skin of those tiny old, dead particles. *Then*, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day *cannot help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference *at once!*

Use persistently—you can't keep the charm away

Use this treatment persistently, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c. cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake today. Remember, for every day you fail to start this treatment you put off for another day the satisfying of that longing that is bound to come to you again and again.

Write today for a week's-size cake

For 4c. we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c. the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c. copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You love to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today and begin at once to get the benefits of this famous skin treatment for *your* skin. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 872 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

First, rub the cleansing antiseptic lather in—then finish with a brisk ice rub.

MADE IN CANADA

Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's.

For sale by Canadian Druggists from coast to coast

THE TRAGEDY OF THE YELLOW YAPOSHA

An Incident of the Fall of Tsing-Tau

By E. A. TAYLOR

He never forgot his duty to his country, but he was curious to know more of this little Nipponese who would so lightly betray her people.

GEORG VON ROHN, in the stiff uniform of a Prussian major, stood on the outer wall of Castle Hayashi, looking utterly out of place in the quaintly lovely Nipponese surroundings. The wall itself was cyclopean in its width, and in the enormous stones of which it was built. All along its top dwarf fir trees were planted, with fantastic little watch towers rising at regular intervals among them. Beyond the wall Von Rohn could look down into the shallow moat, where the ducks swarmed among the mass of lotus leaves and blossoms.

Within the wall was the old yashiki, or keep, of black timber, with a wide over-hanging roof, and round it was a paved court, with a garden ablaze with white and purple iris, and red, white and yellow azaleas. There were flowers everywhere. Von Rohn scowled across the moat at a forest thicket, where camellias, covered with red and white blooms, grew big as trees amid tall bamboos and palms. But being a prisoner there, Von Rohn hated it all.

The opening of the great War had found him in Nippon, the guest of Baron Hayashi, whose son had studied military matters in Germany before taking office in the Nipponese army. Also Von Rohn was a very clever secret agent—spy is too vulgar a name for a gentleman who does his work in the shelter of an embassy—there was not a scrap of writing anywhere that could incriminate him; yet why, he asked himself impatiently, had all those accidents happened to detain him, when he knew that War was near, and just when he was about to start for Tsing-tau? The information he had would be so valuable in the Chinese fortress, that Germany had proudly sworn never to surrender, and on whose defences and equipment she had spent one hundred million dollars.

Von Rohn was certain Hayashi had not the least suspicion of him, and he stayed as a prisoner of war at the Daimyo's old castle, giving his parole not to go beyond its walls, though he told himself that when a country as necessary to the well-being of the world as Germany, was fighting for her very life, her soldiers were justified in breaking even laws of honour. But how could he escape? From his prison wall he could sometimes see the smoke cloud from the hundred factories of Osaka, the great manufacturing seaport, but the castle was up in the mountains, remote from much travelled roads, and Von Rohn never saw a white man except Dunn, the American consul, who paid him formal visits. At times other Americans, belonging to the little artist colony in Nippon, came with him, but Von Rohn was afraid until now to ask for the one man he wished to see.

But now he watched the smart automobile that rattled out from among the camellias, and crossed the bridge into the castle court. Von Rohn saw a white man, who was not Dunn, in it with a girl; and then old Tada-Aki, who had come out of his watch tower, was beside him. "It is the Honourable Mr. Pedro Carter," he said. "He is a painter of pictures, and has married the samurai, Asso Ofusa's daughter, O Hoshi San."

Von Rohn looked down and saw her, a slender girl whose pretty European dress would have passed muster in any white man's city. And the face framed in the auto hood was fair even to Von Rohn's Nippon-hating eyes—no darker than an Italian, with perfect features, soft, cream-tinted, clear skin, and wonderful dark eyes.

HE went down and was introduced, finding it easy to make friends with Hoshi, as she stood there, smiling and eating candies, while she chattered in French and English, and showed off her knowledge with the artless conceit of a pretty, petted child. Her husband stood by, studying the front of the yashiki with the eye of an artist. He was a handsome young man, an American citizen, though he evidently had the blood of some southern race in his veins. He woke from his artist mood suddenly as Von Rohn scribbled some meaningless letters on a card and showed it to him. At a word, his wife stepped back, and he said slowly to Von Rohn, "I do not understand."

"Have you forgotten your visits to Kiso-Chan and Tsing-tau a year ago, when General Von Mantz paid you the advance money you asked for—a thousand yen—and I made out a copy of his private cipher for you, to transmit the information you promised to get for him?"

"I know you now; you are Von Mantz's secretary."

"You were to discover what troops were ready to be sent from here."

Carter hesitated, then, dominated by the stronger will of the other, answered sulkily, "I have the information, but I dare not risk mailing it to your Shanghai agent; you don't know how keenly they watch here."

"And how did you get these notes about the troops?"

"It was madame, my wife. The troops are moved by night, and not a newspaper mentions them, but I noticed that while no foreigners were allowed to loiter near the tracks, yet in the little country stations among the hills, women would often wait patiently for hours till one of the trains that ran on a secret schedule passed, that they might see some man's hand wave to them from a window. I sent madame dressed as a peasant woman to wait, first at one place and then at another, till I had a fair idea of the whole movement. And no one suspected she was not a woman from a distant village, come, as many do, to get what might be a last glimpse of husband or brother."

"You are not a German; then why do you serve us?"

"For money," said Carter shortly. "'I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.' I have the habits of a gentleman, and I must live like one; yet I will not degrade myself by painting pot-boilers."

"I see; but I am surprised that you trust your wife to help you."

"In this country, when a woman eats a man's bread and takes his name, she holds herself bound in honour to obey him in everything."

"Then with her help you can aid me to escape. You must! I have information of my own as well as what you must hand over to me, and it all must be in our Commander's hands at the earliest possible moment. I will give you two thousand yen when I leave here, and eight thousand more when I reach Shanghai in safety."

Greed checked the refusal that rose to Carter's lips. "I will see if it can be done," he said slowly, "and tell you in a week."

That week passed very quickly. Carter had left the castle at once, but Hoshi stayed with some relatives there, and spent all the long days with the prisoner in the garden among the flowers. Partly to pass away the time, he flirted with her, but mainly because he never forgot his duty to his country and was curious to know more of this little Nipponese who would so lightly betray her people. She told him that her name, Hoshi, meant Star, and he boldly called her Estelle, she acquiescing smilingly, as she did to all his suggestions. He wondered how far this readiness to agree to his wishes would reach, but before he could make any further advances Carter came.

THE spy's face was haggard, and he spoke sullenly. "I have taken passage for madame and myself in an American ship which sails from Osaka to Shanghai to-night. I will hand madame the tickets before Hayashi Daimyo, telling him of our plans; then I will get him away, and you can take my chauffeur dress and leave the yashiki with madame. In the long coat, and cap and goggles, and with her, you can pass out to the auto, which she can drive, and you will be able to get away from Osaka before your escape is discovered. Your recent conduct with madame will give colour to her eloping with you, so I shall not be suspected; and she will be safe in China until I can join her."

Von Rohn almost laughed aloud in his delight, then added a coarse jest regarding Hoshi's part in the affair; but Carter turned on him furiously. "Curse you," he said. "Because in your part of the world women betray their husbands every day, you needn't think it is the same here. A woman belongs to her husband, and to him only, until he divorces her. I told madame to play with you as she did to save me from suspicion. And she only goes with you because I tell her to. She has my revolver if you should ever forget yourself."

With an effort Von Rohn kept back the raging words that rose to his lips—for Germany's sake he could not break with this despicable tool; but he promised himself that just for revenge he would get his Star-wife away from him. Then a sliding panel in the wall slipped back to admit Hoshi, followed by two little maids with trays of cakes and sweetmeats, and tiny cups of tea.

Carter was glumly writing in his note-book, ignoring Hoshi, who cheerfully began to sing a native song to the accompaniment of her kato's tinkle. Von Rohn bent toward her. "Tell me what you sing, Estelle," he murmured.

(Continued on page 40)

I confessed to General Kami that I had helped this enemy to escape and I asked him to crucify me. This he refused. But you are so low a people that you can do what he would not.

DOES A COLLEGE EDUCATION PAY A GIRL?

The Canadian College Trained Woman Is in Demand All Over the World

By MILLICENT PAYNE

Miss Ruth McFarlane, who combines Philosophy and Debts, and her staff.

"NO, I don't think I'll send her to the University. She'll probably marry, and then it would be money thrown away; a girl doesn't need that sort of thing as a boy does. I guess she'll just stay home when she's through school."

As these words reached me, my thoughts were brought back to that old problem which has faced so many fathers when a daughter is old enough to leave school: Should she continue her studies or, at seventeen or eighteen, come home having, presumably, "finished" her education?

The solution of this problem is more simple now in these days of war than it was two years ago. What should a girl's education be, and for what should it fit her? A boy's education must be such as to fit him for service in the world, in its broadest sense; and the care expended on a girl's education should have, as its ultimate object, the making of a useful citizen—one who not only realizes difficulties, but can attack them with a determined pertinacity that must win through.

Never before has this truth been so manifest —that a man or woman is the result of the training and care bestowed upon the boy or girl. We have all, at some time, shrugged our shoulders impatiently when told that school and college are a preparation for after-life. But the time is now upon us when we must realize that the future of our Empire, nay, the future of the whole world, lies with the College trained woman no less than the man.

Women must do not only their own work, but that of the men who are giving the devotion of their lives to the cause of liberty. Every woman has an imperative right to the education which will best fit her for a life service, and it is in our advanced schools and universities that this training can best be given. In them a girl learns by actual experience the meaning of life in a community with its obligations and responsibilities, its necessary consideration for and tolerance of others.

But does life in such a community produce these excellent and much desired results? Study the work which is being done by women who have been educated at one or other of our schools and colleges.

Miss Mary Edgar, as The Piper, in her poetical play, "The Wayside Piper."

College Girls Who Have Made Good

MISS MARY CLARKE, the Headworker at Central Neighbourhood House, Toronto, was educated at Havergal College, afterward graduating from Trinity College, Toronto. Her office opens at 8.45 each morning, and from the moment she appears, there is a constant stream of foreigners whose requirements cover a vast range; one man wants work, but as he speaks no English, a note must be written to the Employment Bureau; an Italian woman wants news of her baby at the Sick Children's Hospital, and would the Lady at the House please telephone for her? Men and women come seeking employment in a strange city whose language is unknown, and where they would be stranded were it not for the services of the helpers and interpreters at this haven of refuge. The tide of callers never ebbs, yet through it all clerical work calls for attention and matters of wider interest must be settled both by letter and telephone. Classes are held in the afternoons in Mothercraft, and for girls learning typewriting. In the evening boys come for instruction in cabinet-making, while at different hours of the day clubs meet for sewing, physical drill, and games pure and simple.

Miss Clarke finds settlement work keenly interesting and a source of stimulus, carrying with it its own reward in the friendship of these queer foreigners, who are usually regarded by English-speaking people with a certain suspicion. They soon recognize "The Workers" as friends, and progress through the district becomes a slow business when one is hailed by children who express a frank interest in one's object and destination; by mothers, proudly exhibiting dark-eyed Italian babies; and by old people who have some story to pour out, sure of a sympathetic listener. There is quaint philosophy, too, to be garnered, and curious comments are passed at times on the customs of this country. One old Pole expressed his ideas about the marriage question in Canada very quaintly: "I never hear of no person not marrying in Old Country. In Canada—no good—too many old girls. Some day, when the War is over, I will make it like Old Country. Many men will come to Canada. I get a book. I make one book with all the girls' names; in another book I put all the men's names. I take the girls' names to the men; they choose a girl. I fix them all up."

Miss Mary Clarke, Headworker, Central Neighbourhood House, Toronto, is shown on the left. Miss Clarke finds a live use for her University training in Settlement Work.

Miss Norma Smith —on the right—devotes her College education to the development of The Girl Guides, drilling them, coaching them and taking them on hikes into the country.

In Camp and Factory

LAKE JOSEPH! From the hot, crowded city streets to its cool freshness! A far cry; but here again school training is proving itself. Last summer a group of girls acted a play written by Miss Mary Edgar, wherein she embodied, in poetical form, her very practical ideals of a life of service. "The Wayside Piper" is the title, The Piper being the chief character who, in this case, is a woman. Faith, Hope, and Love breathed their messages into her Pipe, so that, going down into the cities amongst girls, she instilled into their hearts her inspired message; and girls, alike from factory and college, all unconscious still of their great opportunities, heard the message, and, after her piping, their faces shone with a new light as they realized at last the beauty of a life of service to others.

Miss Edgar is an old student of Havergal College and is well known as an active member of the Young Women's Christian Association in work which brings her into personal contact with girls. She has been for many years an officer of the Girls' Camp, Lake Couchiching, living, playing, and studying with the girls, and leading them to realize the rich opportunities for help and service—opportunities which will increase when school is but a memory and the deeper responsibility of womanhood is upon them.

"I love association work," Miss Edgar declares, "because I love girls, and the work simply means associating with them, and helping them to discover their best."

In Montreal Miss Edgar has already done great service amongst those whose hard work keeps them indoors all day amidst the ceaseless clatter of whirling machinery. By starting clubs in different factories, she has brought an interest to many who, otherwise, would never have realized that their lives hold possibilities of active happiness, and who, but for her, would never have understood those possibilities. The girls' clubs for recreation and amusement have made an unbelievable change, and employers welcome them as wholeheartedly as employees. They know from experience that a happy girl is capable of infinitely better work than one who is gradually developing into a dull, unthinking, mechanical drudge.

Debts and Philosophy

"IT is very difficult to study and attend to business at the same time," said Miss Ruth McFarlane, "but I spent two years working up the business and establishing a connection, and now I am in my Junior year at Victoria College, studying philosophy, and am conducting my business as well."

"But don't you find the telephone a nuisance when it breaks into your study?" I asked.

"Well, I did at first, but now I have regular hours when the girls can report, and the people for whom I work are gradually coming round to my wish and communicating by letter, unless there is something very urgent."

"Girls report to you?" came the question of a somewhat puzzled person.

"Yes," was the smiling answer, "I have four girls working for me now, and they also are finding it a profitable business, though, naturally, it takes a good deal of time. I began by collect-

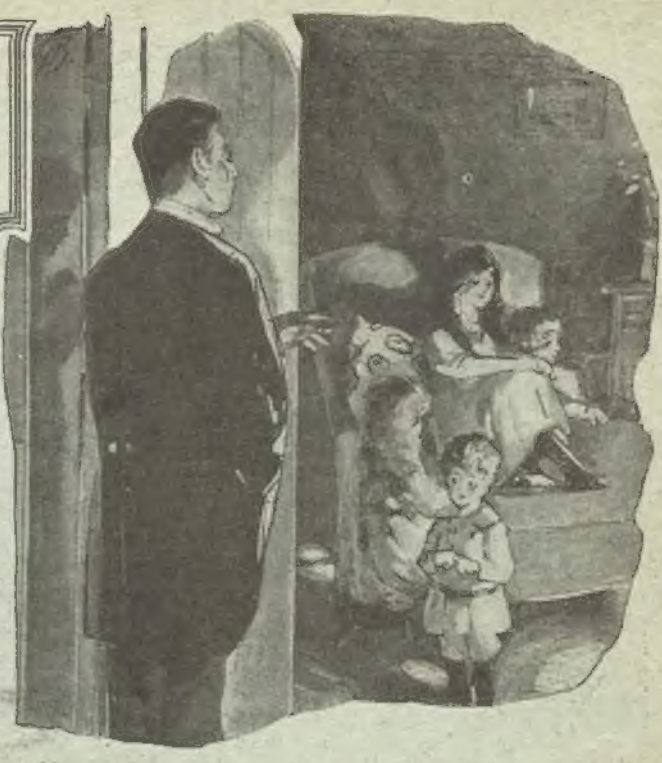
(*Continued on page 32.*)

SYSTEM AND METHOD

A Fairy Play in One Act

By A. BERTRAM GREEN

Illustrated by GEORGE BUTLER



CAST OF CHARACTERS

MABEL, aged 11 }
IRENE, aged 9 } *Orphan children living with their*
CHARLIE, aged 7 } *Aunt, Mrs. Jenkins.*
BABY, aged 4 }

MR. MEREDITH, *Chief Clerk of the Bureau of Commerce.*

JOHN JENKINS, *of the Bureau of Commerce.*

MARY JENKINS, *his wife.*

THE FAIRY POLICHINELLE, *a most unlikely character.*

SCENE:—*A plainly furnished living room in John Jenkin's house. Fireplace right. Small desk near fireplace. A comfortable armchair, the only one in room, in front of fireplace. Tables, chairs and other fixings. Large clock on mantelpiece or shelf. Evening paper on table. Mabel, Irene, Charlie, and Baby discovered grouped around the fireplace. Mabel is curled up in armchair, the others lying on the floor. Mabel has just finished a fairy tale.*

TIME:—*Evening of the children's first Christmas Eve at the Jenkins' home.*

MABEL: And the Prince married Cinderella, and they all lived happily ever after. There!

ALL: Oh, how lovely!

CHARLIE: Did the ugly sisters live happy too?

MABEL: Why, yes. They *all* did.

CHARLIE: Well, I don't think that fair.

MABEL: But they had to say they were very sorry, and, besides, they were punished by their feet never growing right again.

IRENE: Did it hurt to have their feet cut?

MABEL: Oh, an awful lot.

CHARLIE: I wish some one would cut Uncle's feet.

MABEL: Charlie! How dare you say such a thing! Uncle is very kind, and—and——

CHARLIE: He won't let Santa Claus come.

MABEL: Don't talk about it. Auntie says it's all for our good.

IRENE: What about the fairy god-mother, Mabs?

MABEL: Why, she used to visit them every Christmas Day.

CHARLIE: What did they have for dinner?

MABEL (*who has a mind above such material considera ions*): Oh, everything nice you can think of.

BABY: I want a fairy.

MABEL: So do I, duxy wux, but Uncle does not like fairies.

CHARLIE: He says they're "Tommy rot."

IRENE: Yes, and we're not to waste our time on—on——

MABEL: Imaginative twaddle, I think.

IRENE: Yes, that's it.

MABEL: He says we ought to feed our minds on solid facts. I hate solid facts.

IRENE: They don't improve my mind one scrap.

CHARLIE: Nor mine.

BABY: Nor mine. (*Mabel and Irene fuss over Baby and laugh at him.*)

CHARLIE (*sulkily, harping on his grievance*): He says there *is* no Santa Claus.

MABEL: Oh, I don't think he can *mean* that. Rose Hatton says that Santa always comes to their house when she's good.

IRENE: Perhaps we're not good enough.

MABEL: I don't know. I think we are. But there! Uncle does not like Santa Claus, and so, I suppose, he does not care to come.

CHARLIE: He used to come when Mother——

MABEL AND IRENE: Hush! Hush! (*A pause.*)

IRENE: Perhaps, if we were to believe in him *very* hard—

MABEL: Let's try. Let's believe in him *ever* so hard. You see, Uncle does not want him, but if we want him extra much, perhaps he might come after all.

BABY: I want Santa.

MABEL: There, you shall have him, precious—perhaps. No, you *shall* have him. I am sure he will come. Now, boys and girls, all together. *He shall come.*

ALL: He shall come. (*A sound is heard off stage.*)

MABEL: Listen!

IRENE: Oh, it's him.

(*Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins heard off stage.*)

JENKINS: You are most forgetful, Mary. I am always speaking to you about it.

MABEL: Oh, it's only Uncle.

(*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins. Jenkins is a well fed, slow minded, fretful man, very self-important and very selfish. Mrs. Jenkins, small, pretty in a faded way, inefficient. She is much in awe of Mr. Jenkins. They have evidently been shopping. Mrs. J. carries the parcels.*)

JENKINS: Why are the children not in bed, Mary?

MARY: They will go right away.

JENKINS: It's much past their hour. They must have sleep. Look at me. I have plenty of sleep. Look at you. Up to all hours. Past eleven when you were home from that church meeting last Thursday. If you want to see those people, why don't you see them in the day time?

MARY: I have so little time, the children and the house——

JENKINS: Stuff and nonsense. All you want is System and Method. How do you think *I* would have obtained my position without System.

MARY (*wearily*). I think I will put the children to bed, John. (*Children are kissed on forehead by Jenkins, and exit with Mary.*)

JENKINS (*sits in armchair, finds book on it*): Nothing put away. What's this—Fairy tales—Faugh! Against my express orders. Well, I'll have a word to say about that. (*Takes account book from desk, works on same.*) Another column wrong. Will she never learn to add? What's this—twenty-five cents for Moving Picture Show! Extravagance, unpardonable extravagance. Blots, erasures, the worst set of books I've ever seen. What's this—Christmas presents $1.75! Well, of all——

(*There is a distinct pause. At first Jenkins continues to work. Then his head falls, and he appears to doze.*)

MARY (*off stage*): All right, dears, I'll try. (*enters*) John, the children are so anxious to have Santa Claus. Don't you think we might?

JENKINS: What's that?

MARY: I've got the presents, and they would be so delighted.

JENKINS (*heavily*): Do I understand that you desire to encourage the children in a belief of the absurd Christmas myth?

MARY: Well, John, I——

JENKINS: No!

MARY: But, John, it's their first Christmas since——

JENKINS: I said "No!" I am in the habit of meaning what I say.

MARY: Very well, John. (*Sighs, gets work basket.*)

JENKINS: While we are on the subject of Christmas, I want to go over these accounts with you. (*He does not move from his position. She rises, crosses stage, and stands leaning over his chair.*)

JENKINS: As usual the totals are all wrong.

MARY: Oh, and I tried so hard. I went over it twenty times, and it never comes out the same.

JENKINS: Stuff and nonsense. System is what you want. System and Method. And look at these blots.

MARY: Baby knocked my arm.

JENKINS: Oh, yes. Always an excuse. How do you think I would have got on if I had made blots and excused myself. System. Say "System."

MARY (*meekly*): System.

JENKINS: Now, what do you mean by spending my hard earned money on Moving Picture Shows and presents for the children?

MARY: It was money you gave me for a new hat, but I thought——

JENKINS: Then spend it on a new hat. The children are expense enough. I want these children brought up without extravagant notions. I'll give them a good education, feed and clothe them, but nothing more. You take those presents back.

MARY: Very well, John.

JENKINS: I want the children brought up on System and Method. I will not have fairy twaddle stuffed into their heads. Look at this book. Where did it come from?

MARY (*looks at fly leaf*): "With Santa's lovingest love to his dear little Rose." I think Mabel's school friend, Rose Hatton, must have lent it to her.

JENKINS (*sneeringly*): "With Santa's lovingest love to his dear little Rose." I can't understand Hatton allowing such nonsense. He's a good business man. Plenty of System. But he has a weak spot somewhere. I flatter myself that I have *no* weak spots. He's soft. I'm hard ah over.

MARY: I think you are, John.

JENKINS: What's that? Well, understand that the children are to have no more of such twaddle. They are to be brought up on System and Method.

MARY: Yes, John. No doubt it is quite wise, but do you think they will be happy?

JENKINS: Happy? They'll get used to it, and be thankful afterward.

(*A pause.*)

MARY: John, did you *never* believe in fairies?

JENKINS: What nonsense are you talking now?

MARY: When you were a child, John, did you not believe in fairies.

JENKINS: My mother used to tell me a lot of twaddle. She wanted to make me a fool, but I developed myself. Now I am what I am, respected by my superiors, feared by my subordinates. I'm a rising man.

MARY: Yes, John, of course you're getting on, but—

JENKINS: But what? *Of course*, I'm getting on. Now this Reform Government is returned, they'll be clearing out all the dead heads. Shall *I* be cleared out? I fancy not. I should like to see the Department without me. But that miserably inefficient fellow, the Chief, faugh—he's trembling for his job. You see, I'll be in his chair before many days. Then, I'll wake 'em up.

MARY: I'm so sorry for poor Mr. Meredith.

JENKINS: Just like a woman. You ought to be glad I get my step. Why, I may hear of it at any time. As to Meredith, he has no more System and Method than—than you. He published a book of children's poems once, and I should not be surprised to hear that he believes in your precious fairies. Ha! Ha! I'd like to see any one make *me* believe in them.

(*Mabel appears in the doorway. She has her night dress on.*)

MABEL: Aunty, will you please come to Baby for a moment. He's crying for Santa and the Fairies.

JENKINS: Let him cry.

MARY: I'll go to him. (*Exit with Mabel.*)

JENKINS: Santa and the Fairies. Faugh! It makes me tired. Why should any one want to believe in such tomfoolery as fairies?

(*As he is talking the Fairy Polichinelle comes in front of him. She carries a grey silk wrap, her robe of invisibility, and a wand.*)

FAIRY: Ah! There he is, the beast! Now, to assume my robe of invisibility. (*Puts on cloak.*)

JENKINS. I should like some one to make me believe in fairies. (*Yawns.*) I should very much like some one to make me believe—

(*Fairy raps his knee with her wand.*)

JENKINS: Hello—

(*He feels knee, looks round, then closes his eyes again. Fairy raps other knee. He feels other knee, looks round very much surprised. Gets up, examines ceiling, but finally settles himself for a doze. Fairy raps his right knee a second time. This time he catches the wand. Fairy snatches it away.*)

JENKINS: Well, I'll be—jiggered! Mary, if you're playing me any tom fool tricks, I'll—

FAIRY (*throwing off robe*): It's not Mary. I did it. I'm a fairy, and you're a horrid, disagreeable, ugly old frump. (*Assumes robe.*)

(*Jenkins rubs his eyes, looks hard at her without, of course, seeing her, then rubs his knee.*)

JENKINS: Well, of all the extraordinary—I was never roubled hat way before. I must see a doctor. Extraordinary hallucination. (*Fairy raps knee.*) There it is again. (*Fairy raps knee.*) I must concentrate my will power. I am quite normal. I feel nothing. (*Fairy raps knee.*) Oh! This is simply an hallucination. (*Fairy appears.*) Go away! You're an hallucination.

FAIRY (*indignantly*): I'm not!

JENKINS. I say you are. You're probably the piece of cheese I ate for dinner.

FAIRY: How dare you? I'm not!

JENKINS: You are. You're a figment of my imagination.

FAIRY: You particularly disagreeable old man! I'll condescend to argue with you. First, you have no imagination. Second, it's insulting to call me a figment. (*Pinches him.*) Does that feel like imagination?

JENKINS: Perhaps she's right. Look here. What do you mean by bobbing up and down like that, and hitting me? Hitting *me* indeed.

FAIRY: It's no use being grouchy. I wanted to wake you up.

JENKINS: Impertinence. Now, if this is some scheme for getting a subscription out of me, it won't go. My wife attends to that.

FAIRY: Yes, I know, and you refuse er the money to do it with. No. I don't want a sub. You'll give to everything you can find of your own free accord later.

JENKINS: I will not. Perhaps you're a book agent. You'll waste you breath in asking me to buy books at a dollar down and a dollar a month. And, go home and get properly dressed. Disgraceful!

FAIRY: Oh, don't worry your little brain. You really have quite an ordinary brain, you know. I've told you already. I'm a fairy!

JENKINS. Stuff and nonsense. Now, look here. How did you get in?

FAIRY: Through the key hole.

JENKINS: Talk sense. State your business and go away.

FAIRY: I'm afraid I can't go until you've become a very different man to your present self. But I'll state the first part of my business. You bought some stock this morning.

JENKINS: I suppose some one in the office told you that. Well, I did.

FAIRY: You *think* you bought fifty shares of Northern Pacific.

JENKINS: I *know* I did. What's more, it's risen two and a half points, and I shall clear a tidy profit. System and Method

FAIRY: Well, as a matter of fact you actually bought five hundred shares of Southern Pacific, and it's dropped sixteen points. Look at your broker's confirmation. If I'm wrong, I'll go away. (*Continued on page 44*)

Newton Wesley Rowell, K.C., Leader of the Liberal Party in Ontario. A public man of distinctly fine texture—so fine that doubting friends and enemies have said he is unsuited to public life. There can be no doubt but that he appears to best advantage before comparatively small audiences. [Photo by International Press

Thomas Ahearn, Electrical Engineer, Ottawa, Ont., began as a telegraph operator, but soon found his way into a field better suited to his large stature and coarse quality—the field of electrical engineering and contracting. He has constructed and equipped some of the largest electric works in Canada. [Photo by International Press

J. Castell Hopkins, well known to Canadians as a writer, and critic of literature and art. An excellent example of fineness of texture in skin, hair, and features, showing a preference for refinement of thought and surroundings that could not tolerate the rough life of the contractor, or lumberman. [Photo by International Press

The Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Rudolphe Forget, M.P. Large stature and coarse, strong quality; made a fortune as a promoter and financier, dealing with big out-of-door propositions. Is also interested in agriculture and is a director of the Canadian National Bureau of Breeding. [Photo by International Press

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE OF YOUR BOY?

You Can Know by Examining His Skin and His Size

By ARTHUR B. FARMER

Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto

Registered in Ottawa in accordance with Copyright Act.

"WE'RE certainly the long and short of it," remarked the boy of exactly five feet four, glancing up admiringly at his cousin of six feet two.

"'Good goods,' you know," quoted he of the six feet two.

"But you can do so many things that I can't," sighed the small boy with longing and envy in his voice.

"Can't you see me selling pins and tape, or stringing beads?" laughed the larger boy. "There are some places where I just don't fit in."

So there are. Nature makes the man for the job, but we humans often force the job on the boy, irrespective of size and fitness.

To attempt to mend a plow with a sewing needle or adjust a watch with a railroad spike is no more unreasonable than to expect a small man to do a big man's work, or a physically big man to succeed in work suited to the man of small build.

Size as a factor in the fitness of the man for some jobs has always been recognized. The progressive employer looks over an applicant with an eye to size, as well as to texture, colour, type, and endurance. Some firms will not employ a man who is over five feet, ten inches, and others take none but those who are under this same height. In some classes of work extreme stature is a decided advantage, and in others these added inches are only in the way.

It does not require any very deep knowledge of character analysis to know that a large body is a disadvantage to the man who is continually moving in a small place where cubic inches are expensive. He takes up too much room. He is cramped in his movements so that he cannot do his work properly. He is in his own and every one else's way. His hands are a trouble and his feet are always where some one wants to walk. He knocks things over and bumps his head—and possibly a head not his own—in picking them up. Much stooping and bending soon fatigue him, and his mind is divided between his physical discomfort and the work he is trying to do.

I know a boy who worked in an office awhile ago. He grew so tall that his hands and feet were a nuisance to the entire staff. He decided that office work was not for him, and was dejected over his prospects. His view was bounded by an office because his father had been a valued and trusted book-keeper and his brother is a most successful accountant. But, forced to look for another class of work, he was surprised at the eagerness with which managers in several different lines tried to secure his services as salesman. One bond house held out very bright inducements so soon as he could master the rudiments of the business. He was in demand as a salesman because physical size is, in itself, impressive and tends to inspire confidence at first sight.

Michael John O'Brien, Renfrew, Ont. A man of huge physique and tremendous driving power, just the type of man to lead or drive in big out-of-door construction enterprises. Has been since boyhood connected with railroad construction and is largely interested in timber and mining operations. [Photo by International Press

Isidore Frederick Hellmuth, K.C., LL.B. Small stature, but very fine and fairly hard texture; great intellectual and nervous energy. Doing business largely on his own ground, with men who know him rather than with strangers, small stature is not necessarily a serious handicap in law. [Photo by International Press

Mere physical size is, therefore, a decided advantage to any man who must transact business with strangers during a first interview. This does not mean that the small man never succeeds as an outside salesman or in the handling of big business transactions; but when he does succeed, it is because of superior energy, ability, and in despite of the handicap of size.

Cecil Rhodes' big frame was a factor in his success. Andrew Carnegie succeeded by his energy and ability and in spite of his small stature.

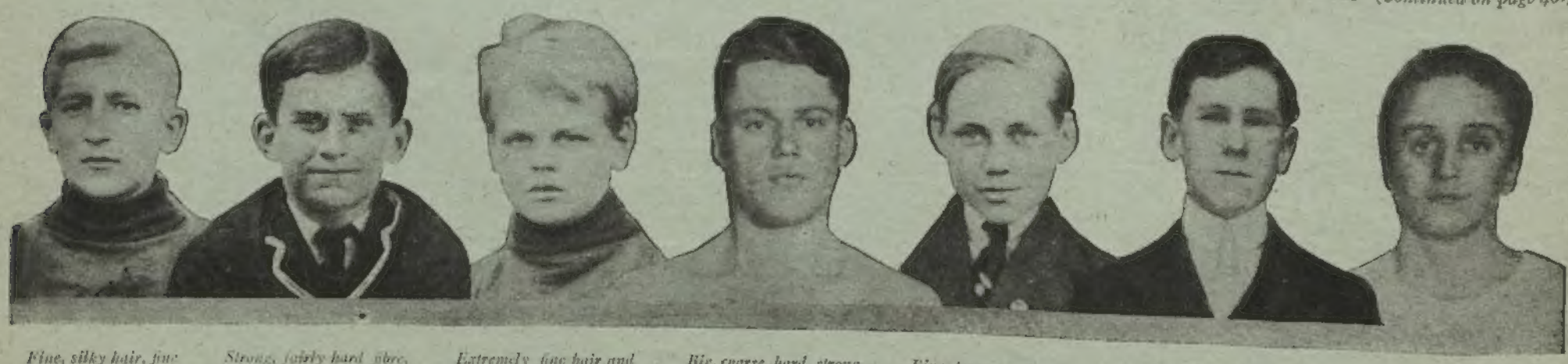
It is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to tell whether a growing boy of twelve or fourteen will develop into a tall man or the reverse. A consideration of his family and ancestors may help to foretell the number of inches he is likely to acquire. But boys are apt to prove that it is the unexpected which happens and to "shoot up" or "stop growing" just when you have made up your mind to accept the opposite extreme; and it is not uncommon for the undersized boy of fifteen to become a six footer, while his companion, who was big for his age at twelve, is of average stature or less after maturity.

Size as a Factor in Success

THERE are certain businesses a large man should not follow and certain lines that he should not handle. If he sells goods, it is important that the lines should be appropriate.

Lloyd-George selling shoe laces and baby ribbon would be a joke; but in leading people to appreciate ideas and ideals of national greatness and in the building up of an Empire, he is in his natural element. Views and opinions that might sound commonplace when expressed by a small man acquire weight and importance when uttered by a man of his physique.

It is only human nature to listen with attention and respect to the man of superior physique and stature, and, if he have the (*Continued on page 46.*)



Fine, silky hair, fine texture of skin, and finely chiselled features indicate that this boy will not care to handle anything much coarser than watches.

Strong, fairly hard fibre, well suited to the handling of machinery of medium grade. Notice the breadth across the temples, and the expression of the mouth.

Extremely fine hair and skin, sensitive, artistic, poetical, imaginative. The philosophy of art should interest this boy when he is older, and he should succeed in some of the fine arts.

Big, coarse, hard, strong, with an accurate eye and good mechanical sense, this boy would make good on structural steel work, or handling big, heavy machinery.

Fine texture, sensitive, refined, suited to the handling of fine and artistic goods. Very keen, quick, positive, practical, should succeed as a salesman of jewellery or fancy goods.

Coarse, strong, hard fibre, will succeed at the heavier grades of machine work. Notice the high, square head and the hard, straight lines, expressive of determination and thoroughness.

Fine intellect—note development of forehead and eyes. Rather soft texture and very flexible joints, indicating extreme adaptability. Prefers mental work along literary, artistic, or musical lines.

If I am disappointed again, I shall feel like throwing myself into the cold embrace of Lake Rosamonda.

LADY ELEANOR: LAWBREAKER

A stirring tale of ye olden days

By ROBERT BARR

Illustrated by ESTELLE M. KERR

New Readers Start Here:

LORD BRANDON had, during his life-time, so strongly disapproved of his son's association with player-folk that he had disinherited him and, in a new will, had left Brandon Hall to his niece, the Lady Eleanor Beaumont. Lady Eleanor considered this unjust and looked upon herself as usurping her cousin's rights. This last will and testament could not be found, although but three persons knew where it had been deposited—Lord Brandon, Lady Eleanor, and Mr. Sharp, of Sharp & Clipper, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn. Lord Brandon died, Mr. Sharp had not removed the document, and the Lady Eleanor——?

The new Lord Brandon is in need of ready money to purchase Drury Lane Theatre, in which to produce "The Rivals," a play written by Dick Sheridan, who is to act the leading part. To accomplish this he must sell Brandon Hall, and he visits the office of Sharp & Clipper on the same morning as the Lady Eleanor. Thus they meet for the first time since childhood. He greets the lawyer and his cousin, and brusquely asks what Brandon Hall will bring at auction. Before the lawyer sufficiently recovers from his surprise to give this information, Dick Sheridan, Kitty Clive, and other player-folk, with servants bearing hampers of food and wine, come in. They have followed Charles to celebrate his accession to the title, but more particularly to the estate. They take possession of the office and set out the feast, despite the protests of the lawyer.

Lady Eleanor drops her face in her hands and murmurs, "Was it for this, for *this!*"

Lord Brandon invites his friends, the player-folk, to his country house to talk over their plans, and to rehearse "The Rivals." Mr. Sharp sends his clerk, Humble Sycamore, up from London with documents for Lord Brandon to sign. Sycamore takes this opportunity to make love to Miss Chaffers, Lady Eleanor's aunt, and persuades her to promise to marry him on the assumption that he is coming into a fortune of seven hundred pounds a year.

Lady Eleanor's maid, Sophia, tells Miles, the butler, that she has the late Lord Brandon's last will, and proposes that they extort money from Lord Brandon as the price of their silence, and for giving up the will.

Lord Brandon tells Lady Eleanor that he loves her, but she will not listen, declaring that her only lover died in London, and that none but he shall ever call her wife. Lord Brandon in despair flings himself into a chair saying, "He whom you loved is dead, yet dying, loved you. My love lives, but turns from me in loathing."

Sophia confronts Lord Brandon with the will, demanding two thousand pounds for its surrender. He makes her give it to him. His friends, impatient at his absence, come in, and he tells them he wishes them to remain as witnesses. He then sends for Lady Eleanor and has Sycamore spread all the papers on the table ready to be signed. She protests against the sale of Brandon Hall, and sadly threatens him with another document which will make the sale impossible and sends Sophia for the will. The girl goes, and Lord Brandon produces the will and starts Sycamore on his way to London to "register it, replevin it, habeas corpus it, or do whatever your knavish trade finds necessary, and don't forget your fees. Now, away with you!"

CHAPTER VI.

THAT section of St. James' Park surrounding Rosamond's Pond was an ideal place in which to linger. A summer-house, sheltered by a thick shrubbery, yet open to the lake, held a comfortable bench which invited rest and pleasant meditation, and the banks of the water were studded picturesquely with trees that afforded seclusion without shutting away the sunlight. Lord Brandon, however, leaning on the railing that guarded Rosamond's Pond, evinced no appreciation of the natural beauties about him, and the impatient manner in which he flicked at the herbage with his cane indicated a state of mind little attuned to the peace of the placid water.

"For three mornings I have followed her here," he said, half aloud, "and on the fourth, determined to come to closer quarters, it will be just my luck if she stops away."

THE sound of approaching footsteps brought to Brandon's disconsolate face a flush of hope, which as quickly died away when he recognized Richard Sheridan, who seemed to be in high good spirits.

"The top of the morning to you, Lord Misanthrope!" cried the newcomer, cordially. "I heard the sound of your voice, Charlie. What are you doing? Rehearsing or soliloquising?"

"I am learning my part, to be word perfect when the play comes on."

"And an excellent place you have chosen, Charlie. Bishop Warburton said that this spot was consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry. Are you courting the elegiac Muse, or waiting for some more modern and fashionable goddess?"

"Neither the one nor the other, Dick, but to match your quotation from the Bishop, I give you one from Pope, who, in his 'Rape of the Lock,' says:

'This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's Lake.'

So, my volatile and amorous friend, if you are here to keep a tryst, I will leave the coast of Rosamonda clear for you."

"Charlie, your insinuation is most unjust," laughed Sheridan, easily. "There's no more faithful benedict in town than I. No, I came to find my melancholy Lord of Brandon."

"And how did you know I was here?"

"Still incredulous? Why, by the easiest method in the world. I called to see you at your apartments, and your man informed me you were much depressed these last few days, and had taken to rambling in St. James' Park. He feared the Pond might claim you, as it had done so many others of the dejected, but I told him his master was too good a judge of wine to waste himself on so much insipid water, and further informed him I had news to cheer you, so the honest fellow bade me Godspeed, and here I am. See how simple a tale will put you down, with your dark hints of trysts."

"What is your cheerful news, Sheridan?"

"I am promised the money for certain."

"How much?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Good lord! Has Garrick become generous in his old age, then?"

"Oh, Garrick is not so penurious as the gossips pretend he is."

"It *is* Garrick, then?"

"I am forbidden to say whether or no. I am bound to secrecy."

"Then it's not Garrick?"

"THAT'S as may be. I have given my word. I must not blab, even to you. Truth to tell, I do not know myself for a certainty who the generous donor is. I seem to have made a conquest. The main thing is the gold, and once my hands are on it, the first thousand goes to you, to repay the timely loan you made me when we thought you were rich. That debt is weighing on my mind, Brandon. To-morrow you shall have it, unless the devil stacks the cards against me once more."

"I shall be glad of the thousand pounds, but not for my own enrichment. The money will not be in my possession an hour."

"What! Is the heiress in town?"

"Yes. You see, I took the money from her in all good faith when I thought it my own."

"DOES the sour old spinster prove close-fisted? Has she pressed for payment?"

"What sour old spinster?"

"The heiress."

"Why, she is the most beautiful and divine creature the sun ever shone on, and scarce twenty yet."

"Ah, I never saw her, then."

"You saw her at the lawyer's den when first, mistakenly, I went to claim my heritage."

"The lady I met there, who I understood was your relative, seemed nearer twice twenty than the even score."

"Oh, that was Aunt Selina. 'Tis the other I mean."

"I do not remember any other."

"Dick, Dick, where were your eyes?"

"I fear, Charlie, they were gazing in the clouds at the new theatre we were to build. I was living in the future rather than the present, and when later I visited Brandon Hall I saw no ladies except those we brought with us from London."

"My cousin entertains rural prejudices against our profession, and although I did introduce to her the coterie from Drury Lane, that was after you had gone. Do you mean to tell me you never noticed her at Sharp & Clipper's office? Why, I certainly introduced you to her."

"I RECOLLECT no introduction, and no young lady such as you describe so eloquently," said Sheridan with conviction.

"Then for once, Dick, your eye for beauty failed you. If I should chance to meet her to-day——"

"You have not met her yet?"

"No; I fear my difficulty may be that she will refuse the money."

"I wish I could imbue *my* creditors with a similar reluctance!" murmured Sheridan.

"What I was about to say," went on Brandon, "is this. Am I safe in promising the money within a week?"

"Take my advice, and promise nothing till we have the gold in hand."

"Ah, you are not sure of it? Very well; I shall not mention it. I thought you were in rather an exalted frame of mind, and so became certain of the payment."

"Exalted! Yes; I can think of nothing else; and it elates me, so I sought you out. If a man has mirth or money, let him share it with his friend. Mirth to-day, and money to-morrow."

"Let us trust so."

"Trust; yes. What is life without trust and hope? If I am disappointed again, I shall feel like throwing myself into the cold embrace of Rosamonda here." He waved his hand toward the lake. "But, zounds, Charlie, think of what it means for us if everything comes right! Drury Lane is ours, then fame and fortune. Away with doubt! We'll believe in the money to-day even though it escape our clutch to-morrow. Come, Charlie, let's walk over Constitution Hill, and revel in our riches."

"I'll come to-morrow, when the gold's secure."

"But you've no appointment here with a woman, you said."

"I have not spoken to a woman for a month."

"Perhaps you've written to bespeak her company?"

"I have not written to a woman for a year."

"Then let's to Constitution Hill. Ah, here comes at last a fitting companion for the gloomy prince, whom even the chink of gold can't cheer. Bowed head, slow step, dejected mien: an elegiac, poetic form, moving slowly toward the spot of disastrous love. Ah, Charlie, Charlie, and for the moment I believed you! Egad, I am growing old and good."

Brandon glanced behind him, recognized Lady Eleanor Beaumont, and shook Sheridan briskly by the hand.

"Good-bye, my friend, good-bye. Your news has quite buoyed me up, so now adieu. I'll see you in the morning. I shall do myself the honour to call at Orchard Street. (*Continued on page 41*)

MY CAREER

By MARGARET ANGLIN

How I Nearly Became Leading Lady

I decided to take up a career as a dramatic reader, and told Mr. Frohman so, when he offered me a part in "Shanandoah."

Margaret Anglin: a rare and very beautiful photograph.

I entered an engagement with the delightful and lovable James O'Neil, playing the role of Mercedes in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

JAMES O'NEIL once told me that I would "go far" as I had the Irish Sea" in my voice.

Now there can be no reasonable question as to my being a full-blooded and whole-hearted Celt, for I am Irish through at least fifty generations, and I glory in that fact quite as much as I do in being a Canadian. Yet to this day I do not know just what particular application of the phrase Mr. O'Neil intended; and I may as well further confess that I did not at first understand whether he meant the dry "C" or the wet "Sea."

In the years since Mr. O'Neil first made this remark I have asked a number of my friends if they had any ideas as to what "having the Irish Sea in one's voice" might really mean. One kindly old lady professed to know. "It is because your voice is so liquid, my dear," she said. Another laughingly declared, "It is because your voice is always so limpid and fresh," to which an effervescent and irresponsible *debutante* retorted, "Oh, how could it be fresh, if it is the ocean?"

Full of youthful ambition and more than desirous of knowing all my assets, I wrote to a poet whom I knew, and this is the reply I received. You will perceive when you reach the end of his "Pegasiusian" flight that this poet had a sense of humour, or, better still, he was gracious enough to credit me with one!

Did you ever live in the far-out, quiet country," he began, "at a distance, say, of a quarter or half a mile from the shore of a large body of water, an open bay, a sound, a great lake or an inland sea? Then you may have heard the witching sound that so often has come to me in the creepy silences of the night, and of which I am reminded never so much as by the symphonious intonation of your voice.

"I have heard it," he enthused, "in the per fect silences of country nights near the shores of our great lakes, when there was no last breath of air stirring and the water was so calm and still that it scarcely lapped the moonlit sands. This eerie echo of a sound seemingly came from nowhere in particular—just sensuously permeated surrounding space with a soothing, lulling, sleep-inviting murmur, as of water purling over the stones of a brook, as the distant hum of honey bees across broad fields of luscious clover, the languid, elusive coo of a lonely dove in its far off cote, the purring drone of lightly touched harp strings over wastes of water, filling the air with a perfume of melody rather than distinctive, vibrant sound, the enchanting harmony of the eternal stars singing together in the rapturous glory of the wondrous summer-autumn nights.

"That, if you please, is 'the Voice of the Sea,'" he concluded, "the sea that you have in your voice. And considering the origin of your ancestry, I can see no reason why it should not [illegible] and appropriately be the Irish Sea."

Needless to say, I did not pursue my enquiries. I have a sense of humour.

Let me confide in passing that, much as I should like to write of the romantic side of the stage, I fear me there was little enough of romance connected with my earlier days in the theatre. There ever was an abundance of hard work, trying work and a certain amount of varying degrees and sorts of disappointment. But the lurid theatre of occasional fiction I have never known.

IT was Mr. O'Neil who first taught me to read Shakespeare; and he further endeared himself to me by the painstaking care he exercised in his instruction. Later I had the pleasure of acting in one of Shakespeare's plays with Mr. O'Neil, having the *role* of *Ophelia* in "Hamlet."

All through my early years on the stage I have once gave up my great ambition to act in Shakespeare's plays. The opportunity came immediately following my first engagement with Mr. O'Neil, when I went with Mr. William F. Connor, who later became and now is Madame Sarah Bernhardt's manager.

Mr. Connor offered to star me through the Lower Provinces in a repertoire of several light comedies. My appetite for Shakespeare being stimulated by having played *Ophelia*, I made the stipulation that "As You Like It" should also be played, and accepted the engagement on this condition.

Thanks to the careful instruction of Mrs. Wheatcroft, I was so perfectly familiar with the lines of *Rosalind* that I think I could almost have delivered them backward; in all frankness I am constrained to say that the other members of the cast were not so well prepared on the night this play was first put on by the company. Rather, as I recall, there were not a few copies of the lines posted about the stage in accessible places, but out of sight of the audience.

NOTABLY in the Forest of Arden scene the memories of my fellow actors frequently were refreshed throughout by consulting their parts, which were pinned at reading height upon the "forest" limbs and branches, but which were made inconspicuous from the footlight point of view by conveniently concealing leaves and boughs.

Yes, we played "As You Like It" that wonderful "first night," but I shall never say how. The audience nevertheless probably had very decided views as to our presentation of the play.

Leastwise, one theatrical critic—or was he only an all round reporter—formed a more or less determinate opinion of our work that night, and, further than that, he displayed the courage of his convictions in print. For lo! with a dignified gravity worthy the pen of a Samuel Johnson, he announced in the columns of his paper the following morning that "Miss Anglin and her Company played 'As You Like It' last night at the Opera House, as they liked it."

This review at least had the quality of stimulating my imagination, and one can easily fancy the trepidation with which I approached my first appearance in this play upon the stage of the Opera House in St. John, which town I had left only a very few years before as a child.

It was during my tour with Mr. Connor that we came to a small town about which I recall an amusing incident. It is not necessary to designate this place more definitely than to indicate that it is located quite near the border on which side I shall not say.

When we reached this town we were not a little amused by an odd and rather smile-provoking character in the person of the manager of the local play house. This man evidently believed that advertising pays, for upon the band of his hat he had printed the potent words, "Theatrical Manager." Most certainly, at any rate, he was possessed of a mentionable pride in his calling and also was admirably unafraid to display it, at least to all who cared to read. And [illegible] would fail to do that, for the lettering was of the extremely conspicuous, glaring type.

Among the multitudinous local activities practised by this manager was that of going about the business streets of the town selling tickets for the performances at the Opera House.

"Show to-night! Show at the Op'ry House to-night!" he would call.

In the accomplished tones of a professional town crier he would call out the announcement of the current attractions as he walked up and down the village thoroughfares. He carried with him a board upon which was fastened a plan of the seats in the play house.

Whenever he sold a seat to a passer-by he would take a pin out of his hat—which was a veritable pin cushion—and stick it in the number of the seat corresponding with the purchaser's ticket.

THAT he did not, as is the common practice, use a pencil to mark out the number of the disposed of seats, was probably due to the fact that to do so would have necessitated the use of a new house plan for each performance. Whereas by employing pins be made each succeeding "stick in" easier to accomplish, providing his nerves were steady enough to connect with the prior puncture.

Nevertheless, whatever comment one may be tempted to make upon this primitive and somewhat original method of theatrical book-keeping, it may be said in all fairness that it was as dependable and satisfactory in the end as some methods—or lack of them—which I have at infrequent times encountered in later years.

It was during that same season with Mr. Connor, and while I was appearing as *Galatea* in "Pygmalion and Galatea" that I received a letter from Mr. Daniel Frohman, in which he said that he might offer me a *role* in "The City of Pleasure," a play being put on at the Lyceum Theatre in New York City.

THIS proposition persuaded me to take an early train for that city. But, much to my consternation, I found upon reaching the [illegible] that the part which had been proposed for me had, for some reason, been entirely eliminated from the play. And there was expectant I, *sans* part, and also, *sans* engagement, but not without a very large and obvious disappointment, so obvious that Mr. Frohman promptly essayed to cheer me with the promise that I should have the part of *Flavia* in "The Prisoner of Zenda" in one of his "road" companies.

And just here occurred an incident which goes to prove how very small, after all, the world really is. One will meet people of remote days and places and equally remote associations in the odd corners of the world and under the most unexpected and unusual circumstances. On my way home from the Lyceum Theatre that day I met a Canadian friend, and with her was a lady I did not then recognize. As she was the daughter of an old acquaintance of my mother, I came to believe, in the light of the following experience, that she was under the impression that my wholly unintentional lack of recognition was purposed as a personal slight.

At any rate, I was so flushed with high spirits as a result of Mr. Frohman's proposal that I confided to my friend the good news that I shortly was to enter an engagement in "The Prisoner of Zenda," but thoughtlessly neglected to say that it was not with Mr. Sothern's Company, which, it should be made clear, was not then playing "The Prisoner of Zenda."

About a month following this meeting with my Canadian friend I was informed that the 'road' company would continue the engagement with the lady who had been and then was playing the part of *Flavia*. That in itself was disappointment and chagrin enough.

But what immediately followed made my thwarted expectations seem quite trivial by comparison. It would seem—for I know of no other channel through which the matter could have been mentioned—that the unrecognized lady of the street car had soothed her unwarranted feeling of pique by gossip to the effect that I had boasted of my coming appearance in Mr. Edward H. Sothern's Company, as she no doubt at that time assumed that he still was playing in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Be that as it may, there appeared in the daily press a most discomfiting story conveying the idea that I had announced myself as the soon-to-be leading woman with Mr. Sothern, upon the retirement of his wife, Miss Virginia Harned. This, of course, had no least foundation in fact, but was based, it would seem, upon the ingenious and wholly justified statement made to my friend that I was to play *Flavia* in "The Prisoner of Zenda." This her uninformed companion, as I have explained, probably had interpreted to mean that I was posing as the prospective leading support of Mr. Sothern. In any event, that was the burden of the press comment.

And the writer of that newspaper article, indubitably a past-master in the exquisite art of satire, evidently was in one of his most gloriously mordacious moods, when he wrote the story, and for half a column he fairly chortled in a philippic of banter and ridicule of the idea that Miss Anglin had presumed to proclaim herself as engaged to play leading woman with Mr. Sothern.

This press notice was so irritating that I made persistent effort through every known channel to discover the origin of the annoying canard, but without success. Possibly it was somewhat due to the fact that I could not locate the source of the story, and so be

(*Continued on page 47*)

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE INSTITUTE

We are opening a Vocational Guidance Institute for Women; to help you decide on the occupation for which you are best adapted: to connect you with the source of knowledge you want and the information you need: to tell you of the occupations open to women: to bring you and the job together.

Watch for The Vocational Guidance Institute in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for February.

THE LATE LAMENTED

The Story of Helen Harrison's Widowhood

By LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

Illustrated by D. RANKIN

Mrs. Bellamy Carver surveyed her critically, though she lost no time in propounding the catachism she had mentally formulated.

TWO intrusive numerals, insignificant in themselves but appalling in combination, were beginning to loom up ominously on Helen Harrison's mental horizon. Helen was twenty-nine. Somehow this seemed to her much less ancient than thirty—on the principle that ninety-eight cents will tempt the bargain seeker where a dollar might fail to attract.

No one, however, would have suspected Helen of more than the regulation twenty-four years, beyond which girlhood may not go, had it not been for certain amiable old ladies in her native village who had known her from infancy and who were at pains to inform all comers that she was "thirty if she was a day," adducing as proof irrefutable the relative dates of the various christenings, weddings and burials which mark the epochs of rural life. Some of these statistical tabbies—as Helen irreverently dubbed them—with a generous fancy for round numbers, went so far as to place her age at thirty-five, though her girlish face and figure seemed silently to refute the imputation.

Helen herself had scarcely given the subject a thought until recently, when she had chanced more than once to hear the epithet "old maid" ("bachelor girl" she thought much more euphonious) coupled with her name.

Her associates appeared sincerely proud of her success in her art and genuinely pleased when she sold a picture, but of late they seldom failed to qualify their congratulations with such audible asides as "Odd she's never married!" or "Pity she's an old maid!"

In the course of her career Helen had had a number of lovers, but had never chanced to meet the right man, the incarnation of the ideal every woman secretly cherishes. She had been a good deal taken up with the study of art, and it had always seemed that there was ample time; but she had recently realized that she was beginning to be regarded as a confirmed spinster, and that while it might be no disgrace to be an old maid, it was certainly inconvenient.

If she treated an unmarried man with ordinary civility, the gossips promptly proclaimed that she was "after" him; if she chanced to meet a stranger who showed signs of capitulating to her charms, some kind friend hastened to mention her age—with liberal addenda; if she wished to go anywhere she was dependent upon the kindly offices of a chaperone; and whatever she achieved artistically was conclusively offset by the significant utterance of the two forbidding words by which the spinster is commonly characterised.

One afternoon Helen had been making calls, and no fewer than three of her friends had taken occasion to hint more or less delicately that it was "high time she thought of getting married." One of her former schoolmates, a careworn little creature whose husband was a toper and who still wore pathetic survivals of a trousseau purchased eight years before, had openly condoled with Helen on her state of spinsterhood and mentioned meaningly that the new minister—a meek little man with a chronic bronchial affection—had asked to meet her; while another, whose domestic trials were notorious, had treated her to a dissertation on wedded bliss, concluding with the cheering information that old Deacon Parmenter (a widower with numerous progeny) had expressed his intention of paying his addresses to Helen Harrison. Helen congratulated herself that she got out of the house without speaking her mind to her officious friends.

"That's the limit!" she told herself as, half angry, half amused, she hurried homeward. "When I'm reduced to consumptive clergymen and superannuated relicts with bald heads and six hopefuls, it's time to 'Stop! Look! Listen!' Being a bachelor maid isn't quite the lark I expected. A husband's a necessary adjunct it seems. I wish I could order one exactly as I would a new bonnet—to be used at will and discarded at pleasure. It's pretty hard that a woman who makes her own way can't have her freedom and live her life to suit herself. But the traditions and conventions must be considered, and I suppose I must sit in a corner and cry 'heigho' for a husband indefinitely—unless—why not?" She stopped still in the middle of the street, quite oblivious to the glances of the passer-by.

"I'll do it!" she said at last, half aloud—and her face was radiant.

With Helen, to think was to act, and ten minutes later she was announcing to her landlady—fortunately she was accountable to no one else—that she had decided to join some distant relatives in Montreal and spend a year or two in study. And on the following Sunday the meek little minister and the disconsolate deacon watched the church door for her coming—in vain. Helen had quietly dropped out of the life of her native village and gone to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

IN a charming little house on a fashionable street of a city not so large as to cause one to feel one's self an insignificant atom, nor yet so small as to render its inhabitants embarrassingly conversant with each other's private affairs, two women, the one young and pretty, the other distinctly otherwise, one day took up their abode.

The elder of these, a prim, sharp-featured, flat-chested woman, with spinster written all over her, seemed to possess in perfection the "gift of silence." Certainly no one could have termed her garrulous, for at the end of a month the grocer's man and the butcher's boy could only report to their patrons on the square that the new tenant of No. 192 was a Mrs. Harris, presumably a widow; that Hannah, the sour-visaged spinster, served in the dual capacity of maid and duenna; that they paid their bills promptly and ordered the best of everything.

THEY lived very quietly, but Mrs. Harris was far too striking in appearance and distinguished in manner to remain long an unknown quantity. She attended the most fashionable church in the city, and, though she made no advances, half the smart set called upon her before another month had passed. Even the exclusive Mrs. Bellamy Carver took her up—rather gingerly—with the mental reservation that she could drop her again if, upon investigation, the newcomer seemed unworthy the social autocrat's distinguished interest.

Mrs. Carver was a stately, imposing, white-haired dame, who critically surveyed the world at large through a gold lorgnon and who, like *Hamlet*, felt that "the time was out of joint" and that it devolved upon her distinguished self to "set it right." It may be added that she was harassed with no doubts whatever as to her fitness for the undertaking. As State Regent of the local D. A. R., President of The Fairfield Woman's Club, and Secretary of the local chapter of The Daughters of the Empire, Mrs. Carver had been very busy since Mrs. Harris' advent, but she had not lost sight of her duty regarding her. She felt it incumbent to pass judgment on the newcomer's title to a place among the social elect and to decide once for all whether she should be received at the Bellamy Carver "Thursdays" or cast into the outer darkness to which a cut from that august personage must inevitably relegate her. Accordingly she called upon Mrs. Harris with a view to inquiring into her antecedents and intentions, quite undeterred by any consideration of delicacy or fine feeling.

During the interval before her hostess' entrance, she took stock of the drawing room furnishings, nodding unqualified approval of their quality, style and arrangement. When Mrs. Harris entered, she surveyed her quite as critically and no less approvingly, though she lost no time in propounding the catechism she had mentally formulated.

"May I ask, Mrs. Harris," she began, after a brief interchange of civilities, "where you made your home before coming to Fairfield?"

Mrs. Harris had anticipated the question and readily mentioned Montreal as being sufficiently large to obviate embarrassing complications. But she had reckoned without her guest, who was nothing if not cosmopolitan.

"Then of course you know my friends the Rossiter-Lemars? They have lived in Montreal always; indeed one of the older branches of the family helped to found the city."

Mrs. Harris mistakenly denied the honour of the Rossiter-Lemars' acquaintance.

"But," persisted Mrs. Carver, as one who reasons with an obdurate child, "surely you must know them. Every one knows the Rossiter-Lemars!"

The widow temporised.

"We were only in Montreal two years," she said with downcast eyes, "the two years of my brief marriage, and Paul—my husband—was such an invalid that we went nowhere and saw almost no one. I was practically a recluse during my stay in Montreal."

"Ah!" pursued Mrs. Carver with the air of a lawyer who has wrested a damaging admission from a witness, "so your late husband was an invalid? May I ask the nature of his complaint?"

"Bronchitis," answered the widow at random—and then remembered that to Jessica Fenton she had ascribed his demise to typhoid.

"Bronchitis? Ah, indeed! Do you know, Mrs. Harris," she went on judicially, (*Continued on page 38.*)

She stopped still in the middle of the street, quite oblivious to the glances of the passer-by. "I'll do it!" she exclaimed at last, and her face was radiant.

Herbert J. S. Dennison, whose mother taught him, "You must never touch a pin's point which does not belong to you."

WHAT I OWE MY MOTHER

Canadian men confess for what home influences they are most indebted to their mothers.

By Owen E. McGillicuddy

The Rev. Byron H. Stauffer, who owes to his mother his intense joy in preaching to those who are seeking the right.

MOST of us, as we look back upon the days of our early youth, catch a deeper meaning of what motherhood has done for us. We have been the recipients of that unalloyed love poured forth from a heart which measured not its capacity to give and, therefore, was sweetest in the giving. Probably we all have had the benefit of mother-love in different measure and of different gifts. For inasmuch as a wise Creator has given to every individual the capacity to do some one thing a little better, or a little different, from any other, according to the personality and character inherent in the individual, we have partaken of the rich qualities of our parenthood and have had it developed by motherly encouragement, as she foresaw where we needed strengthening the most.

To the query, "What do you owe your mother?" we have often heard it said in answer: "Oh, I owe everything to my mother." And while in some measure the phrase may be true, if the matter were sifted out it would probably be found that back in the early days of joy and hope there was some one thing which our mothers saw in our character that needed care and inspiring suggestion to bring it to fruition; and when this had been accomplished we found we had attained a better balance of character and were thereby better enabled to battle in the whirlpool of life.

Magazines that make a direct appeal to women in the home have for many years contained authoritative articles on "How to Care for the Baby," "How to Look After the Home," "How to Select a Husband," "How to Dress," and many other kindred subjects which have at all times interested the feminine mind; and yet there has been a wonderful scarcity of stories of experience which would enable the mothers of growing boys and girls to detect the weaknesses which crop up in young people's lives when they are in the adolescent period; for it is then, of all times, that a mother, by tactful admonition and cheery-hearted advice, can impart information and instil sound truths which will last in after life as luminous mottoes to mark the way, no matter how dark that way may be.

It was with this in view that I decided to obtain the opinions of a number of men in Toronto who had attained a modicum of success in their respective callings, and who would be best fitted, by virtue of their general all-round development, to express in understandable terms how their mothers' influence had emphasised some one or more particular qualities in their lives. Some of those interviewed have emphasised only some one feature that has remained with them through life affixed to memory's wall, but none hesitate in stating that it was to their mothers that they owe the development of those finer instincts which tend most to develop the personality that arrives with maturity. In selecting the men to interview, I sought those who had made a success of their home life as well as life in the outside world.

The first on whom I called was the well-known patent attorney, Mr. Herbert J. S. Dennison. Mr. Dennison is one of those higher-natured men who believe that a man's home should be the balance wheel of his business, no matter what that business may be. In response to my question, Mr. Dennison said:

"I believe both the mother and father should always keep on real chummy terms with their children, but particularly do I think that it should be the case with the mother, because she comes in contact more often with the children while they are young and about the house. To my mind, the first thing essential to leading the child in the right path is to inculcate a sense of the principles of truth and honesty upon all occasions, and that the property of others must always be respected. A phrase which I remember very distinctly as being frequently used by my mother is, 'You must never touch a pin's point which does not belong to you.'

"Another thing: when a child, in endeavouring to avoid punishment for some wayward act, tells an untruth, bodily punishment may sometimes be wise, but the influence which will last the longest, though to the mother oftentimes discouraging, is that sweet patience which is found only in a love which persuades in kindly reasoning and admonition.

"In addition to these essentials, I believe a mother's influence which tells greatest in after life is the constant watchfulness and care necessary to the bodily comfort of the child. And yet one must beware of over-indulging the fancies of childhood; but there should be, at all times, a perfect freedom of mind and body to fully enjoy the necessary rough and tumble play of early life.

"That man is happy thoughted who can look back on his boyhood days and remember that his mother always thought of his physical comfort and saw to it that he should start the race of life with a constitution strong enough to withstand the rigours of intense mental application or hard physical employment, in whichever field his lot was cast.

"This whole subject is indeed a matter for much thought and study, and I am glad to see EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD giving it attention."

When I asked Mr. John W. Garvin, B.A., editor and author of "Canadian Poets," what he owed most to his mother, I was quite prepared to receive the reply which he gave me:

"My father was an immigrant from the north of Ireland and my mother a native Canadian, whom he married in her seventeenth year. When I was five years of age they moved to a pioneer settlement in a pine forest located in the wilds of North Simcoe. A half-mile away was a small log schoolhouse in an ill-kept graveyard, where a teacher with a wooden leg taught us our A B C's. Father was engrossed in practical affairs, but mother, who was studious and thoughtful, and ambitious for her children, saw to it that I attended school regularly and encouraged me to win first prizes. She was sensitive and refined, with a passion for the beautiful things of life, and in those early days she dreamed dreams for her boys, some of which have had realization. A wholesome fear of the Law and the Prophets was also wisely instilled. But perhaps I am most grateful to her for this: that my respect for, and love of, her broadened in early manhood into a tender reverence for womanhood which I have never forgotten and never shall forget."

I knew when I asked Mr. Button, Canadian Manager of the J. M. Dent Company, Publishers of Everyman's Library, what he owed most to his mother, that he would give me something the average man would probably overlook—and I was not disappointed.

"A singular example of the contrariness of things, although in all other respects I think her influence and opinions were synonymous with sound reasoning, is that my mother always held the view that there was no such thing as 'luck.' I recall very vividly, long and even heated arguments with her soon after I started work as an office boy at the munificent wage of a dollar and twenty cents a week. She would point out men who were in those days very much in the public eye, through their accomplishments in the scientific, commercial and political worlds, particularly those who had risen from the most meagre walks of life. At that time I was an ardent reader and follower of the extreme Socialist Party, and, naturally, such ideas were revolutionary to me. Her arguments were very powerful, and, although convinced, I would not admit my defeat. But I made up my mind not to rely too much on 'luck,' although experience has taught me that I now think she was wrong, but without the original arguments I am satisfied that I would not be in Canada to-day—in Canada, the Land of Opportunity.

"A great deal more is conveyed in this belief of hers than might seem apparent on the surface, for how many of us do rely upon 'luck,' as it is generally understood, instead of leaving nothing to 'chance,' which in this sense is another word for 'luck.' It was a glorious lesson, and although it did not cover a very wide area, it nevertheless opened up to me a world of thought and altered my entire perspective of life. My theory was that the boy who believed in luck was usually without the fine sense of ambition, for luck and ambition, she claimed, were never bosom friends. Every now and again these arguments rise up before me very vividly, and I attribute everything to them and the lesson that I (*Continued on page 36*)

A MOTHER'S PATIENCE

A smile, an understanding smile,
A face where glows a faith all the while,
And yet, how oft do we forget:
Life's labor seems to press us so, and fret.

Alden D. Clark, with whom still remains the love of nature and of all God's handiwork which his mother implanted.

Henry Button, who had impressed upon him that there is no such thing as luck and that nothing should be left to chance.

Bannister Merwin, the man who accepts Scenarios for the London Film Co., Limited

SCENARIO EDITORS ARE LOOKING FOR GOOD PHOTOPLAYS

Many Canadians are writing photoplays and selling them in the United States
Some valuable hints for the beginner in scenario writing

By ERNEST ALFRED DENCH
Author of "Making of the Movies"

Anne Merwin, wife of Bannister Merwin, and a well known Scenario Writer.

PHOTOPLAY writing is an art peculiar to itself. A photoplay is purely and simply a story told in picture form by the aid of action rendered by the players. Where something cannot be explained by picture or action, a leader or insert is used.

A photoplay is life boiled down, and every incident that goes to build up the story must be feasible; fans will not swallow anything, and are keen to detect faults.

Writing a photoplay is not like writing a short story. In the short story you can write on almost anything; but in the photoplay you must know the limitations of motion pictures. These limitations are many, and some things are utterly impossible to reproduce in a photoplay.

Before preparing to write a photoplay, get the idea that suggests the plot indelibly fixed in your mind. This idea must not be a commonplace incident that you may have picked up, but one sufficiently novel to permit of an original and entertaining photoplay being written around it, so that, should a hackneyed theme be chosen, there is sufficient originality in it to make the play salable.

It is hard to think out an original theme, but it is not hard to concoct an original plot; and in using a hackneyed theme you must give it a new twist; otherwise its selling chances are very poor indeed.

Then, when you have secured the idea, begin to weave a plot around it, all the time imagining how it will appear on the screen. If you keep that in mind, it helps considerably. When the play is planned, then is the time to arrange it, scene by scene. No fixed rules can be given on the methods of writing a scenario, as you must work on a plan according to your temperament. This is the usual way of going about it:

It is always advisable to specialize on one class of play. Dramas and comedies are always in demand, and it is for you to discover which class you are the more capable of writing.

There are many things that should be avoided in the silent drama. The more important are: Avoid showing the actual committing of crime, murder and burglary. Only take these undesirable subjects when a strong moral is to be pointed out. Such things only give the photoplay a bad name, and incite the weak-minded to crime. Keep away from the time-worn chase and any other situation that has been played out. Don't forget that happy endings are preferred.

Keep to a simple theme, devoid of nastiness in any shape or form, and you will gain the thanks of all those who are determined to elevate the motion picture. Stories told in silent drama, of real heart interest are generally acceptable. Avoid anything not in good taste. You should aim to write a scenario that can get over without words. Leaders and inserts should be used only when absolutely necessary.

The ability of the photoplaywright lies in writing and thinking in action, and not in dialogue and description, as is the case with the fiction writer.

Scenario Form

THE most important part of all is the setting out of the photoplay in scenario form. Each section should be in the following order:

Title
Cast of characters
Synopsis
Scene Plot
Scenario Proper

First, we have the title; and it goes without saying that this should be out of the usual. A crisply worded title has, in many instances, helped to effect the sale of a photoplay. Make a point of selecting one that carries distinctiveness and originality. A good title leaves little to be taken for granted, and serves to whet the curiosity of the fans. In fact, it should be built upon the main idea, for then it greatly assists in obtaining a true description of the play.

T. N. Mirando, Scenario Editor, World Film Corporation

In giving a cast of characters, write in all the leading rôles, together with a concise description of the characteristics of each, follow with the extras that are needed, a maid and policeman, for example. This assists the director in gathering suitable players from his stock company and outside sources. Never introduce a superfluous character, and be sure that each individual one is necessary for the smooth running of the photoplay.

Bear in mind that a whole host of leading characters is liable to confuse the spectator. It may be all right in a stage play, but in silent drama it is entirely out of place. Three or four principal players throughout a picture play make it more enjoyable, more easily followed, and complies with the peculiarities of this new art. Strive to identify your characters early in the play.

The synopsis is regarded by many as the advertisement of the play. It is not an infrequent occurrence for a busy scenario editor to purchase a scenario on the strength of the synopsis alone. The correct office of the synopsis is to tell the story of the play, not the action that takes place in every scene. The synopsis is the most important part of the scenario, and crisply worded sentences are needed. It should be written on somewhat similar lines to the brief resumé of a serial story in a magazine. In very few cases should it exceed three hundred words, and in it story telling is reduced to a fine art.

The point to be aimed at is to concisely explain the main plot of the play, with such minor details as there is room for.

A motion picture is made in portions. Suppose a scene is used more than once—a most frequent happening—then it is taken at one time. If Scenes 1 and 59 are set in the same back parlour, they will be produced together. This is how the scene plot is set out:

Scenes 1, 59 .....Interior—Back Parlour
Scenes 2, 15, 48.....Exterior—Post Office.

Scenario Proper

LASTLY, we come to the scenario proper, as it is termed. This takes form in a complete outline of the plot, situation by situation, and should treat in detail the action in each play for each separate scene. To explain how a scene should be written, with explanatory matter sandwiched in, I think I cannot do better than to give an example:

Scene 4—Interior—Drawing Room—Elsie's Home:

Elsie enters. Sits down to read volume. Discovers note inside. Reads:

Screen: "Just a line to let you know how I admire you. From your devoted NAIRARBIL."

Back to scene. Elsie laughs. Tries to discover who her unknown admirer is. Succeeds.

Insert: "Elsie discovers that Nairarbil is librarian spelled backwards."

Back to scene. Elsie kisses note. Writes a few words on same.

A source of trouble to the average beginner in photoplay writing is as to what really constitutes a scene. Perhaps you have the mistaken idea that this portion of action comprises one scene:

Scene 1. Brown gets off train, walks down country road and enters his house.

The correct version is this:

Scene 1. Railroad Station Platform. Train in; Brown gets off with other passengers—exits.

Scene 2. Country road. Brown passes across picture.

Scene 3. Room in Brown's home. Brown enters with grip, etc.

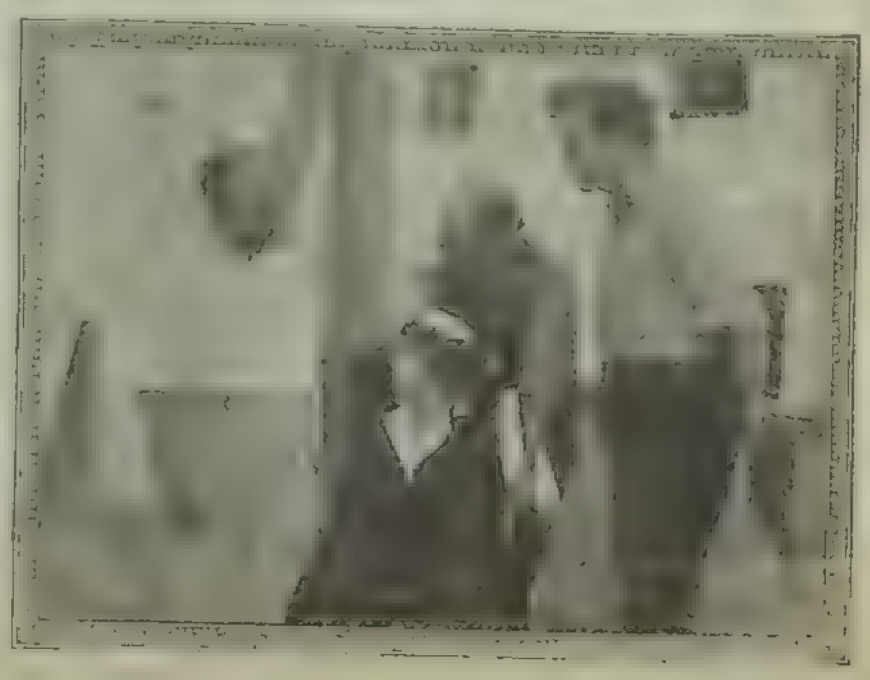
A scene is the position in which one portion of action is taken without the camera being moved. Whenever the motion picture recorder has to change its position, a fresh scene is necessary. This is

(*Continued on page 45.*)

Edward J. Montague, Scenario Editor, Vitagraph Bay Shore Studios

In the picture on the left is Jesse Lasky, conferring with Cecile De Mille about the production of a new picture play. The genial Mr. De Mille has final say on all scenarios accepted for Lasky production.

Those in the picture at the right are from left to right: Lloyd Lonargan, Scenario Editor for Thanhouser and Author of "Her Beloved Enemy"; Doris Grey, Star in "Her Beloved Enemy"; Ernest Ward, Play Director, and Wayne Arey, Miss Grey's leading man.



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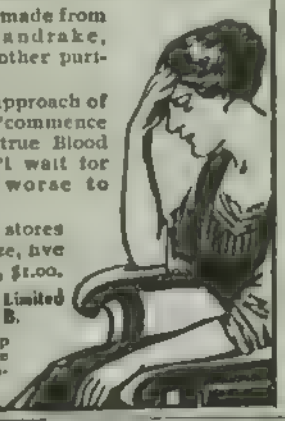

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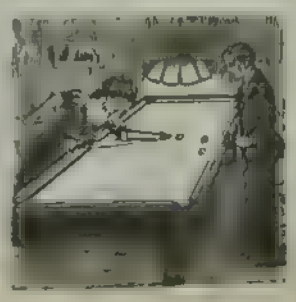

MAKING THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THAT STRANGE ANIMAL—YOUR BOY

By MADGE MACBETH

IT had been one of those indescribable days when disaster followed hard on calamity, until it seemed as though human nature could bear no more. Passing over such minor annoyances as burns, scratches, and cuts, the first real accident happened when Baby pulled the drawing-room blind down on her head; and, try as she would, Mrs. Hughson could not put it up so that the spring would work properly. It hung limp and lifeless against the big window, like a flag in the pouring rain, and, besides darkening the room, gave a particularly doleful appearance to the pretty little cottage. Next, as though to harass the life out of a lonely, plucky woman whose husband was "Somewhere in France," the window in the nursery crashed shut with such force that its panes were shattered into a million bits. This meant that Baby must be put to bed in another room, or else sleep in a strong draught. But even that was not the end. Just at tea time, the tap in the kitchen developed all the attributes of a healthy young geyser, and no amount of turning or twisting would stop the playful jet of water, which spurted up toward the newly-plastered ceiling. It was Saturday night, too, and getting a plumber was out of the question.

"I shall have to turn the water off," sighed Mrs. Hughson, as she made her way to the cellar.

SHE had but reached the bottom step, however, when a piercing scream sent her racing upstairs. There she found the baby doubled up under her high chair, from which she had tried to wriggle. One arm was twisted, and her face was contorted with agony.

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" moaned Mrs. Hughson, rocking the baby to and fro. She could not decide whether to run with the child to a doctor or leave her screaming, while she telephoned for one. The series of disasters had robbed her of the ability to think clearly and act promptly.

Just at that moment, however, a cheery whistle sounded above the baby's cries, the front door slammed, and Bill, the fourteen-year-old Scout of the family, bolted into the room.

"Sh-h-h," warned his mother, from force of habit.

THEN a strange thing happened. Bill took entire command—he felt his little sister's arm, wincing at the sharp cries which followed when he touched certain parts; then he smiled and, looking swiftly about the room, pounced upon a ruler which lay on the mantelpiece, and a serviette from the tea table. He sent his mother upstairs for a roll of bandages he always kept in his bureau drawer, and in a twinkling he had Baby's arm bound up, scientifically and unfalteringly, according to First Aid rules. Then, when the pitiful cries, which made the work much harder than when you bandage a fellow who has nothing the matter with him, had quieted to sobbing gasps, he telephoned the doctor and told him what had happened.

True, he behaved very badly when Dr. Harris came and praised his work—shuffled his feet and growled out his answers and fiddled unnecessarily with his collar. But, as he explained to his mother afterward, Boy Scouts are supposed to do these things as a matter of course, and they don't expect old fossils like "Sawbones" to make such an everlasting fuss over nothing!

Before Bill went to bed, he fixed the blind so that it rolled magically, put a new washer on the kitchen tap and pasted a bit of paper so neatly over the nursery window, that Baby slept in her own pretty little bed, without the slightest danger of a draught.

"But how did *you* know how to do all these things?" asked the amazed mother.

"Oh," said Bill carelessly, "Scouts have got to learn all sorts of stuff. Don't you know those badges you've been sewing on for me for two years?"

Mrs. Hughson nodded.

"One of 'em was the 'Handyman's Badge,'" said Bill. "Put on taps, fix blinds, gas mantels, cover a chair—gee, there's a whole lot of stuff I ought to know. 'Night." He kissed his mother awkwardly and scooted off to bed, fearing, with un-scoutly terror, any further demonstration of surprise, admiration or affection.

THE PATHFINDER

Lift up thine eyes, My son;
Pausing awhile.
Rest thou on Me
Thy way to see.

Stretch forth thy hand, My son;
That way to know,
And calmly stand
Till I command.

I am the Master Scout,
Presence Divine,
Still at thy side
Whate'er betide.

—LILY BURN.

"I take back all I said," remarked Mrs. Hughson the following day to a neighbour.

"About what?" the other enquired.

"Scouts. I remember saying that I couldn't see anything in it except the everlasting sewing on of badges and the eternal putting up of lunches for hikes. I realized before I went to sleep last night how little I knew of my own boy, and how glad I have been to shift the responsibility of keeping him entertained upon the Scouts, and I was ashamed that I know so little of what he is learning which will help his physical and moral development. I promise you that henceforth things are going to be different!"

SO she set herself at that which so many of us mothers might profitably undertake—of learning more about the strange creature living beneath her roof, yet rarely visible during daylight hours; that uncertain quantity of grimy hands, torn clothes and insatiable appetite; that mysterious collection of arms and legs and noise which once had been a babe on her knee, and who now was so proud of the badges which proclaimed him a King Scout.

Eight years ago, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell organized the Boy Scout Movement for the purpose of developing the boys of to-day into the good, sturdy manhood of to-morrow; believing that through this system of training, boys would be assisted physically, morally, and mentally. The success of the movement and the rapidity of its growth are perhaps the best proof of its fulfilment of a need. Boy Scouts are not indigenous to any climate, continent, colour, race or religion. Meeting in various Sunday School halls is merely a means of keeping down their expenses. They circle the globe, the movement having taken a strong hold in the East as well as the West. Canada had, according to last year's census, 16,500 Scouts, and the Province of Ontario, in which the first troop was formed (Toronto), 7,200. Since these figures were taken, there has been a decided increase, partly the result of a junior organization—an offspring of the Scouts, under the direction of Scout Masters, but under the leadership of the older Scouts themselves—called Wolf Cubs. These are boys whose tender years preclude their entering the regular organization. The experiment of training them in the A B C of Scoutcraft has been tried in Hamilton, Toronto, and Ottawa wtih marked success.

A VERY cross old gentleman, who lives by himself in a big house with a big yard, heard a ring at his bell one evening and discovered a very small boy on the doorstep.

"Please, sir," said the boy, "may I have a piece of cotton?"

"Who are you?" growled the gentleman.

"A Wolf Cub," said the boy, not very much afraid. "And this puppy has his leg hurt, and I haven't a handkerchief, and I'm a long way from home, and I want to bind it up before it bleeds any more."

THE gentleman got a strip of linen and watched the boy.

"Do they teach Young Bears to bandage like that at school?" he asked.

"Wolf Cubs? Oh, no, sir. But my brother's a Scout and I've watched him. Next year I'll be a Scout, too. Thank you, sir. I expect he can walk now."

"Well, I suppose you will take him home," suggested the gentleman.

"No. I can't have a dog, for we live in a flat. But I helped him so he can take better care of himself. I wish I could have him, though."

The old gentleman looked positively fierce as he asked, "How would you like to keep him in *my* yard, Young Elk?"

There are no more enthusiastic supporters of the Scouts to-day, than the cross old gentleman, the dog, Brutus, and the little Wolf Cub.

The majority of people are totally ignorant of the aims and objects of the Scout Movement—mothers who sew on badges and put up "eternal lunches," fathers who pay quarterly dues and, occasionally, go to entertainments; aunts and cousins who watch companies of uniformed boys on parade, at signal or rifle practice, and conclude that Boy Scouts are a sort of standing army of the world, in embryo, a few million underdone soldiers who, when browned and basted, will bring the craft of warfare to greater scientific terribleness than it is at present!

Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Militarism in any form—save discipline, neatness, obedience—is the exact antithesis of Scout principles. Indeed, a claim in support of this statement is made, that when some- (*Continued on page 34*)

If I Were King

By L. M. Montgomery

If I were king in some fair realm o'er the seas,
'Tis thy sweet loveliness would be my queen,
Stately and tender, royal of heart and mien,
Begirt with gracious words and courtesies
Sceptre and diadem to you I'd bring,
If I were king

If I were crowned prince in land of song,
I know of whom my sweetest strain would be,
My maddest, merriest note of minstrelsy,
To whom my rarest music would belong!
For I would sing until the whole world knew
My love for you

Or if, instead, I held a monarch's place
Among Art's children, surely I would paint
No pictured head of martyr, or of saint,
But rather your most perfect form and face,
That all men's tongues enraptured must confess
Your loveliness

But I'm not king, save of your woman's heart—
The only empire that I care to hold—
I offer you no crown of bay or gold;
But my great loyalty and love, apart
From self, I bring you, in my life's demesne,
Crowning you queen.

THE POETS ARE SINGING

Some people claim that the War has killed good poetry, but we don't believe it

A War-Time Christmas

By Donald A. Fraser

Out on the midnight, bells are pealing;
Full and far, sweet sounds are stealing;
Merrily, cheerily, forth they're ringing;
Bursting throats with joyous singing:

"Peace, peace on earth,
Goodwill to men
[illegible] rth;
God speaks again!"

But, hark! the loud trumpet is shrilling so clear;
The clash and the boom of the battle I hear;
The tramp of battalions, the rush of the car,
The cries of the wounded—O horror of War!

Ringing bells,
O booming guns!
Singing bells,
The thunder stuns!
O pleading bells!
And mocking roar!
Interceding bells!
Strife, strife, give o'er!

The trumpet, the trumpet still startles the air,
Now bursts the loud shell, and the flames' lurid glare;
But, faint through the turmoil, I hear the bells chime,
And into my heart steals their message sublime:

"Death lives on strife
And strife will die
We sing of Life
From God on high.
All war shall end,
All strife shall cease,
And Christ shall reign
Great King of Peace.

Ye bells of God
Ring on for aye,
And far abroad
This message say:
"Peace, peace on earth,
Goodwill to men;
Glad hope has birth,
God speaks again."

Knitting!

By Louise E. Julyan

Knitting's a delusion and a snare—
It's even apt to make a maiden swear;
It's hard on nerves and fingers,
But the spell of it just lingers—
To learn the art all sorts of woe you'd bear.
With a kind and helpful friend and needles four,
And tightly drawn blinds, and fast closed door,
With a patriotic fervour
To become your country's server,
You're initiated in this mystic lore.

You try to take a stitch, but all in vain,
It seems to say, "Aw, beat it! Come again!"
And you worry and you fret,
But you vow to get it yet,
Though your energy is somewhat on the wane.

But the joy you feel is really quite complete,
When you see the soldiers marching down the street,
And you know you've done your share
In providing them a pair,
For—one wears your maiden effort on his feet!

Knitting—Again

By Louise E. Julyan

One needle sees his fellows warmly dressed,
And, jealously, determines it will wrest
The clothes from off the others,
Even though they are its brothers,
And proceeds to put its theory to the test.

Result—A Sock

Taken for Granted

By Geraldine Glasgow

We pour our vials of wrath and scorn
On the cowardly conscience, newly born,
That objects to fight and neglects to work,
And clings to its right to run or shirk!
But we take for granted the tireless feet
That steadily marched in the great Retreat;
The whistle at Mons—the piper yet
Who played his men from the parapet!
The laugh that covered a groan and fell,
Like the song of a bird, at the mouth of Hell!

With passionate anger we count the cost
When a Zeppelin raids, or a ship is lost.
We speak of the navy's "senseless boast,"
If it cannot defend a line of coast!
But we take for granted a flag unfurled,
And Nelson's signal across the world;
Guns that speak from a shot-torn wreck,
The wash of waves on a sinking deck,
The North Sea held, and the Empire free,
And the silent fleet on a conquered sea!

Wherever the Union Jack is planted,
These are the things we take for granted.

The Memory Quilt

By Marion Seymour Kirkland

I don't mind being sick a bit—
I really think it's fun.
They put me in the spare-room bed,
And when the work is done
My mother brings her sewing in
Beside the fire they've built,
And tells the *grandest* stories
From the memory quilt.

She patched it when she was a girl,
From scraps both large and small;
They're bits from Grandma's wedding clothes,
Her first gown for a ball,
A piece of Mother's best school-dress—
The one where ink is spilt—
Oh, there're the *grandest* things to tell
About the memory quilt.

I draw it close about my ears,
And shut my eyes up tight,
And only peek out now and then
To watch the red firelight.
When Mother's voice sounds far-away,
The Sandman creeps to tilt
His bags of sand and golden dreams
Across the memory quilt.

I Would Rather Be The Soldier Than The Woman Left Behind

By Lloyd M. Graham

Midnight o'er the trenches creeping,
Chill and cold the north winds blow;
Winged death its watch is keeping,
Desolation all below.
Yet, with night and all its terror,
And with death upon the wind—
I would rather be the soldier
Than the woman left behind.

Here, perhaps a lad is lying,
Lips untouched by earthly care,
While the kiss of mother's parting
Still in memory lingers there.
Dying? Yes! but free from sorrow,
Save for those he left at home—
I would rather be that hero
Than the mother, all alone.

There, with all a youth's devotion,
By his guns another lay,
And afar across the ocean
Some young heart will break to-day.
God in Heaven! kind and tender,
Comfort her with Love Divine!
I would rather be the soldier
Than the woman left behind.

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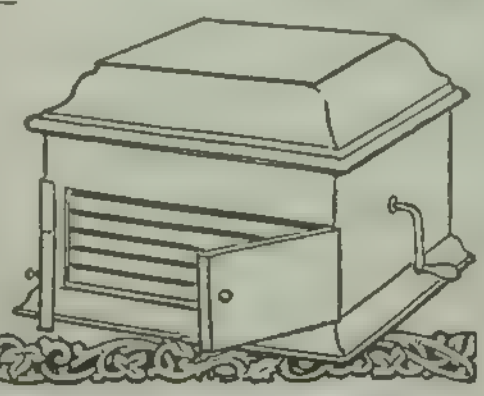

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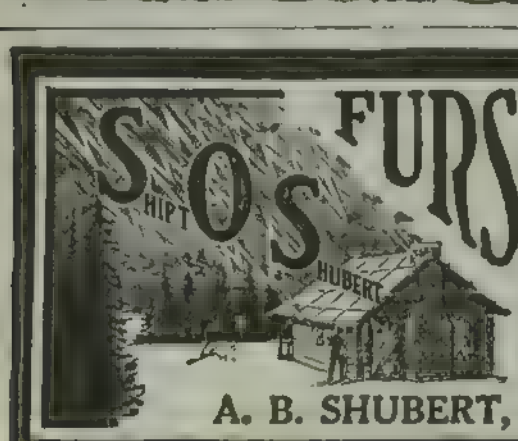

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A HINT OF THE SPRING STYLES

NOS. 9281, 9276 —Street dresses will be very simple for spring wear and this model is extremely girl-like and attractive. The plain blouse, with the collar that suggests the cape idea, is exceedingly smart, and the skirt, while plain, is given a touch of individuality by the lapped edges on the front.

For the girl of sixteen years the blouse will require 2¼ yards of material 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with 5/8 yards 36 inches wide for collar and cuffs. For the skirt will be needed 4½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2 5/8 yards 44 inches wide. Price 10 cents for the blouse; 15 cents for the skirt. The pattern of the blouse No. 9281 and of the skirt No. 9276 both are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years.

NOS. 9275, 9278 —Fine French serge is one of the best liked materials for simple gowns such as this. It is always useful and durable, but the model can be copied in satin if something handsome is wanted, in broadcloth, or any seasonable material. The six-gored skirt is good for the use of two materials.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2½ yards of material 36 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅛ yards 36 inches wide for the chemisette. For the skirt will be needed 3½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2½ yards 44 inches, wide of material without any up and down; 4½ yards 36, or 3¼ yards 44 inches wide, of material with figure or nap. The blouse pattern No. 9275 is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust, and the skirt No. 9278 in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents each.

No. 8941

No. 8975

NO. 9064.—No garments are better adapted to the small child's use than rompers. These are designed for the very tiny folk and are buttoned together.

For the child of two years will be needed 2 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 1⅛ yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern No. 9064 is cut in sizes for 1, 2 and 4 years. Price 10 cents.

NO. 8941.—A very full variety of the blouse suit is in demand for the little boy. This one is quite novel. The blouse may be worn as it is here or with a belt. The straight trousers are closed at the sides; and the suit can be made of two materials or of one throughout.

For the boy of four years will be needed 1½ yards of material 36 inches wide for the blouse, with ⅛ yards for the trousers and the trimming. The pattern No. 8941 is cut in sizes from 2 to 6 years. Price 10 cents.

NO. 8975.—Mothers of restless children will appreciate this nightgown; it is perfectly simple loose and ample, and the extension at the back, which is buttoned on to the front, means that it can be kept in place in spite of restless sleep.

For the child of four years will be needed 2⅛ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide. The pattern No. 8975 is cut in sizes from 2 to 6 years. Price 15 cents.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure. Address Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

NEW AFTERNOON AND PARTY FROCKS

No. 9288.—[illegible] yet the pattern is so simple that [illegible] can be made within the [illegible] The [illegible] crepe, and the [illegible] The [illegible] with plaits [illegible] belt, with its extension over the [illegible] The [illegible] 2 yards of [illegible] wide, 6 yards 36 inches wide for the skirt. The skirt is 3 yards and 10 inches in width at the lower edge. The blouse pattern No. 9288 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust. The skirt pattern No. 9284 is in sizes from 24 to 32 waist measure. Price 15 cents each.

No. 9287.—[illegible] of the [illegible] dresses. The [illegible] youthful and girl-like [illegible] with taffeta. In place of [illegible] the lower edge [illegible] allowed to [illegible] The [illegible] 4 yards of [illegible] wide and 1 yard of [illegible] wide. The pattern No. 9287 is [illegible] 16 and 18 [illegible] 15 cents.

No. 9012.—No prettier frock for the [illegible] can be designed than this. It [illegible] made and simple to slip off and [illegible] also easily washed and ironed so that it [illegible] all the requirements. A sash can be [illegible] coming high under the arms to give an empire effect. The fullness may be smocked or gathered.

For the child of two years will be needed 2¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide. Price 10 cents. The pattern No. 9012 is cut in sizes for 1, 3 and 4 years.

No. 9038.—[illegible] made from [illegible] cotton voiles, or from any [illegible] If something very dressy is wanted, it can be [illegible] of taffeta and trimmed with ruffles of the same.

For the child of six years will be needed 2½ yards of material 36 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 44 inches. Price 10 cents. The pattern No. 9038 is cut in sizes from 4 to 8 years.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure. Address Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

"ROCKFAST" DRILL

"Made in Canada"

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Active Canadian Workmen and Live Canadian Boys

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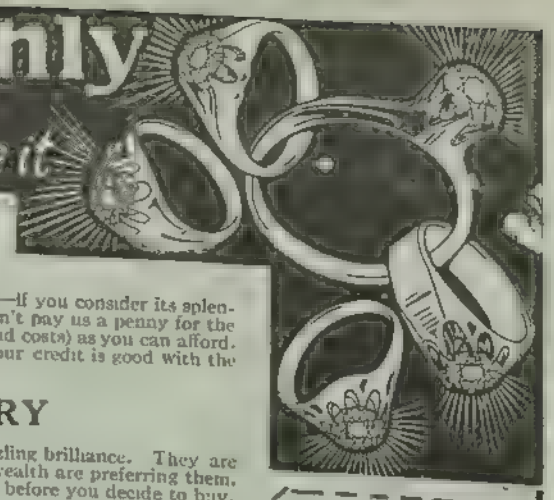

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WHEN WE CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S

Here Are Games You Can Play Both for Enjoyment and to Make Money for Church or Charity.

By MARY DAWSON

A Snow Social

THE best background for this social is made of pine branches or little fir trees banked along the walls of the room. Cover mantelpieces, door lintels, etc., with mounds of raw cotton sprinkled with diamond dust or with shaved white tissue paper. To the trees or boughs attach snowballs for sale. Several kinds of balls are available. Candy boxes, in snow ball shape, which any candy store can supply, when filled with bonbons, sell well; snowballs of white popcorn is a good idea, or snowballs made of white crepe paper filled with white confetti (paper) for a snowballing frolic later on. The candy boxes might be twenty-five cents and the other balls five cents each.

For the evening's fun have a contest in throwing snowballs at a target. These balls are ordinary India rubber balls covered with raw cotton and then rolled in flour. The target is a circle cut from black paper. The balls are rented at five for five cents, and each ball represents a "throw." There should be a prize for the person who scores highest during the evening.

For refreshments sell Great Blizzards (ice cream) at ten cents a portion, and Snowscene (white frosted cake) at five cents a piece.

A Sale of New Year's Greens and a Jolly No L Party

A wide-awake committee with an eye to business ordered a generous supply of New Year's greens and toys for the New Year's Tea, and then prepared to get people to come and buy. The affair was dated for December 29th, and was held in the school hall. Invitations were issued well in advance, and took this form:

"DEAR MISS MCALISTER

It would afford us great pleasure if you could attend our sale of New Year's greens and toys and join in our No L Social afterward on December 29th at seven thirty. If you can come, please leave the twe-fth -etter of the alphabet at home.

Cordially yours

THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE."

The sale came first of all, of course, after which the social evening began with a spelling bee for which all the players were arranged as for the old-fashioned contest. It was greatly complicated by the rule that no one must mention the letter L, this being tabooed for the entire evening. Whenever this letter occurred in a word, the speller made a dash with his forefinger in the air to mark the omission, for double L there were two dashes. Anyone who forgot to eliminate his L's lost his place in the class, and the player who had gained most promotion in the line when the bee was concluded won a prize. All of the prizes were articles in the names of which the twelfth letter of the alphabet was not used. The list of words propounded for the players to spell was arranged by the entertainer in advance of the party, and it contained as many L's as possible.

Then they played the familiar anagram game, where the letter chips are placed face down in front of the dealer, who names a class subject, as "Great Men," before turning up a chip. In the ordinary game it is the player first to give a name beginning with the letter turned up who wins the chip. In the No L version the excitement and mirth were increased by the fact that to give a name including an L, as Alexander, Kipling, Pliny, Maximilian, meant a forfeit for the person naming it. Three forfeits called for the surrender of a chip to the pile, and if no chip was held at the time of the mistake the player ran in debt for one, to be paid when he obtained it.

Another half hour was spent in a new blindfold game, to arrange which the company was divided into two bands to act in opposition to each other. Each side had a blackboard, these boards being set up at opposite ends of the long room. It was the object of each division to write as many L's as possible on the blackboard of the opposition. This had to be done blindfolded, chalk being handed to the contestant for the purpose. One player at a time was blindfolded from each side, and any L which he succeeded in inscribing on the clear black of the enemy's territory counted one point for the division to which he belonged.

For a company including elderly folk a reading game might be held. Each player must read a page from a book which he has not prepared, omitting all the L words. Wherever these occur, make a buzzing noise.

Finally, those among the guests whose names (Christian or surname) contained the letter L were arraigned before Father Time's bar and condemned to expiate the offence by a stunt. The hostess, who acted as taskmaster, called upon each for a stunt which was in the line of his recognized talent, and a very agreeable little impromptu performance was the result.

Then followed a supper in which all refreshments whose names contained the letter L were barred.

A New Year's Card Social

A New Year's Post Office is jolly good fun where there is a large crowd to be entertained. Nothing could be better than to distribute gifts and mementos of various kinds, and New Year's mails would be equally popular as a Sunday school make-merry event. (*Concluded on page 23*)

KIDDIES! JOIN THE BUNNY CLUB

JANUARY Uncle Peter's Page For Children

"You'll find it quite funny to be A BUNNY"

Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

Last month I wished you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, because I thought that perhaps a few of you might not hear from me again until after New Year's Day. This month I wish you all, specially, a Happy New Year, a year which will be worth more to you than any other year has been.

We all know the rules—the main thing is to keep them!

How pleased the Bunnies who won prizes were with the things they got! They didn't forget to write and tell Uncle Peter how much they liked them.

Where are those other hundreds and hundreds of Bunnies who should have joined Uncle Peter's Club by this time? Are you *all* getting as many new members as you can? *Please* do! I want another 500 members right away. Just see how many you can get for Uncle Peter this very next week. After January 1st the entrance fee will be five cents.

The six prizes for November have been sent to the six new Bunnies whose names appear on page 32, and the names of the six winners in the Special November Competition are also given on page 32.

New Bunnies, please don't forget there is a five-cent entrance fee; five cents in stamps *must* be enclosed with your letter.

Address your letters to Uncle Peter, The Bunneries, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Of course I haven't had time to find out yet which of you Bunnies have won prizes in the December competitions, but I shall be very much interested to know. Our magazine is such a big one, and it goes to so many thousands of people, that it has to be finished for printing a long time before you get *your* copy.

Good-bye for this month.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,

Uncle Peter.

Bunnies—Attention!

Uncle Peter will give six selected prizes for the six best letters from new Bunnies joining the club between December 20th and January 20th.

Also

Uncle Peter will give a first prize of Two Dollars, and five other selected prizes, for the six best descriptions of the four seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. There should not be more than 40 words about any one season, and not more than 160 words in all. This is a good prize to try for; just say exactly what you think of the four seasons as they come round each year. Letters must reach Uncle Peter not later than January 20th.

Bunnies!

Get your little friends together and have them write to join Uncle Peter's Bunny Club. Three or four letters could be sent in one envelope, which would save postage expenses. A three-cent stamp must be attached to each letter. After January 1st, enclose five cents.

John Bunny makes . . . a New Year's Resolution

What do we hear? "A Happy New Year!"
I wish it and wish it to all Bunnies dear.
If all of my Bunnies try hard to be good,
They'll be, oh, so happy, as all Bunnies should.

PIT-A-PAT, pit-a-pat, went John Bunny, as he trotted gently along the snowy woodland path on his way home; and in another part of the wood, pit-a-pat, went Mr. Red Fox, as he ambled along looking for his dinner.

It was the first day of January. The snow that had fallen at Christmas time still lay deep and white over the country, though now marked with the hundred and one different tracks made by the little denizens of the forest.

John Bunny's thoughts were of the future, and it suddenly struck him that this was the right time to make his resolutions for the New Year.

"I wonder what I had better decide on as my first resolution for this year," said John Bunny; and just at the same moment, in the same wood, Mr. Red Fox was saying the same thing to himself.

Now just as John Bunny was nearing the end of the long woodland path that runs down to the thorn thicket, Mr. Red Fox turned the corner at the other end, and of course he soon caught sight of John's blue coat disappearing gradually in the distance. Mr. Red Fox made his first New Year's resolution right there, and it was that he would catch John Bunny before he got home.

At this moment John dropped his handkerchief and, as he turned round to pick it up, he saw Mr. Red Fox in the distance coming along the path at a pretty good speed. It didn't take long for John to find out what *his* first resolution for the New Year was going to be, either. You can guess what it was—that he would not let Mr. Red Fox catch him at all. John's tail bobbed up and down pretty fast as his strong little legs carried him flying down the path.

Unfortunately, just the day before John had run a splinter into his foot, and it was still sore, so he did not get along quite so fast as usual, and he soon found out that Mr. Red Fox was gaining on him; but he didn't worry, for the thorn bushes were close at hand, and just as soon as he reached them, he dived right into the middle of one of them and sat there, out of reach, but feeling quite safe, as he knew Mr. Fox could not follow him in. He even hoped that Mr. Fox would pass by without seeing him, but the blue coat caught the bright eyes of Mr. Fox, and he stopped at the thorn bush, quite determined to wait there till John came out again.

Now when John saw Mr. Fox sit down to wait, he began to wonder what he should do to get away, for he hadn't any greater fancy for being made into rabbit pie in the New Year than he had in the old year that had just gone; and besides he knew that Mrs. Bunny had a nice New Year's dinner all ready and would be wondering why he did not come home for it.

"Good-day, Mr. Fox," said John Bunny. "I believe you are a brother to Mr. Brown Fox, are you not?"

"I am not," said Mr. Fox, "but I am his cousin, and I believe you must be John Bunny, of whom I have heard so much. You are a close friend of Mr. Brown Fox, are you not?"

"I am not," said John, "though I'm sure I would like to be, if the Foxes would show me by their actions that they deserved to be my friends. At present I prefer to be on distant terms with all of you."

Mr. Fox smiled, but he was very polite. "I am sorry not to have been here sooner, John," said he.

"Better late than never," replied John, cheerfully.

"I hate proverbs," said Mr. Fox, "but I know a lot of them just the same; for instance, 'Everything comes to him who waits,' and 'He laughs best who laughs last.'"

"Those are both good," said John, with a grin, "but you'll have to wait a long time to have the last laugh to-day, Mr. Fox."

"'It's a long lane that has no turning,'" quoted Mr. Fox, looking very wise.

"'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" replied John.

Mr. Fox got tired of proverbs, or perhaps he didn't know any more; at any rate, he had no reply to make to this last one.

"Of course, John, if you are not in any hurry, we can have a nice long chat," said Mr. Fox, after a silence.

"Well," said John, "I did have an appointment to meet two of my little Bunnies on their way home, but perhaps they will not wait for me, so it will be all right."

"Where were you going to meet them?" asked Mr. Fox casually.

"Over by the corner of Mr. Smith's fence, next to the meadow," said John; "but they will be there by this time, and I don't think they will wait."

Mr. Fox didn't know what to do. He kept thinking of John's proverb about a bird in the hand being worth two in the bush, and was sure that two rabbits in the hand would be worth a great deal more to him than the one in the bush was just now. The more he thought of it, the less he felt like waiting; so after a few more silent moments that seemed to him to drag like hours, he suddenly jumped up.

"I'd quite forgotten a message Mrs. Fox asked me to leave for her," he said. "I hope you will excuse me, John, if I slip away for a few minutes."

John didn't mind a bit, and said so. Mr. Fox, therefore, said good-bye, and went off at a great rate.

"I'll keep my eye on him for a few minutes," said John, "in case he comes back again," and he skipped along from one thorn bush to another, until he was quite sure that Mr. Fox was really off to the fence corner, and then he skipped off home as hard as he could go.

"These foxes are really very tiresome," said John to Mrs. Bunny that afternoon, as the family sat around the fire after dinner. "If they would only let us alone, I would not have to work my brains so hard. One after another of them make trouble, and I shall certainly have to teach Mr. Red Fox a thing or two yet."

Then John gathered his family round him and said to them:

"Children, it is the first day of the New Year, and the time to make a few—a very few—good resolutions, and after that to spend the rest of the year in trying to keep them properly. Here are some for you, my Bunnies. See if you can keep these:

"Be considerate of your mother and father. Go to school as regularly as possible, and behave as well as you can. Remember that your teacher spends the whole time trying to make you learn things that you will want to know later on; and help to make it easy for your teacher as well as for yourselves."

These are really good resolutions, and worth every little Bunny's attention, whether he lives in a hole under the ground as John Bunny did, or in a house on the top of it!

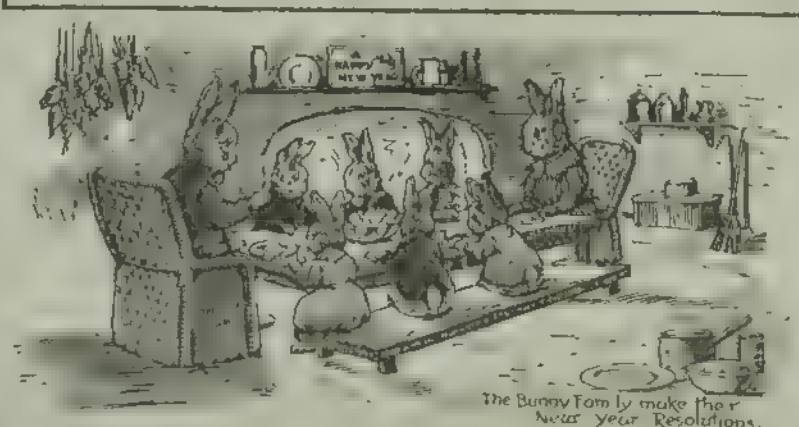
Uncle Peter's Wise and Otherwise Sayings

"Open your eyes wide to see the good in others; listen with both ears to the good you hear of others; and speak nothing but good of others. Then others will say good things of *you*."

Extra Copies

Extra copies of the Children's Pages may be had on application to Uncle Peter. Send the names and addresses of your little friends, and extra copies will be mailed to them, so that they may read the stories which have already appeared in October, November and December.

Uncle Peter.



FOOD ECONOMY

Every housewife knows the length of time it takes to prepare the most ordinary soup the cost of fuel, ingredients, etc. But with a few vegetables, one or two Oxo Cubes, a little flour and water, a most excellent soup can be prepared in a few minutes at the cost only of a few cents.

So with entrées, savouries, sauces, invalid dishes, the Oxo Cube way is the quick, convenient, efficient way, and makes for economy every time.

Another point of great importance is the peculiar power of Oxo Cubes to increase the nutritive value of other dishes. For instance, Oxo and rice is much more nourishing than rice without Oxo Hence when Oxo Cubes are used lighter meals can be indulged in

Tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.

OXO CUBES

Stops that Pain in the Back

Pain in the back is one of the most common symptoms of Kidney trouble. Every movement becomes a torture, and if neglected, the disorder finally confines the sufferer to bed.

This is exactly what happened in the case of Mr. Arnold McAskell, of Hants County, Nova Scotia. He sought in vain for relief until he decided to try

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Before he had used one box he began to feel better. Two boxes entirely relieved him. And best of all, up to the time he wrote us, he had had no further sign of the trouble. Mr. McAskell concludes his letter of gratitude by saying, "I cannot say too much in favor of these great pills and would recommend them to anyone suffering from Kidney trouble."

Kidney or Bladder trouble may also take the form of swollen joints, rheumatism, Lumbago, gravel, irregularity of urinary system or constant headaches. Don't neglect these symptons. Take Gin Pills in time and escape worse ills.

All dealers sell Gin Pills at 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. Or sample will be sent free upon request to

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WHAT GIFTS DID YOU SEND, AND WHY?

By EVAH McKOWAN

FEW are the plants that flourish and grow like a Christmas list. Take Miss Smith, that very popular young woman. She has a large circle of friends with whom she exchanges gifts each year. Gradually the circle grows; her girl friends marry or move away—but remain on her Christmas list; and the new intimates who replace them as companions are added to the ever growing burden. Both her time and purse are taxed to the limit, but curtailment has never seemed easy, since, outside of those whom she really wants to remember, most of her gifts are thank-you-for favours, or this-is-to-square-off for something she knows she will receive.

But now she may, with one grand sweep, wipe the list from off the slate altogether. She may write a note to one and all of her exchangees saying that this year she is observing Christmas [illegible] way only by giving [illegible].

A Patriotic Christmas

NO motives, except those of Patriotism, will be ascribed to her; whereas, had she done such a thing a few years ago, her friends would have wondered whether her reason were poverty or stinginess—however much they might have admired her moral courage.

If Miss Smith really writes these letters, she may feel assured that they will be hailed with joy and many will sit down and do likewise. These would, years ago, have been glad to have thrown off the yoke of promiscuous present trading at Christmas had a suitable reason presented itself. A general deleting of superfluous names from their lists leaves them free to spend their thoughts and money on the men in khaki. Few there are who have no soldier to remember this Christmas, and for those families who have [illegible] a soldier for [illegible] there [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible].

It does not mean that the joy of Christmas festivities and of receiving gifts should be denied our children, nor that we should not gladden the hearts of those we [illegible] dear with some timely remembrance. [illegible] does it mean that Miss [illegible] would have grateful for a favour from [illegible] deprived of the [illegible] showing gratitude by a suit at Christmas; but why must the spirit enter into it at all? Why must Miss Smith repeat the act next year because she knows her friend will give her something in return if she did not send her a belated New Year's offering a week after she received Miss [illegible]'s present.

Miss [illegible] has been taken ill at her friend's in October and been kindly taken [illegible]. Feeling grateful for the sympathy [illegible] sent her friend a handsome fern on [illegible] twenty fifth. Does that mean that on next October the twenty fifth she must send her something more, simply because the friend may give her something on that date, if she has not already sent her a gift on the first of last November? Outrageous notion. But it shows how far off the track the real spirit of Christmas has wandered!

The Sincere Gift

If the burden of too large a Christmas list be lifted, much more time remains for putting real [illegible] the gifts we sincerely want to [illegible]. There is ample room for more considera- [illegible] packed and sent off to Mrs. Jones who is sure to [illegible] something. Miss Mills-who-surprised her last year, and Aunt Kate-who hardly-speaks to her any-more, rushes down town at the [illegible] to buy the gifts and toys for the [illegible].

[illegible] things that she had in mind for each [illegible] although they certainly were there two weeks ago, while she was wrestling with Mrs. Jones' lampshade, or Aunt Kate's cushion, and something—anything—suitable or unsuitable bought instead. A large percentage of the [illegible] stockings and so forth, bought for [illegible] for the waste basket by the [illegible] December the twenty fifth, and by [illegible] first, many children or back [illegible] one toy that father made last [illegible] evenings.

Next year Mrs. Jones, Miss Mills, and Aunt Kate [illegible] the individual needs of [illegible].

[illegible] would be [illegible] to take [illegible] Aunt [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

GENUINE HAS TRADE MARK ON THE PACKAGE

To make a good cup of Cocoa Begin Right!

CHOOSE

BAKER'S

Prepare it carefully, following the directions on the package, and you will find that every member of the family will thoroughly enjoy this delicious and wholesome beverage. Its healthfulness is assured by its purity and high quality.

Grand Prize
Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

Made in Canada by
WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
ESTABLISHED 1780
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10¢

So Handy To Use

CATELLI'S
READY CUT
MILK MACARONI

Not better than our regular Milk Macaroni—simply more convenient to use. Cut in handy sizes—ready to be dropped in the boiling water.

Write for free copy of "*The Girl at Catelli's*"—giving over 100 recipes for cooking macaroni.

24
The C. H. Catelli Co. Limited, Montreal.

Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

In three hours you can have just the prettiest curls and waves! And they remain a long time, when Liquid Silmerine is used before rolling the hair in curlers.

Liquid Silmerine

is perfectly harmless. Easily applied with brush. Hair is nice and fluffy when combed out. Silmerine is also a splendid dressing. Keeps hair fine and glossy. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

One Thousand Shorter Ways Around the House

LEARN HOW!

YES, there are actually one thousand shorter ways around the house—shorter than the ways you have been treading—and you can discover them all by reading a clever book which has just been published and which lists them all. The many ways given on this page are taken, by permission of the publishers, from "1,000 Shorter Ways Around the House," by Mae Savell Croy. The publishers are G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Send $1.75 to the Book Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, if you want a copy.

Comfort for Fifty Cents

A GYMNASIUM suit of blouse, bloomers, and low, rubber-heeled shoes worn while doing housework adds to the comfort, efficiency and health of the housewife, and lessens the fatigue and strain of a day's hard work. It makes housework a healthy exercise and not a dragging drudgery.

Five yards of fifty-cent serge will make two suits that are easily washed and ironed. Keep an outer skirt at hand to slip on when going to the door.

Secure the Clothes Line

TO prevent the pole from slipping away from a clothes line, bore a quarter-inch hole through the pole about two inches from one end; pass a foot length of strong twine through this hole and tie the ends together to form a loop. Throw this loop over the clothes line and push the end of the pole up through it.

The twine will encircle the line, gripping it securely, and the pole can neither slip nor be blown down.

Make Your Shoes Wear

TO waterproof shoes, mix eight parts of linseed oil, ten parts of boiled oil, eight parts of suet, and eight parts of beeswax by heating them over a slow fire. Warm the shoes and apply the warm mixture, coating the seams carefully.

Another method of waterproofing shoes is to melt together over a slow fire one part of white pine tar, one part of neatsfoot oil, and one of beef tallow, and apply in the same way.

Should Not Curdle

TO keep custard from curdling, put the custard into a pan half filled with cold, instead of hot, water. It heats more gradually, and will be firm and without a drop of whey. Salt will curdle milk if added while cooking.

When custard has curdled, beat an egg and slowly beat the curdled custard into it, thus smoothing it.

Best for Washing

HARD water may be softened by washing soda or lye, but these are hard on the hands. Borax does not injure the hands. Temporary hardness may be removed by boiling. Rain water is the best for washing clothes, as it is pure and soft.

It should be caught in the open, and not in tubs placed under the edge of the roof, as it will wash the dirt off from the wood.

Shine the Silver

SILVER should be washed in a basin by itself. If touched with a greasy cloth, it must be washed over again. If it is not very badly tarnished, put it in an aluminium pan filled with boiling salt water, and let it boil for a few minutes.

To prevent tarnishing when putting silver away, place a piece of camphor ice with it. Use common lump starch to clean silver. Rub on with a damp cloth, let it stand a few minutes, and rub dry with cheese cloth.

Remove egg stains from silver by rubbing with salt.

Lace and Stitches

IN sewing braid or silk tape on the bottom of a skirt, when the stitches must not come through, open the hem sufficient to slip in a piece of cardboard two by four inches. Push it along through the hem, keeping it just under where you are sewing. This saves time and temper.

In sewing buttons on lace, tie them on with needle and double thread. If tied carefully, they are easily taken off when the lace is cleaned.

Paint the Screens

ORDINARY wire window and door screens are no protection from the gaze of the passer-by. Give the outside of all screens a coat of thin white paint. The paint should be made as thin as possible with turpentine and applied with a flat brush.

Strange as it may seem, the paint will not be noticeable, and while those on the inside may look out, those outside cannot see into the room or porch.

Eggs for the Coffee

MAKE coffee in this way, if you are without a percolator: Beat one egg, stir into it one pound of unground coffee beans, then spread on platter and dry thoroughly. When needed, grind, put into coffee pot and pour on boiling water; boil slightly and allow to stand a few minutes before pouring. One egg thus does for one pound of coffee.

Heat coffee over the fire before putting into the pot, and the flavour is much improved.

Mend the Paper

FOR wall paper that is torn or soiled, take a piece of paper that matches and roughly tear an irregular patch a little larger than the torn or soiled place; carefully paste this on, and the irregularly torn edge cannot be detected.

To take off old wall paper, use a heaping tablespoon of saltpetre to a gallon of hot water and apply freely with a flat brush. Keep the water hot, and the paper will easily pull off.

Uses of Coal Oil

COAL OIL added to the water for washing windows will give a brilliant polish. It is especially useful in winter as the oil prevents the water from drying before the glass can be dried. Polish with soft paper and there will be no lint.

Coal oil is excellent for making kitchen floors waterproof. Apply with a soft rag and it spreads easily. A quart of oil is sufficient for an ordinary sized kitchen floor. Coal oil will remove paint from glass and porcelain.

Use coal oil to moisten ordinary stove polishing.

The Colour Keynote

IN finishing and furnishing a room, choose some one thing as a basis for the colour scheme, and have everything harmonize with this colour keynote; otherwise a charming and restful whole cannot result.

A glaring finish on woodwork, walls, ceiling, or floor obtrudes itself and destroys the restful, harmonious effect; these should be in soft neutral colours, forming a background to the picture completed by the furnishings and the persons occupying the room.

"This cake is sure to be good!"

Good mixing makes good cake, and Lantic Sugar, on account of its "FINE" granulation, mixes quickly with the butter, making a rich creamy batter.

Lantic Sugar

is the best for baking, preserving, and the table. It comes to you pure and clean, just as it was packed at the refinery; no hand touches it but your own.

2 and 5-lb cartons
10, 20 and 100-lb bags

THE "ALL-PURPOSE SUGAR"
MADE FROM PURE CANE

Send a red ball trade-mark, cut from a Lantic bag or carton, and we will send you a free copy of the Lantic Sugar Cook Book, with many new recipes for delicious sweets.

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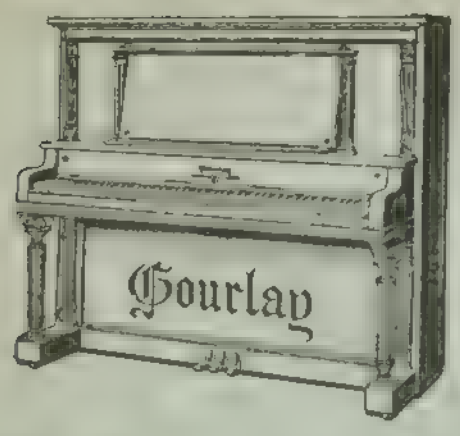
LIMITED
Power Building, Montreal

Look for the red ball trade-mark on each package



High Grade Used Pianos at Low Prices

WE have included in our stock a number of slightly used pianos which are of well known makes. Each of these pianos is in splendid condition—almost as good as new. If you are considering the purchase of a piano, you will do well to enquire about those we have to offer. You will find the prices surprisingly low. If you wish to get any one of the pianos featured here, write us as early as possible, and your order will receive our prompt attention.

Buy Pianos By Mail

Some of the BARGAINS

Bell Piano

This is a beautiful instrument. It has a burl walnut case, and plain panels—no unnecessary ornamentations in which dust can lodge. It has ivory and ebony keys and three pedals. This piano is just like new. Special price .. **$245**

Karn Piano

A piano in the cabinet grand style. The mahogany case and its colonial design make it a very handsome instrument. This is a modern piano—has been slightly used. The price of this piano is **$265**

Gourlay Piano

One of our own makes of high grade pianos has a mahogany case and a satin finish. It is made in the puritan design. It is almost new and is being offered at the special price of **$305**

Gourlay Piano

The Louis design in which this piano is made is very popular. The mahogany case [illegible] It has received but little use and is a splendid bargain at the price of **$325**

Terms

To those who do not want to pay cash prices for any of the above instruments we offer the following terms

$15 to be paid with order and $7 to be paid monthly until full price has been covered.

If you wish for any piano not mentioned above, write us and we will send you a complete list of our used pianos.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming
Limited
"The House of Service"
188 Yonge Street, TORONTO

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INFANTS-DELIGHT is different from any other Toilet Soap because it is BORATED. Pure white Curved to the hand Price 10c. everywhere in Canada.

Vaudeville Sketches, Monologs, Dialogs, Recitations, **PLAYS** Entertainments, Pantomimes, Tableaux, Drills. Commencement Manual, full of new ideas, plans, helps and suggestions. Folk Dances, Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material, Make-up Goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 82, Chicago

$25.00 CASH FOR YOUR RECIPES

You are invited to send your three favourite Recipes for publication on our Recipe Page. $1.00 will be paid for every Recipe accepted for publication.

$25.00 in Cash Prizes will be given for the best Sets of Recipes.

WHAT dishes that you make are the greatest favourites with your family? Your best recipe may be for a cake, a delicate dessert, a pudding, an especially good bread, or a better way of preparing meat, vegetables, or fruit. Send us the recipes for the three things you excel in. We will pay $1.00 cash for all recipes accepted for publication, and will give in addition

Cash Prizes amounting to $25.00 for the Best Sets of Recipes Submitted

Prizes will be awarded as follows:

1st Prize	$10.00
2nd "	5.00
3rd "	3.00
4th "	2.00

And 5 Prizes of $1.00 each

We want to make our recipe page the most interesting and useful department in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. How better could we accomplish this than by asking the good cooks of the Dominion to send us their favourite recipes and publishing the best of them? Then this page will become a practical exchange of the tried and proven recipes that are favourites in good homes all over the Dominion, each recipe the best of each individual contributor.

How to Send your Recipes.

YOU should send three individual recipes to compete for the $25.00 cash prizes and each recipe if found acceptable for publication will be paid for at the rate of $1.00. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has already published thousands of recipes submitted by readers and we want to publish thousands more. For the best sets of recipes received on or before February 1st, we will award the $25.00 in cash prizes. You may have just the recipes we want so send your three best to-day.

How the Recipes Will Be Judged

MISS Marjory Dale, Editor of the Recipe Page, and her assistants will judge in lots of all recipes submitted.

The prizes will go to those whose three Recipes show the most uniform excellence. Ease of preparation, economy and originality will all be given consideration.

We will announce the prize winners in the March EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Recipes accepted for publication will be paid for promptly and will appear in coming numbers.

We invite all our Readers to enter this contest and contribute to the page. If the idea finds favour we shall endeavour to give $25.00 in cash prizes monthly to contributors of Recipes.

Please write on one side of the paper only and address your entry to

Marjory Dale's Recipe Page Contest
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
Toronto

Contributions for this contest cannot be individually acknowledged.

A GIFT FOR EVERY READER OF THE RECIPE PAGE

Beautiful Royal Alexandra Casserole Easily Secured

ONCE you have cooked with a casserole you will wonder how you ever managed to keep house without one. Casserole cooking is the greatest advancement the art of cooking has made in the last fifty years.

This casserole is fireproof and practically unbreakable and after dishes are prepared and cooked in it, you simply place the casserole in its handsome frame and put it on the table. Both time and labour are saved by the food being brought right from the oven to the table, and served in the dish in which it is cooked.

Almost everything you would want to cook in the oven can be done to perfection in a casserole; meat, meat pies, stews, poultry, all cereals, puddings, vegetables, and all kinds of desserts, etc. It is a wonderful means of reducing living expense because with it you can turn left overs, odds and ends of meat, etc., that you might ordinarily throw away, into the most tempting and delightful dishes served "en casserole."

This is a genuine "Royal Alexandra" casserole in the beautiful French Carmelite Brown color and has spotless porcelain lining. Its beautiful mount or frame is in a charming, dainty, pierced filigree pattern. You would pay at least $3.00 for such a casserole in your jewellery store and it will delight you beyond measure.

To receive this lovely casserole absolutely without cost, just show this fine number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to four of your friends who do not take it now and get them to subscribe to Canada's greatest magazine through you. It is very easy to get subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD because every woman who reads a copy wants it to come to her every month. Tell your friends how well you like EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and explain that it is the only great National magazine published entirely in Canada by Canadians for Canadian women and Canadian homes. Show them how it abounds in clean, bright interesting stories, up to the minute articles on Canadian women and Canadian interests, and its many helpful departments embracing every home interest. At only $1.00 per year all postage paid, no Canadian home can afford to be without EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

The Casserole is one of the greatest advances in fine cooking utensils. Its use will greatly reduce living costs. Our readers can secure this beauty without cost.

Send your four subscriptions (renewals count just the same as new subscriptions) together with $1.00 to cover same and your fine casserole will be sent to you at once. Safe arrival is guaranteed. Address The Recipe Dept., Office C., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

DELIGHTED WITH CASSEROLES

My Dear Miss Dale:

I wish to thank you for the Casserole which I duly received. I think it a beauty fit to grace any table.

Wishing you a very Happy and Prosperous New Year, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. D. Ewing, Cobourg

17 Nelson St.,
Brantford, Ont.

Dear Miss Dale:

I received my Casserole and I am truly delighted with it, and I want you to please thank the publishers of the EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for me. I really cannot understand how you can afford to give such lovely premiums with your most interesting and instructive magazine, and I do most sincerely trust that your efforts will be crowned with the success you so truly deserve. Sincerely yours,

Kate Charlesworth

Baie Verte, N.B.

Continental Publishing Co.

I received the Casserole on Monday the 3rd. It was in good condition, and I am very much pleased with it. Have shown it to my friends and they are glad that I have been awarded such a useful and valuable premium. Thanking you very much, I remain

Yours truly,
Victoria M. Goodwin

LACTAGOL

for Nursing and Prospective Mothers

SICKNESS, wasting, and—worse, perhaps—linger in nursing bottles and artificial feeding. Only by nursing baby yourself can you keep him safe and well.

No need to fear of insufficient nurse. LACTAGOL is Nature's way of bringing to your breasts a bountiful flow of milk rich in nourishment. In Nature's safe, sure way it builds up both mother and baby.

Physicians everywhere recommend LACTAGOL. Hospitals and Nursing Homes use it regularly.

Regular size, $1.25—3 for $3.50
Small size, 75c—3 for $2.00

LACTAGOL is sold by all good druggists, or can be had direct on receipt of price, delivery free.

R. J. OLD
Sole Agent
418 Parliament St.
Toronto

E. T. Pearson & Co. Limited
Manufacturers
London, England

Stiffness

It is astonishing how quickly Minard's Liniment relieves stiffness and lameness.

Gives Great Relief

Mrs. A. R. Calcott, 26 Park Ave., Guelph, Ont., writes—"My husband has used Minard's Liniment frequently, always with good results. Friends of mine use it for rheumatism and tell me that it gives great relief."

□ □

Mrs. Fred Johnston, Box 735, Thorold, Ont.—"I suffered very much with neuralgia in my face last winter, was advised to try Minard's Liniment, and was relieved immediately after first application. I persevered in using it and it has entirely gone. This winter I can go out without [illegible] and give the credit to Minard's. I have also told several people about Minard's, and others are using it."

MINARD'S
King of Pain
LINIMENT
Yarmouth Nova Scotia

My Beauty, Face and Bodily Exercises

Will make you young and keep you young, in face, in figure, in spirit. My Facial Beauty work employs no massage, face washes or lotions, electricity, plasters, fillings or surgery. Nothing artificial; just Nature's way! Takes years off your appearance in a short time. Can be practised at your home or any place. So successful has my Facial Beauty work proved that many have asked me to prepare a similar course for the home. Write me [illegible]

Too Stout or Too Thin

I can work with you to attain your ideal Figure. For Face and Figure culture work is my chief. Thousands of prominent people [illegible] postage and I will send you free of charge my new FREE book [illegible] Facial Beauty Culture or [illegible] Means Whereby for Busy work setting whether too fat or too thin. I can [illegible] you are helped [illegible] Rewards guaranteed, or money refunded if not as represented. Write in confidence to

KATHRYN MURRAY
Suite 831, Garland Building CHICAGO
First Woman to Teach Scientific Facial Exercise

"TITE-WAD"
"STICKS LIKE A BULL-DOG"
THE ORIGINAL RUBBER PUTTY

Repairs Hot Water Bottles, Doctors Rubber Goods, Bicycle and Auto Tires, Rubber Boots, Overshoes, Rain coats, Auto Tops, Patches in three sizes 5c, 10c, $1.50. 20,000 users know it. Guaranteed to repair or money refunded. Posted to any part of Canada. At most every dealer sells Tite-Wad, [illegible] SCHOLFIELD, 243 Dalhousie St., [illegible] Montreal

WHEN WE CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S

The f[illegible] can be a specially [illegible] box makes a very acceptable foundation. Whichever you choose, paint it green, or green and red, and trim prefer[illegible] with holly and mistletoe.

Who Shall be Postmaster?

Some one costumed as Father Time is a s[illegible] postmaster. Let him [illegible] upon the company from behind his little wicket which is thrown open from time to time to announce "first mail," "second mail," and so on, the announcement being accompanied by the jingling of a little bell.

The more mail that can be mustered for every one, the better the fun. All who are to attend the party should be notified in advance that parcels will be delivered to whomsoever they are addressed, by Father Time, and, of course, the entertainer will prepare a set, however simple, of her own. New Year's cards addressed to each one of the company will furnish material for mail, and add to the fun

Instead of Father Time

Those who have introduced Father Time at other parties may wish to change to another postmaster or mistress. For instance, a tiny boy, costumed as the little New Year, with wings, would be unusual; or the Spirit of the New Year, all in red and green, with holly in her hair, may deliver the gifts and sound the little bell

Paper, ink, pens and envelopes may be provided, and all present invited to write New Year's letters to be deposited at the post office and delivered in the last mail. Each writes to any member of the party he wishes, and signs his name or not, as he may prefer.

The idea of the post office may be combined with that of the pretty, genial New Year's card, and the affair called a New Year's Card Party

A Search Game

Get cheap cards which come at two for a penny and cut out the figures, which are hidden all around the room. Ring a bell twice with a fifteen-minute interval between tinkles, and during this time let all search for the hidden pictures. At the expiration of that time give each player a square or oblong of cardboard, provide scissors, mucilage, pen and ink, and announce that a prize will be awarded to the one who constructs the most pleasing New Year's card from the materials in hand. About half an hour should be allowed for this game. Pen and ink are provided in order that those who can do so may fill in the missing links of their designs, and water colours, with brushes, may be added to the supplies

To Raise Coin

The Sunday School or Library Club which wants to raise money at New Year's may adopt the idea of the New Year's card, but carry it out rather differently in order to bring in the dimes Have a post office where all the mail is "over due, 5 cents," so that each pays for his present. Then have New Year's cards on sale, which members may purchase and address to each other through the medium of the mails. After the first mail nothing is held for postage due, and after that players have the privilege of addressing to each other free gifts, cards, letters, greetings, and sketches—in fact, everything which the spirit of the season or the inspiration of the moment suggests.

Sell a simple supper later on, at two, three or five cents a portion, according to the nature of the viand. Ham and tongue sandwiches, tied with holly ribbon, might retail at five cents, coffee and cocoa at two cents a cup, ice cream in the little scarlet paper cups at five cents, and red iced cakes at five cents a plate for two.

The prices herein quoted are, of course, reckoned upon the usual generous donation basis—the committee obtaining both contributions of trifles for the post office packages and supplies of edibles "free, gratis, for nothing," to retail at supper.

A Pine Forest Bazaar

One idea carried out in a little fair held at a prominent mountain resort one autumn might be introduced at New Year's in the city with equally good results. The hall was banked with pine trees placed upright as if growing. Boughs of the pine covered the various booths, while the floor cracked with pine needles, which, after they were trampled upon, began to emit their deliciously pungent aroma.

Gray and brown velvet squirrels, holding pin cushion nuts, were perched in the trees and were afterward sold at 50 cents apiece.

BREAKING IT GENTLY

"Beauty," said the lecturer at the Hygiene Circle, "beauty is everywhere. It is possessed by every one of us in some degree."

After the meeting he was stopped by a terribly deformed dwarf from the travelling circus, who asked, with some bitterness, whether the lecturer could tell him where his—the dwarf's—beauty lay.

The lecturer looked at him for some moments, as though summing him up. Then he spoke:

"Well, my friend, I must admit that beauty is not so apparent in you as it is in some. At the same time, I can tell you quite honestly that you are the best-looking deformed, hunch-backed, bow-legged, broken-nosed dwarf with a hare-lip that I've ever seen!"

Insomnia

WE can live without food, but not without sleep. Many will recall Dr. Tanner's 40 days without food, but who could live a single week without sleep and retain their reason.

It is during sleep that the nervous system is restored, and the nerve force, consumed by the activities of the day, is replaced.

Sleeplessness is one of the first and one of the most torturing symptoms of nervous exhaustion.

With sleeplessness you find nervous headaches, tired, wornout feelings, indigestion, lack of energy and strength. You are nervous and irritable, and cannot compose yourself to rest or sleep.

The nerve force in the body is at low ebb, and the feeble, wasted nerve cells must be nourished back to health and strength by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

You must not confuse this food cure with drugs taken to produce sleep, for it works in an entirely different way. It is not a quick relief, but a restorative, upbuilding treatment. As the nerves are revitalized sleep comes naturally with its soothing influence and hastens recovery.

Sleeplessness

Mrs. Edson Brock, Trenholmville, Que., writes:—"I want to state that I have never taken anything to do me so much good as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I am never without it in the house. I was so nervous I could not sleep, but now I sleep soundly at nights and wake up feeling refreshed and ready for the day's work. I used the Nerve Food for months, and found that it just suits my needs, and has built up the system wonderfully. I know it is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that has brought about the great change in my condition, and I am thankful for it."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

527

DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

It Will Whiten Your Teeth

Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste takes away like magic that unsightly yellow tinge. It makes teeth sparkle, and gums healthy.

Special Offer

Send 25c for a full sized tube of Corson's Charcoal Tooth Paste and we will include with it a generous sample of our Pomander Talcum—a superior powder with a delicate and lasting perfume.

Corson's
CHARCOAL TOOTH PASTE
The Dainty Silver Grey Dentifriee

neutralizes acid mouth, the cause of nearly all tooth decay. It is pleasant to use and silver grey in color.

Try it—everybody is talking about this remarkable Tooth Paste. **25c**

SOVEREIGN PERFUMES, LIMITED
146 Brock Avenue, Toronto

The Hiscott Method

We go below the surface skin, build up the underlying tissues, fill out depressions, hollows and sunken parts. We remove blackheads, eczema, etc. We remove superfluous hair, moles, warts, etc. Physicians and surgeons throughout Canada know the good work we do and send us many patients. For those who cannot come to us we have

HOME TREATMENTS

that have proved successful wherever used. In this connection we have issued a handsome booklet, which we will send free on request. When writing us for booklet tell us your particular trouble and we will advise you fully and confidentially without charge.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, Limited
61E College Street TORONTO

BABY CAMERON-WALLER.

Brought up from Birth on Virol.

80, Aldridge Road,
Balham, S.W.

Dear Sir,

This is my youngest son, aged 2 years. He was brought up from birth on Virol, and this photograph shows the result. His six brothers and sisters were all Virol babies and are splendid children. I cannot speak too highly of what Virol has done for them all, and I recommend it wherever I go.

EDITH CAMERON-WALLER.

VIROL

Virolised milk—a teaspoonful of Virol mixed with half-a pint of warm (not hot) milk—is an ideal food for nervous exhaustion.

Sold everywhere, 4 oz. tins 40c., 8 oz. 70c., 16 oz. $1.10, or a little higher west of Port Arthur.

Sole Importers, BOVRIL, LTD., 27 St. Peter St., Montreal, who send free on request a valuable booklet, "BABIES, Their Health and Happiness", which every young mother should have.

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BABY'S FIRST TEETH

On the Care of the First Teeth the Health and Beauty of the Second Teeth Depend

By KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

WHEN we get down to the last analysis, habits—good and bad—and digestion—strong or weak—are really the determining factors in success and failure.

Perhaps no one thing in the baby's development counts for so much as do his teeth. On them digestion depends, on digestion nourishment relies, and health or the reverse is the result.

The embryonic teeth begin to develop some six months before birth, and the baby's teeth, as well as the health of her own, depend on the mother's habits and diet. Teeth are composed largely of lime salts, and there is a drain on the mother's system to supply these salts to the child in sufficient quantity; therefore she must use plenty of grains, fruit, green vegetables, milk, eggs; and meat in moderation. The dentist should be consulted without waiting for the warning given by toothache, and any cavities filled, though it may be with a temporary filling only. No mouth can be clean and healthy while receiving the deposits from decaying teeth. More, this decaying matter exudes a poisonous pus, which is swallowed, to the hurt of the stomach.

The teeth should be brushed after each meal, and all bits of food removed, if necessary, with a piece of dentist's silk; the mouth should be cleansed by rinsing with milk of magnesia, or a weak sodium bicarbonate solution. Too much care cannot be taken to ensure strong, healthy teeth to the baby.

Teething

MOST mothers look forward to "teething" as a time of fretfulness, illness, and temper, and hope that "Baby will not cut his teeth hard." It is perfectly natural for him to get teeth, and there is nothing to be alarmed about if his stomach is in good condition and his food right, with neither over nor under feeding.

The restlessness, loss of appetite, slight fever and putting his fingers into his mouth, which are so commonly attributed to teething, are more often due to faulty feeding. The amount—and with bottle babies, the strength—of the food should be reduced, even though he does not continue to gain in weight. If he shows a disinclination to take food, he should not be coaxed into doing so, as then his digestion will surely be upset, and this, added to the pain of the cutting teeth, may result in serious illness. When the disturbance has passed, his appetite will return and he will quickly regain the lost ground without injury to his stomach.

At birth, each tiny tooth lies partly embedded in a cavity of the jawbone, surrounded with and covered by the softer tissues of the gum, and the strength for the development of these teeth is absorbed from the baby's food.

In a healthy child, the first tooth should appear about the seventh month; and as this is about the time he should be beginning to be weaned, the question of food must receive special attention, and the mother must regulate her diet so that the required amount of nourishment is supplied. With bottle babies this is especially important, and it must be remembered that the quantity given is not the point, but *the quality that agrees with him and the quantity he can digest and assimilate.* Food, except it can be digested, is not only useless, but very harmful. This point is often overlooked; and a larger percentage of bottle fed babies have bad teeth, than is found among breast fed children.

Baby's First Teeth

THE baby's first teeth are known as deciduous or milk teeth and are twenty in number—ten in each jaw. These usually cut through in pairs. If the teeth do not appear at the right time, it is probably due to a lack of phosphates and an absence of lime salts, and the mother's diet or the bottle must receive attention.

If the gums are very red and swollen and he seems to be really suffering, call the doctor to examine his mouth, and he will probably order a cooling lotion. Lancing of the gums is seldom necessary. Often a spoonful or two of cool—not cold—water will soothe and give relief. Or he may be comforted by biting on a hard substance. If so, give him a soft crust or a piece of stale bread to chew on; but do not give him an ivory ring or a rubber comfort. Please read all we said about the comfort in the June issue.

Convulsions during teething is not very common, but if an attack should occur, a hot bath and a dose of castor oil is the best immediate treatment; then find out "the why" and see that it doesn't happen again. Under no circumstances or conditions should drugs of any kind be given, either in the form of soothing syrups, stimulants or laxatives.

The six-year old molars are the first of the permanent teeth to appear. These are sometimes mistaken for milk teeth and, if they ache, are pulled; but as no other teeth ever take their places, spaces are left and an ugly mouth results.

Cleanliness in Teeth

HOW soon should a child's teeth be cleaned? Just as soon as he has any. But long before he has teeth his mouth should be rinsed after each feeding by giving him a drink of water. The old way of cleansing the baby's mouth with a weak solution of boric acid on cotton or gauze wrapped over one's finger, does not clean the mouth thoroughly, and frequently causes ulceration.

Directly the teeth appear they must be cleansed regularly. Particles of milk sometimes lodge between or back of the teeth, turn acid and thus destroy the enamel. A bit of medicated cotton dipped in a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda and water may be used, and very great care must be taken not to injure the delicate skin of the mouth and gums.

When the first six teeth are through, a *small, soft* brush should be used with water that has been boiled and cooled, or a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda, after each feeding. This should never be neglected. When the child has passed his first year, some doctors advise giving him a raw apple, after the midday feeding, the third of which has been peeled and partially bruised until it is softened. Munching this is a natural and effective method of cleaning the teeth. At four years he should be able to brush his teeth himself, and salt, bicarbonate of soda, or milk of magnesia should be used. In brushing, the motion should be up and down and rotary, as well as across. Brushing the teeth serves as massage to the gums and, by improving the circulation of blood, helps to keep them in a healthy condition.

The tooth-brush should be chosen with care. A large brush is awkward and may injure the gums; a small brush is more conveniently handled and is, therefore, more effective. A good tooth-brush is made with separate tufts, and with holes along the back that it may more easily be kept clean. The care of the brush is as important as its use. It should be kept antiseptic by being very thoroughly rinsed after each using and placed across a glass, bristles down, to dry. Once or twice a week, it should be dried in the sun or boiled in a borax solution. In cases of influenza, tuberculosis, diphtheria or other infectious diseases, it should be thoroughly disinfected after each using.

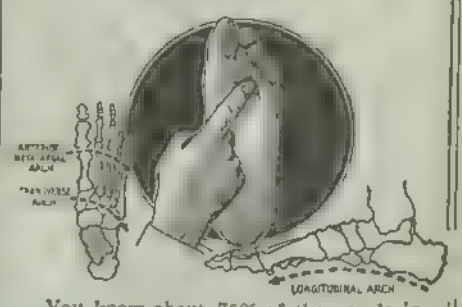
Irregular and Decaying Teeth

IT is well to remember that nature does not restore the enamel, or any part of a tooth that is decayed.

Teeth decay from two causes—want of cleanliness, and the lack of phosphates and lime salts. Want of cleanliness is corrected by the tooth-brush, dentist's silk, and a good mouth wash; want of phosphates and lime salts by attention to food and general health.

After one year old, the baby should be taken to the dentist every six months and any cavities should be filled and irregular teeth straightened. It is a mistake to think that because these first teeth do not remain that they do not matter. They *do* matter, because they determine the health of the second teeth. If decay is present in the first teeth, it can be spread to the underlying second teeth; and if the first teeth are crooked and allowed to remain so, the chances are that the second teeth will come through in the same position. Crooked teeth are more liable to decay than are those that are straight; and crooked teeth cannot do as good work in cutting and grinding the food as straight, even teeth, and the stomach suffers; crooked and decayed teeth are often the unsuspected cause of indigestion. Teeth that are not straight and even, or are decayed, spoil the shape of the mouth, and discount the sweetest smile and brightest face ever held up for a good-night kiss.

Have You Callouses On The Soles Of Your Feet?



You know about 75% of the people in Canada suffer very much from callouses on the soles of their feet—with many of these the pain is intense—especially after standing or walking for a few hours. But immediate relief can be obtained by wearing

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ANTERIOR METATARSAL SUPPORT

Dr. Scholl has made a name for himself on this continent and in England as a foot specialist and has designed this very special and simple device that will give instant relief from the pain of callouses, cramped toes and similar ailments.

Sold by the leading shoe merchants or direct by mail, price $3 postpaid. Also for Special Cases, No. 2, $2.50 No. 3, $4.50.

When ordering, send outline of foot and state size of shoe; also describe fully your foot troubles. We will gladly send you Dr. Scholl's booklet, "Care of the Feet," FREE for the asking. Address,

The E.W. Scholl Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
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So I'll give it a puff;
I've used it for years
To drive away fears
Of dust in the house
It's clean and it's light,
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The last in the year,
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DUSTBANE is THE BEST
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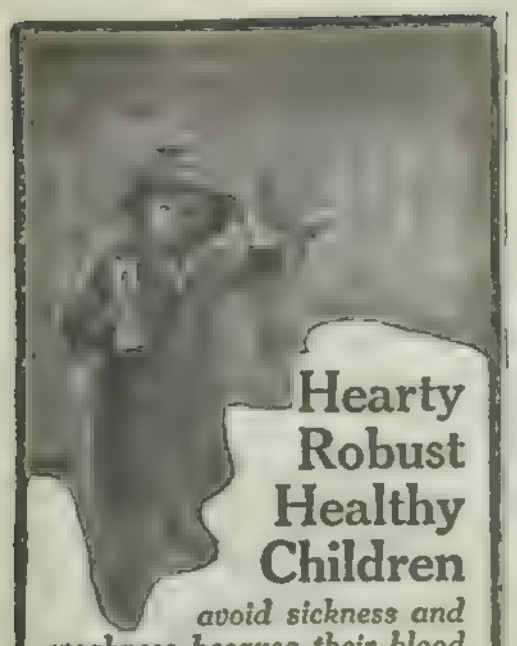

Hearty Robust Healthy Children

avoid sickness and weakness because their blood is rich and pure.

But if your children are not rosy and ruddy, full of energy and vim, you owe them *Scott's Emulsion* which is not a drug but a food-medicine—a food-tonic—powerful and pure.

Every drop is body nourishment so delicately predigested that it immediately creates *active, healthy blood* and sends it pulsating to every part of the body.

Millions of children have added years to their life and life to their years by the regular use of *Scott's Emulsion*—

Why Not Yours?

No alcohol, wine or narcotic drug.

Scott & Bowne, 13-12

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No Trouble, Works Perfectly

Toronto, Ont., January 31, 1916.

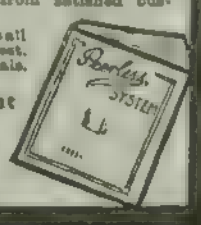
Gentlemen:

It is a pleasure for me to say that from the time your Peerless Water System was installed I have not had one moment's trouble.

The whole system is absolutely simple, and free from complications, and is just as perfect in operation as you represented it would be. Yours very truly, (signed) George Cowperthwaite, Delaware Ave., Toronto.

This is just a sample of the letters we are continually receiving from satisfied customers.

Write for booklet, tells all about it. Free on request. Ask for more testimonials.



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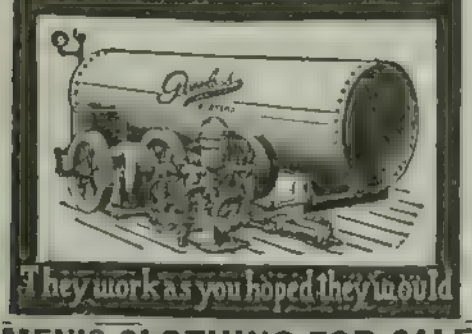

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An Impressive Memento of THE GREAT WAR

Robin
Harmony
Melody and
Dramatic
Effects.

Ready Christmas

Order Early

NAMING THE BABY

Some points to consider about the naming of the New Magazine

IT is not easy to name a baby.

One must keep in mind so many things difficult little points of objection which may or may not develop into big factors in helping on or in hindering the child as he grows up and takes his place amongst his fellows in life.

Any mother who has brought up her children well into the age when names really matter will appreciate this fine point of difficulty in connection with naming the baby.

Naming a Magazine

When it comes to naming a new magazine, the difficulties are, if anything, more apparent than in naming a baby, because there are so many more varied interests at stake that must be served.

First of all the name should be such that will designate what the magazine is. It should convey to every one some idea of the field which it is endeavouring to serve.

The name must be short, so as to be easily remembered and quickly written or printed. It must sound well and be pleasing to a very wide circle of subscribers and readers.

Another Consideration

Then, also, it must be considered from the standpoint of business. The people who sell the magazine will be helped greatly by the right name. Advertisers must be considered also. They will be attracted to the magazine, or repelled from it, perhaps to a very considerable extent, merely on account of its name.

Yes, there are great possibilities in a name, and, when starting out in life or on a new business proposition, one indeed does well to consider carefully the name which is to be chosen.

$100.00 for a Name

As publishers, we are fully alive to the necessity of having the right name for our new magazine, as announced, for the women of rural Canada and, for this reason, we shall be very glad to pay the liberal price of $100.00 for the right name which we can adopt and use.

As we go to press with this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, fresh suggestions are constantly reaching us day by day. It is highly interesting to note these names as suggested by our friends, so we will publish in the February number representative names which have come in.

It will be fully two weeks after this issue reaches all of our readers before our editors will go into the matter of naming the new magazine, so if you have been counting on sending in a name and have overlooked the matter, kindly send it now.

Our readers are reminded again, as per the announcement on page 47 of our December number, that

We Want

First.—A suitable name for the new magazine. We will pay $100.00 cash to the person who sends us the most suitable name.

Second.—We want suggestions for departments that should be in the magazine. A first prize of $20.00 cash is to be given for the best suggestions, and 15 additional prizes of a crisp new $2.00 bill will be given to the senders of the next best suggestions.

Third.—We want lists of products and advertisers which should be in the new magazine. We offer 12 prizes for the best lists of products and advertisers. First, $20.00; Second, $5.00, and 10 additional prizes that will delight the fortunate and obliging senders.

Fourth.—We want you to subscribe. Send in your subscription *now*, so that we can make the new magazine just as helpful as possible to you and to the other women of rural Canada.

Write Now—Save 40c. for a Year's Subscription

Send us 60c. with your first letter, or $1.00 for a subscription for two years. Remember that as announced, the price will be $1.00 per year as soon as the name is chosen.

We want you to be one of the first subscribers. The mails are safe; you can send money at our risk—only be sure to wrap it securely and seal the envelope safely.

Copy This Form in Writing Your Letter

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD., Toronto.

First.—I would like to win the prize of $100.00 cash for my suggestion of a suitable name for your new magazine for the women of rural Canada. I suggest:

1st choice 2nd choice 3rd choice

2. My suggestions for reading matter that will make your new magazine most valuable to me (to compete for the prize of $20.00 cash—and the fifteen additional prizes of a crisp, new $2.00 bill to each sender of the best suggestions) are as follows: .....

3. The following is my list of goods and advertisers that I think should be in your new magazine from the first issue, for reasons which I give:.....

4. I subscribe in advance for your new magazine and enclose $1.00 for two years (or 60c. for one year). Please send your new magazine to the following name and address:.....

We Count on You

We are counting on every one of our readers who has the best interests of rural Canada at heart to help us in this work of establishing this new magazine, which is all Canadian, for Canadian farm women. The prizes will be awarded just as soon as it is possible to make the decisions. We expect to have the new magazine ready very soon now. You may look for it to come along early in the New Year.

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By C. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

DO you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, chiropractors, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

Here are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of today neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious, enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleans the colon thoroughly its entire length and tones and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as nature demands it shall for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times.

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestines has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are today using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 444, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

$25,000.00 In Commissions, Salaries and Rewards

We Will Pay You Well To Represent EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD In Your Community

It is estimated that the publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will pay out over $25,000.00 in Commissions, Salaries and Rewards during the next few months.

Thousands of subscriptions everywhere in Canada expire during the next few months. We are willing that this business come to us through local representatives.

Never has EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD been so popular. The magazine's many friends have already taken the country by storm. Its circulation is leaping ahead by thousands every month. So not only will there be thousands of renewals to accept—but thousands of new subscriptions also, from people who are now subscribing for the first time. We will want to arrange with a man or woman in every town to accept these subscriptions and forward them to us. A commission will be paid on each subscription, *plus a monthly salary*, which can be for whatever amount you make it. It can all be done in your spare time, but, most important, *you will begin to make money right from the start.*

Write us at once, and we will establish you as our representative so that you can receive your share of these subscriptions. Now is the time to start.

We will supply a complete outfit—your only investment will be your time. No investment ever brought richer returns.

You have 72 spare hours a month—hours that most people waste. Will you sell 36 of them for $25, —72 for $50?

Merely write your name and address on the coupon, return to us quickly, and we will start you right off so that you can begin to make money at once.

SEND US THIS COUPON QUICKLY

To Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

Send me particulars of your plan of making money in my spare time.

Name

Address

For sore muscles after skating

HEALTHY outdoor exercise is lots of fun, but we generally "pay the fiddler" with stiff sore muscles, neuralgia and rheumatic twinges and sometimes strains and sprains from going at it a bit too hard.

Sloan's Liniment is the relief for all such aches and muscle soreness, easily applied, it *penetrates and soothes without rubbing*. Cleaner and more promptly effective than mussy plasters or ointments, it does not stain the skin nor clog the pores.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00

Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

PENETRATES WITHOUT RUBBING

"Granny" Chamberlain

Why Best for Babies?

"I am often asked why Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is best for babies. Well, there are several reasons:

First: It is perfectly harmless and can be given with every confidence to the youngest or most delicate child.

Secondly: It contains no alcohol, opium, chloroform, morphine or any other narcotic.

Thirdly: Children like it, and no persuasion is needed to get them to take it.

For the above reasons alone it is impossible to get a better medicine for babies than

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

But aside from its safety it relieves coughs and colds, is the best remedy known for croup, and when given as soon as the croupy cough appears it will even prevent the attack."

Yours for Health.—Granny Chamberlain

33

ENORMOUS PROFITS

START GROWING MUSHROOMS

Learn the latest authoritative way to make still bigger profits than you ever thought possible in our new modern mushrooms. Add $10 to $75 a week to your income. Anyone, men, women and children can do it in spare time in city or country. Grow in basements, cellars, sheds, boxes, etc. Start now. Demand bigger than supply. Send for big free book of expert authority, "The Truth About Mushrooms." Write to

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Genuine Diamonds

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Terms:—20% down and $1-$2-$3 weekly. We trust any honest person. Write for catalogue to-day.

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Diamond Importers

15 Toronto Arcade, TORONTO, CAN.

The Manager of the "Sunwise Turn" seated at her desk. This modern book shop is most inviting to prospective customers, who feel that they are at liberty to linger among the books, just as though they were in their own luxurious libraries at home

HOW AMERICAN WOMEN RUN BOOK SHOPS

By JENNIE CAMPBELL DOUGLASS

"THE Sunwise Turn, The Modern Book Shop," reads the sign extending from the door of a two-story, foreign looking building just off Fifth Avenue in the shopping district of New York. Among the book shops that women recently have opened, probably none has achieved a greater success than this; whose proprietors are a lecturer on art and history and an author.

"The idea of conducting a book shop was taking form in my mind during many months," and the book-seller dropped into a cosy chair and poked the open fire in the homy corner of her book shop. "Here was a new profession for women, one that could not but make a natural appeal to a woman of education; and a profession not overcrowded, for in very few towns and cities is there an up-to-date, progressive book shop.

"To succeed in this business a woman should have a wide knowledge along some special lines and an acquaintance with specialists in other subjects. For years I have lectured on art in Columbia University and on history in a New York City private school. My husband is an architect and decorator, and I am thrown much with artists. Educational methods have always interested me, and my connection with these two institutions and the consequent intercourse with educators have widened my knowledge. Sociology, also, and the feminist movement are subjects to which I have given attention. My partner is a story writer connected with various magazines; she knows the ways of publishers and is well informed in fiction and poetry of the past and present. Thus we have access to the advice of scientists, artists, and men of letters.

Creating the Demand

"HERE is a card catalogue prepared for us by a professor in Princeton University. Specialists in various lines have arranged lists of available books on important issues. We aim to keep in stock the few best on these lists, but we are ready to advise and order more extensively. We dare not overstock, for books held a few months become shop-worn and unsalable; consequently we do a large business by ordering directly from catalogues. This does very well to a certain extent, yet there must be sufficient stock to make an appeal and to supply the needs of the hurry call. Then, too, the book-lover can no more select his purchase by catalogue than the lover of art can choose his pictures, or the well-dressed man his clothes, through that medium.

"No business can be financed without some risk. A woman must have capital to invest, or friends ready to advance it. She must master financial and other business details, and become acquainted with publishers or their business agents, to discover those who will show her most active sympathy and co-operation.

"The demand is created largely by the mode of presentation, and we have arranged our room and shelves so that a strong appeal is made to each class of reader.

"We have a children's corner, where the books are on low shelves and the tables and chairs are suited to the size of these small readers. Children are good advertisers, and where they like to go their elders are very prone to follow. They are also staunch friends and not only bring others, but continue to come themselves, once they are assured of finding what they want We keep only the best books and try, so far as possible, to guide their choice and mould their taste. For the boy and girl who have reached high school age we have a good supply of reference books, especially those which usually are sold only direct from the publishers or by agents.

"Next to the children's corner is the space devoted to 'Books for Mother.' These follow the most advanced lines of education; we choose chiefly those that are not too technical, but which present the different subjects of interest to mothers in a plain, simple, readable manner.

The Retired Book

"A noticeable feature of the books for pure enjoyment and recreation is the unusually large number of old standards and classics. A few English publishers are reviving many of these and presenting them in binding and type suitable and desirable for home libraries. Quaint old books of Folk Lore that deserve a much wider circle of readers than they have had in the past need only to be shown in appropriate bindings to be appreciated. In selecting private libraries—a very profitable part of our business—we choose many of these old books, and our patrons are surprised and pleased with the quaint and pure pictures of bygone days.

"At this end of the room we have grouped monographs of research in medicine and in psychology; in scientific agriculture and animal breeding; in civics and economics, and the more important contributions to feminism. Near the mosaic fireplace, with the textile draperies to attract (*Continued on page 28.*)

When a woman finds a book in "Sunwise Turn" that appeals to her, she seats herself in an easy chair and scans it through at her leisure. She is never asked to buy.

THE BIG
EATON FACTORIES
THAT BACK UP THE EATON STORES

Have Made It Possible for Us To Offer Some Wonderful Bargains in Our

ANNUAL MID-WINTER SALE CATA-LOGUE

A Book That You Should Have

The two pretty dresses illustrated on the front cover are splendid examples of these bargains and give excellent promise of the ample money-saving opportunities that are pictured on the inside pages.

Ladies' Whitewear, Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, House Furnishings and special features from all other departments cram the whole 56 pages chock full of interesting items, on every one of which you can save money. Now is the time to look ahead, judge what you will need, and, buying from our Midwinter sale catalogue, make every dollar spent mean money saved.

Our Midwinter Sale Catalogue is now in the mails—if you do NOT receive your copy within the next week, write us, asking for one, and sending your name and address.

You can have a copy of our Midwinter Sale Catalogue for the asking—write for it.

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

Every dollar you spend in our annual Midwinter Sale actually means money saved.

The Softer Light Saves Your Eyesight

WOMEN who do a good deal of either reading or sewing during the long winter evenings should be aware of eye-strain. Hurried and faulty lighting is responsible for most of the eye troubles which afflict the great majority of mankind to-day.

Why take chances? Try "Moonstone" glass globes and bowls. They cost no more and give plenty of beautiful, soft, well-diffused light. Moonstone glass is especially made by a scientific process to meet the needs caused by our modern brilliant lighting.

Save yourself and your children from eye-strain by using Moonstone glass globes and shades.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us for information, giving us your dealer's name.

Ask about our new Wild Rose Pattern

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NEWCOMBE PIANOS
Patronized by Royalty

NEWCOMBE PIANOS IN USE AT WINDSOR CASTLE

FOR nearly half a century the exquisite tone of the Newcombe Piano has been thrilling the ears of the music lovers in Canada by its purity and sweetness. The tone of the Newcombe Piano is permanent in that they are superior to other makes. The only Piano with Howard's Patent Straining Rod.

NEWCOMBE PLAYER PIANOS with the Human-like Control, contain all the latest improvements and devices. They are perfect in tone, artistic in design, and capable of giving life-long service.

Prices right. Terms reasonable.
Special attention given mail orders.

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Give your hens daily
Pratts Poultry Regulator
the perfect tonic and conditioner. Puts vitality in your flock, keeps your fowls in prime condition, ensures fertile eggs and more of them.

PRATTS Roup Remedy not only cures, but prevents roup, colds, canker, catarrh and diphtheria. Give it to healthy fowls to keep disease away.

Write for Free Book, "Poultry Wrinkles."

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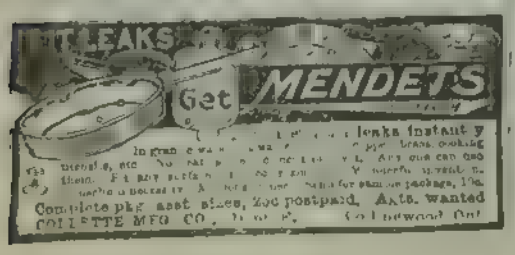


Complete pkg assd sizes, 20c postpaid. Agts. wanted
COLLETTE MFG CO., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

HOW AMERICAN WOMEN RUN BOOK SHOPS

(Continued from page 26)

the artistic, are valuable criticisms in the fine arts and music. Some of these books are having a large sale because of my introducing them to my pupils. I have sold hundreds of one particular book on art for which there was no demand prior to my calling attention to it; and several club libraries have bought copies. This proves that demand may be created by the mode of presentation.

"I would suggest to women who think of opening, or who have opened, shops in smaller cities, that they invite the Women's Clubs to meet in one of their rooms for regular monthly lectures. Books pertaining to the subject of the day and of subsequent meetings should be in evidence

"I find that our business is advanced by having men and women working in representative lines of human interest speak of their ideas or read from their work. On these occasions I am well stocked with works along the lines discussed and find large sales for them, not only then, but late

The Appeal of the Outside Wrapper

"SEE how we send out gift books. We employ a young artist to wrap them in packages of various coloured paper as she especially designs them for particular seasons. One woman of means runs an account and pays good sized bills each month She takes a table in a quiet corner and has our most attractive books brought her for perusal. She brings her Christmas list and fits books to friends, handing us names of books and addresses, with cards for enclosure. Her gifts are wrapped and sent from here to reach their destination at the time she desires without further thought on her part.

"Our work for out-of-town people brings us good returns. It is designed for professional men and women interested in the world of letters, for country houses and other places remote from the busy centres. No lists go to subscribers or marking; instead, the books which seem the most important of the year are laid on their table in packages, sent monthly or twice or four times yearly. In subscribing they write us the lines of their interests that we may render this service the more adequately. No charge accounts are carried. The cost is $10.00 for two packages yearly, approximately six books; $20.00 for four packages; $50.00 for monthly packages, approximately thirty books; and $100.00 for monthly packages of five books each."

The Sunwise Turn is the Lucky One

"THE Sunwise Turn" is a name founded on the Indian belief that everything following the course of the sun is propitious, the sunwise turn always proving lucky

Any book-loving woman who has taken a library course might conduct a very successful business of this sort in her home town, if there were no good book shop there. She knows the tastes and mental habits of her friends, and if her perception is keen she will quickly become acquainted with the peculiarities of others.

The idea is growing, and the means of accomplishing it are increasing. Any woman who carries into this business all the force of a well trained intellect and all the charms of a fine personality, plus influence in and knowledge of her community, cannot fail to make the capital she has invested pay her a good rate of interest.

Managing a book shop is almost an untried field for women; and it is work that appeals to the woman of education and refinement and is peculiarly suited to her. Given a knowledge and love of books and a gift for order and arrangement, training is not absolutely necessary, but it is advisable

McGill University, Montreal, has at times given a short course for librarians and their assistants which would be especially helpful to the woman considering the opening of a book shop as a means of livelihood.

The Ontario Government held "A Short Course Training School for Librarianship" in Toronto during September, 1916, which—though like that at McGill University, intended for librarians—was open to all.

These short courses are of great value to the woman who already possesses some knowledge of books and literature, but they are too short to be of much use to the girl who has had but little opportunity to acquire any but a superficial acquaintance with books.

The Editor of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will gladly give further information if desired. Enclose self-addressed and stamped envelope for reply.

WHO IS GOING TO WIN DANDY DAN?

Every Boy and Girl Should Read This Important Announcement

THIS is a picture of Dandy Dan, the cutest, kindest, most intelligent little Shetland Pony the Pony man could recommend to us. He is going as a prize to some bright member of our Success Club for boys and girls. If you haven't joined The Success Club yet, do so to-day, and get in line to win this intelligent little Shetland Pony. You know it doesn't cost boys and girls a single penny to be members of The Club, and they can earn all the pocket money they want and win many big prizes as well while they are doing so.

The Pony's Story

"On a rocky Shetland Island a hundred miles north of Scotland my mother lived, because she told me so the morning I was born on a pony farm in the middle west of North America. I am larger than my mother. My father was an Indian pony that folk said had Arab blood in his sleek, wiry body, and mother says that is why I am so beautiful. My head sets high on my arched neck, and my shoulders are thick so I can pull a heavy load, my coat is soft as satin, and I can run fast, and walk fast, too, which is unusual it seems, in a Shetland pony, and when you ride on my back I singlefoot. I just love to drive double and tandem. A horse is worth a hundred dollars more every time he lies flat on his back and turns completely over, is a saying among horse and pony men I must be worth a pretty sum then, for when the master says, 'Russell' (that's the pony man who takes care of us Shelties), 'turn Dandy Dan out into the pasture, I want to see him roll over,' I am by many a good roll in the clover grass.

Space will not permit us to tell you all about The Success Club here, but we should like to write you a letter about it and tell you how you can win this lovely pony and his cart, or a $100.00 cash prize.

Get a post card today and send it to us You only need to say "I should like to be a member of The Success Club and help EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in my neighborhood." Then we'll write and tell you all about it.

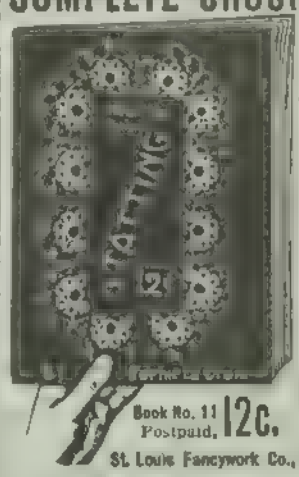
Hundreds and hundreds of our boys and girls are members of The Success Club and are proudly wearing the lovely Success Club emblem pin.

Address your card or letter to the Secretary of The Success Club, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

60 EVERY Tycos FEVER THERMOMETER IS BACKED BY SIXTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN THERMOMETER MAKING

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

COMPLETE CROCHET LIBRARY



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ILLUSTRATED, With INSTRUCTIONS.
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Book No. 11 Postpaid, 12c.
A Complete Set of 14, worth $3.25, for $2.00.
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Noted Authority and Lecturer

PLAIN TRUTHS OF SEX LIFE—What every young man and young woman, every young wife and young husband, every father and mother, teacher and nurse should know.

Sex Facts Hitherto Misunderstood

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For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronchitis; Colds; Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective "USED WHILE YOU SLEEP" treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the Spasmodic Croup at once

It is a BOON for sufferers from asthma

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet. For Sale by all Druggists.

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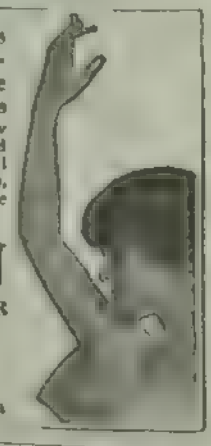
ALL unwelcome hairs on arms or face removed instantly with one application of this famous preparation. In Paris and New York, famous beauties have used it the past 75 years, with approval of physicians and dermatologists. Try it. 50c and $1. But refuse cheap, dangerous substitutes.



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DEPILATORY POWDER
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The fire is removed from burns and scalds and the intense pain is quickly soothed by Dr. Thomas' wonderfully healing oil. It has brought relief to thousands of sufferers. For burns, wounds, cuts, scratches and all forms of flesh sores, do not fail to use it. All dealers or direct by mail from the proprietors. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., LTD., Dept. E W Toronto, Ont.

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SILK All Fancy Colors—Large Pieces—just what you need for making Crazy Quilts, Cushions, etc; large packet 10c, or 3 for 25c. SEWING EMBROIDERY SILK—Large packet of best quality in assorted colors 10c or 3 for 25c. We pay postage. Order now and receive our catalog free. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man.

Infantile Paralysis

11 years ago, left Earl Hocker, with a deformed foot and paralyzed leg as shown in upper photograph. Treatment at the McLain Sanitarium resulted as shown in lower photograph. He now walks squarely on both feet. Read his letter.

I arrived home all O. K. and I sure did surprise my father when I came home walking without a cane. I hope every cripple will visit you and see the wonderful work you do. I will gladly answer any letters.
EARL HOCKER,
Centertown, Ky.

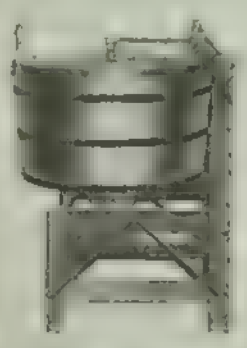
For Crippled Children

This private Institution is devoted to the treatment of children and young adults afflicted with Club Feet, Spinal Diseases and Curvature, Infantile Paralysis, Hip Disease, Bow Legs, Wry Neck, etc. Write for book, "Deformities and Paralysis"—also Book of References. Both free.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium,
578 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Does a Big Wash Thoroughly

The big wash—and the little wash, too!—can now be done in the mornings, with the Connor Ball-Bearing Washer. The



Connor Ball-Bearing Washer

[illegible] gentle motion forces the hot suds through every thread and fibre of the clothes leaving them thoroughly clean and beautifully white.

Stop washing one day and suffering [illegible] Send today for Bk. [illegible] can have one of our washers delivered [illegible] matter where you live in Canada.

J. H. Connor & Son, Limited
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

DICK'S OWN CHOICE

For 20 years Brock's has been the best seed for Canaries in Canada—you may have been giving other seed to your bird because you thought it did not matter so long as it was seed; and also perhaps your dealer did not have Brock's. And then there is another good feature about Brock's that no other seed contains, namely, a cake of "Bird Treat" is in every package. This "treat" improves Dick's digestion, makes his plumage bright and keeps his song in tune and is always a source of endless delight to him.

Write to-day for sample of Brock's Bird Seed and cake of Brock's Bird Treat

Nicholson & Brock
13 Francis Street
TORONTO

THE RIGHT KIND OF TOYS TO GIVE AND BUY

"REALLY and TRULY"

WHAT normal child cares to sit and look at a pewter flatiron when she might be heating a "really and truly" iron over her little stove, that is "really and truly" hot, and ironing her tiny doll garments on an ironing board, just like Mother's?

[illegible] that really help and i[illegible] as well as amus[illegible] is the right kind. When you combine instruction with pleasure, the child will never forget the instructive part, and it will forever after have a g[illegible] on him.

[illegible] new Canadian mad[illegible] creating [illegible] ment because of their [illegible] mblance to real babies. A certain gentleman who is in the whol[illegible] de toy business, and in a position to know, declared recently that Canadian dolls excel the American and are giving the Japanese a close run for favour. He demonstrated the strength of the heads of Canadian made dolls by giving them several very severe knocks on a stone pavement. The dolls stood the abuse without even chipping their colour.

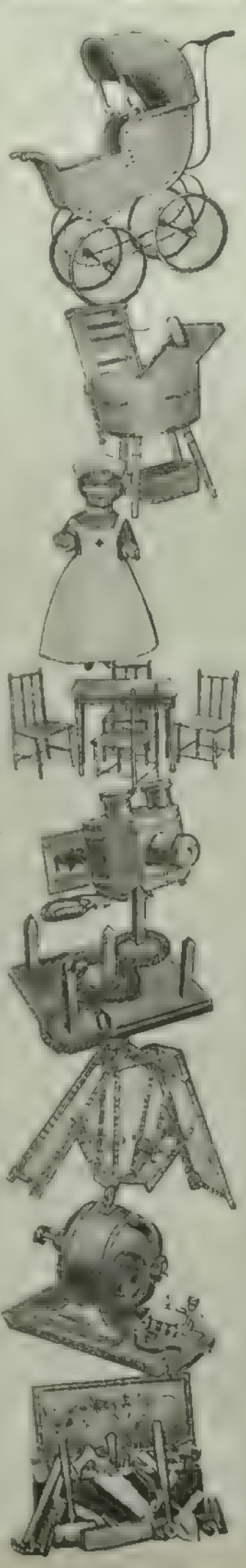
The world of make believe is well enough when there's nothing better, but what normal child cares to sit and look at a pewter flat iron when she might be heating a "really and truly" iron over her little stove that is really hot, and ironing her tiny doll garments on an ironing board, just like mother's? For the little housekeeper it need [illegible] be make believe now. There are real little refuse cans of galvanized iron. Mother will see to it that little daughter puts all the crumbs left over from her tea party in that can, that later she empties the can and scalds it out. And when the time comes that little daughter has grown up and has her own home and a big refuse can at the back door, to keep it scalded and clean will come as natural to her as to breathe.

The children of a generation ago played with blocks. Some had the letters and numerals on them, some were covered with pictures of Cock Robin and Puss in Boots, and they built "houses" with them. But they were sorry appearing houses indeed, as compared with the houses of to-day made with modern blocks. There are many different sorts now and chief among them [illegible] cement or composite building blocks from which every sort of structure imaginable can be made. These blocks come in different coloured stone, as the material is called, together with books of plans. Every year the manufacturers, keeping abreast of the times, add new blocks, new metal parts, new designs and new models to follow. When bungalows became the rage, one company issued a book of bungalow designs. Such world famous buildings as St. Peter's, the Pantheon, London Bridge, Westminster, the Parliament Buildings [illegible] be copied accurately by means of the blocks.

ONE great value of toys that train lies in the fact that the child is *unconsciously* trained. Like grown ups, children do not exactly relish [illegible] told over and over that they *must* do a certain thing. That isn't the sort of training that proves lasting. But the unconscious training that comes to children through playing with modern dolls, modern outfits for dolls, constructive toys and [illegible] things, lasts them through life.

A mechanical toy once was some small tin cart, animal, or man that was wound up and set on the floor, when it would walk, glide or wriggle about in a circle. For very little children, such toys furnish a brief period of amusement, but the mechanical toys of to-day are not at all like that; they are genuinely mechanical, they [illegible] will [illegible] are really marvels of modern toy invention.

Sixteen years ago a toy maker got up a little box of metal pieces which were put together by means of bolts, to make



[illegible] Of course they are now made in many sizes, and of many different materials, but the principle is the same. Many of these mechanical toys are truly wonderful. Hundreds of boys, according to the records of one company, studied architecture, structural steel work, engineering and such professions solely through the influence of these toys. They come in sets and [illegible] from a few cents up to expensive sets from which more than a thousand things can be made.

A boy may make a new toy every day for a year and then not exhaust the supply in a good set. He may make a lathe, grain elevator, drawbridge, travelling crane, rotating crane, turntables, extension ladder, planing machine, printing press and almost anything one can think of.

EVEN the little tots need not depend solely on toys to look [illegible], or toys that do not help, for make things and do-things toys are now on the market for [illegible] ers as well as for boys and girls of from nine to fifteen. There are little wooden locomotives, automobiles, and auto trucks which may be taken apart and put together again. The very little boy may take these wooden parts, which are quite simple, and from them make a fire engine, an automobile, an electric car, or a locomotive. He learns from these simple little toys how to build things. Furniture for little girls is made in the [illegible]

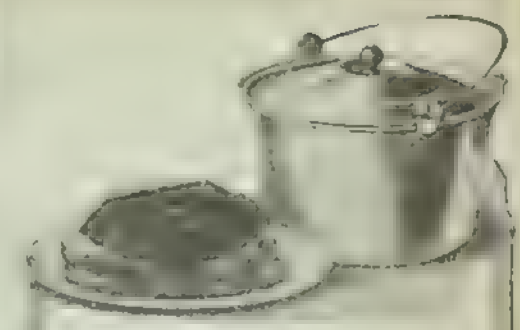
Little pianos and xylophones with strips of steel to give the notes, never get out of [illegible]. They are [illegible] correctly, tuned accordingly, etc., help to teach the scale and to train little ears to true notes.

A toy that has just recently appeared on the market, and which is bound to win favour with young children is called "Kiddie Kar." It is one of the toys that takes a youngster outdoors to enjoy, and gives him much healthful exercise.

Toy typewriters that really write are very helpful. The children operate these by turning a lettered disc and pressing down the proper letter. By the time they have written a letter to every member of the household and all their friends, they have learned how to spell a dozen and perhaps half a hundred new words! This is another example of the toy that trains and educates as well [illegible] amuses. Little cylinder printing presses are to be had. These are operated with a crank. The type is set in grooves in a cylinder, there is a roll of paper, and the printer, by turning the crank, may print over [illegible] cards, signs or notices as he wishes. Some of these presses will make twenty five lines of print, and quite a little newspaper can be printed, by reversing the roll, adjusting it and printing something different on each [illegible]

Something new is always being added to those wonderful circus outfits, the Humpty-Dumpty. New animals, new actors and new paraphernalia. This season there is "Mary" and her equally famous "little lamb." Other famous childhood characters have been added, including characters from history. By playing with these, the child learns something more of history than he would otherwise learn at that age, and he remembers it because he learned it in such a pleasant manner.

With such a wonderful array of toys as is offered, the parent who does not give something helpful to the child is losing a great opportunity. A little thought and judgment will suffice to enable any father or mother to pick out toys that, while proving a great delight to the children, will also prove a great benefit.



An Appetizing, Nutritious Pot Roast

from one of the Cheaper Cuts of Meat made without water or grease in the

"Wear-Ever"

WINDSOR KETTLE

Heat the empty kettle over a low flame; sear the roast on all sides, then turn down the fire to a mere flicker. Turn the meat when half done. Thus a "Wear-Ever" kettle reduces both your fuel and meat bills.

Because of [illegible] and durability "Wear-Ever" [illegible] and cheap [illegible] of a "Wear-Ever" [illegible] best enamel kettle [illegible]. You'll be surprised that "Wear-Ever" utensils can be bought so cheaply. "Wear-Ever" utensils [illegible] piece—without joint or [illegible] hard, sheet aluminum [illegible] costing to [illegible] of pots [illegible] to [illegible] not rust—are pure and [illegible]

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Canadian workmen in the largest and most modern factory of its kind in Canada.

FOR ONLY 25c

(stamps or coin) and the coupon, we will send you this regular one-quart (wine measure) Stewpan on or before Feb. 20, 1917.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear Ever."

Sold [illegible] Aluminum Company, Limited, Dept. 48, Toronto, Ont.

Send [illegible] qt. (wine measure) Stewpan. Enclosed is 25c (in stamps or coin). If [illegible] refunded.

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

The Happy Baby

The air of perfect happiness and contentment of babies brought up on Savory & Moore's Food is constantly a subject of remark. This is simply because it is so easily digested, so nourishing and satisfying, in fact an ideal food for babies in every way.

Get a tin of Savory & Moore's Food to-day from your Stores, and note how eagerly baby will take it, and what marked improvement and steady progress will follow its use.

MOTHER'S GUIDE FREE

Savory & Moore's little Book "The Baby," is full of useful and reliable information on Infant Management. It is just what a young mother requires, and will prove invaluable in the home. A Free Copy may be obtained on application to Savory & Moore, P.O. Box 1601, Montreal.

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Flannel

Winter Designs for 1917.

"Viyella" is especially adapted for children's and infants' wear.

"Viyella" can be obtained at all leading retail stores.

Look for the name on the selvage every 2½ yards.

Avoid Substitutes

Does not Shrink

Send us your name and address and we will send you

FREE

a liberal sample of

Bias Tape

Then Let Us Know on what garments and in what ways you use it.

For Each New Suggestion sent in with the request for a similar sample, signed by one of your neighbors who is interested in sewing, we will send you an additional 12 Yard Package of BIAS-TAPE Free of Charge.

Write Now To

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The Corset Without Laces

Made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web, which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. It is

Ideally Suited to Fall Fashions

and keeps grace with absolute comfort at all times. Our patented methods of construction, and the character of materials used, make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear, and make unnecessary the use of corset laces. Made in short and long lengths, white and pink. Retails from $2.00 to $7.00. If your local dealer cannot supply you, write for illustrated free booklet. Do not accept a substitute garment. EISMAN & CO.,

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WANTED—All kinds of names and addresses. We pay 25c. each. Send dime for contract (silver). P-Sun, LeRoy, Mich.

The Good Wife

A WIFE'S EARNING POWER

By JEAN BLEWETT

SOME men achieve success because of their wives, others despite of them.

We hear much of the woman wage-earner at present. She has the floor. The workaday world wants her, and she goes gladly—but not carelessly. Oh, no! The grave-eyed munition maker is, in her own way, studying political economy, and the stenographer is getting into her pretty head the meaning of a minimum wage; every member of that splendid army of woman workers is more or less interested in her own earning power. A peculiar thing about this matter is that the home woman continues to cherish a faint pity for the business woman, while that independent individual feels the same sentiment, magnified many times, for the home woman, remarking, "A wife is the only one who works for nothing these days."

Does she work for nothing? Not a bit of it. A wife's earning power is something not to be denied. "But," says one, "we are speaking of money now. Putting sentiment aside, does the wife add real money to the household exchequer?"

She does, if she is the right kind of wife; quality counts in this as in other things. All have not the earning power. There are, have been, and will continue to be, women who are more of a hindrance than help. In proportion as the wife who is worth while is a valuable asset to a business man, the reserve power he calls upon in times of special stress, the other type, the selfish, whining, dissatisfied partner of a man's joys and sorrows and finances—is a liability he must find hard to carry, and which he cannot discharge. A new beatitude might read: "Blessed is he who can seek help, sympathy and understanding in a wife and find them."

On the other hand, there are wives who want all and give nothing—spendthrifts, dishonest in that they scatter what they have not gathered, and who look on business as a necessary evil, disliking it in that it interferes with their plans for pleasure.

Those canny folk, the Scotch, have a proverb which runs, "Many mickles make a muckle," which seems to apply particularly to the home woman of to-day, who sees to the babies, the meals, the breaking in of a new maid, the making, mending and planning, the economies which no one but a woman bent on being the right sort of a helpmeet would be bothered practising, the hundred and one "mickles" which go to make a "muckle" service.

There is a monetary value in it all. When she makes it her care to see that her husband has wholesome meals, a well-aired sleeping room, a cheerful atmosphere, has him convinced by experience that, no matter how much of difficulty and vexation the day has held, it is all past once he hangs his hat in his own hall and sits down at his own hearth, she adds a hundred fold to his earning power. "Conservation makes for wealth," say our best thinkers, and to conserve the man's spiritual, mental and physical well-being is to increase his money-making powers in an incalculable degree.

MANY a man fails to catch the "hullo!" of opportunity because the constant creaking of his household wheels has dulled his ears.

Take the history of two men—Brown, a legal light whose word is power, whose wealth is great, and whose wife is a social leader. To-day his sanctum is guarded by a whole row of subordinates, but twenty-five years ago he was his own office boy, book-keeper and stenographer. He has not forgotten those early days, nor is he ashamed of them; but when he speaks of them, as he sometimes does, it is not in the happy strain one would expect. You never hear him exclaim joyously that the old times were good times, and that the grind and grubbing were well worth while. There is a bitter flavour to it, a biting tone, and the brooding look marks the self-made man who has had to win his way without that wonderful, strengthening, humanizing, encouraging thing—a woman's belief in him.

The girl who married him was too intent on pleasing herself to make life easier or brighter for him. She wanted money, wanted it so strenuously that he felt constrained to move heaven and earth to secure it. She wanted position, so he had to forge ahead in a hurry, which meant the sacrificing of a few ideals, the lowering of his standards.

Brown's wife was a goad, and under its urging he progressed in a fashion; but his success has more the fulfilling of an ambition than the accomplishment of a big, soul-satisfying thing. This is why, in looking back, he sees only what it cost him, not the joy he took from the trying. The gladness has been left out of it all. He has not forgotten the goad; the marks of it are on him still.

SMITH, too, began at the bottom of the ladder. He is president of one of the largest wholesale houses in the city to-day, and his house is every bit as handsome as Brown's. His wife is no social leader, though, but the kindliest, homiest little lady you ever saw. Not long ago a young collegian interviewed him with the purpose of getting some pointers on how to become a figure in the world of finance.

"He told me," said the youth, retailing the story, "that the first step toward success was to secure a good wife, and the next was to get her for a business partner as well. He said he never would have made the grade by himself, as he was a long, gangling youth, with no stamina worth mentioning, and a chronic indigestion which spoiled his disposition and scattered his friends. The patent medicines he had not tried were few, and the money paid for them kept him too poor to take a holiday.

"'My marriage changed all that,' he said, and I ventured to ask if he had secured a rich wife.

"'Only in love and common sense, but with prodigious power to make money',' he told me, with such a bland air that I felt emboldened to ask yet another question.

"'You mean your wife could command an income which—' I began, but he interrupted with, 'She certainly could, and her way of doing it was to send me out to earn it—the best way any wife can command an income. After she had me equipped, fattened on good home-made cooking, convinced I was bound, with my abilities, to make my mark in the world, things began to go my way—and kept on. Once every year she took me out to the farm she was born on and turned me loose for a month with the plow and the big grey team. Boy, when I get too old for the cares of business, I'm going to farm the year round, it being my belief that if the farmer would save the time he wastes quarrelling with Providence about the weather, keeping tab on the town and city folk lest they cheat him, and other little no-account things, he'd live to be a Methusaleh.'"

"When I tried to get the conversation back to the subject of success," said the collegian, "by remarking that from his talk I judged a good wife was a factor in making a man wealthy, his whimsical smile faded.

"'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'Healthy, wealthy and wise—how wise a man never knows until he sits in the twilight of life and looks back.'"

A CHEERY old miller in one of our country towns always quotes his possessions as totalling "a million, and several odd thousands of dollars."

"Does all your wealth lie in the mill?" a puzzled visitor enquired.

"No, only the odd thousands," he answered, with a laugh good to hear. "The million is up in that grey house on the hill."

"It must be jewels," the visitor exclaimed eagerly, "or—"

"Just one jewel, friend," broke in the happy miller, "a little, sweet-faced, grey-haired wife, who took me at my worst and made a man of me. Only modesty—her modesty—keeps me from rating myself a Rockefeller, I feel so rich."

Isn't that delicious?

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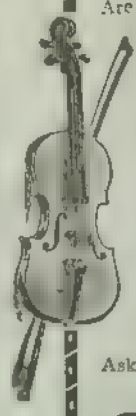

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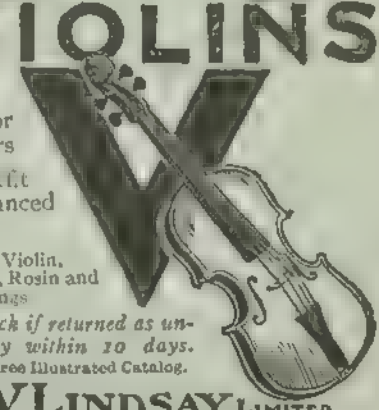

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HOW THE PIANO HELPS THE SINGER

BY MAY CLELAND HAMILTON

"In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere."
—Longfellow.

MADAME ALBANI, telling her own personal story in "Forty Years of Song," brings out one point most strongly—the supreme importance to her career of the complete mastery of music, for which she has been so famous. She says:

"However well artists may do, and no matter how much success they may have, they should always bear in mind that it is possible to do better, and should never relax their efforts to attain an even higher standard."

At Eight Years of Age She Read the Masters at Sight.

In reference to her own early education, she brings out the remarkable fact that by the time she was eight, she had made sufficient progress to be able to read at sight almost all the works of the old Masters, as well as those of more modern composers.

"To this early training," she writes, "I attribute the facility I have always possessed for studying and comprehending the music I have had to sing. I learned the harp and the piano, the latter of which has, of course, been of greatest assistance to me and of the utmost value to my work."

Thoughtful music lovers have every reason to endorse and advocate Madame Albani's tribute to the usefulness of the piano, especially when she adds, in reference to development:

"I think that, if the Almighty has given one a beautiful voice and talent, the least one can do is to take the fullest advantage of them."

Dreaming in Harmony

All Art Should Stimulate the Singer.

How near she holds the piano to the voice may be estimated by the sympathetic attitude toward even that which is less closely allied to song:

"I have always maintained," she asserts, "that an artist, whether a singer or a painter, should seize every opportunity of art; should, in fact, live in an atmosphere of art. It broadens the mind and enlarges the ideas, and each class of art helps the others."

Madame Bonsall Barron Is An Accomplished Pianist.

A group of listeners in a Canadian drawing-room last season were delighted when by request, Madame Bessie Bonsall Barron went to the piano and to her own accompaniment effectively interpreted an appealing love song at sight. She unhesitatingly gives her ideas to our readers, and it will be seen that she upholds the theories of Madame Albani, of whom she is an ardent admirer:

"The average professional singer should not limit knowledge to vocalization only. A voice is a gift from God. The student should embellish it with a profound and practical study of music in all its branches.

Madame Sembrich, a Violinist Before She Sang

"Kreisler is great at the piano as well as with the violin. Sembrich was a violinist before she sang, and later often surprised and delighted her hearers by pulling off her gloves and accompanying her songs on the piano.

"'Genius is a capacity for taking infinite pains,' said Carlyle, and in the strenuous age in which we live few vocalists give sufficient time to thorough preparation. I regret that many are making a success because the public too often is satisfied with the superficial. The greatest artists have not been content with developing their voices alone, but have applied themselves assiduously to all branches of music and other studies which might advance their careers.

"There is no keener critic than the great public, to which one should listen rather than to the adulation of one's own small circle of personal admirers. At the same time, an audience often is carried away by prodigies or other sensationalism. One knows that a child may take the evening's honours away from an eminent artist by sheer innocency and unconscious charm. Extremes, such as the high notes of a Tetrazzini or the low tones of an Edouard de Reszke, are often applauded more than other equally estimable qualities of these famous stars.

Genius in the Accompanist.

"Many singers accompany themselves beautifully, but prefer some one capable to assist them in public. The accompanist has the power of contributing to the singer's success, as have also the composer, the poet and the newspaper critics, to the assistance of all of whom too great tribute cannot be paid.

"In the United States one of the strongest advocates of thorough musical education is William C. Carl, Director of the Guilmant Organ School and Organist and Choir-master of the 'Old First Presbyterian Church.' Mr. Carl has the gift of imbuing soloist and audience alike with a knowledge of sublimity and grace of the proper tonal setting in which instrument and accompanist combine to enthrone a song."

A Canadian Musical Career

Madame Bonsall Barron, in speaking as she does, gives the gleaning of wide experience. She is now a 'home-woman," with three bonnie bairns of her own but she is never any less the musician.

She began her career with the Ovide Music Concert Company in America, and after two seasons went to England for Oratorio study, and was there engaged by D'Oyley Carte at the Savoy, in London, singing contralto parts.

When she returned to America, she toured with Sousa as *Prima Donna*, and later became a member of the Banda Rossa, singing Italian Opera. Her greatest triumphs have been in concert work, which is suited to her rich contralto voice.

A Successful Canadian Instructor Speaks.

W. O. Forsyth, of Toronto, the eminent piano instructor and composer, was questioned by the writer on this important topic. Among his friends are many of the world's greatest musicians, while his pupils include such artists as Abbie Helmer Vining, Mrs. Valborg Zollner-Kinghorn, Jessie McAlpin, Edith May Yates, Rose Goldberg, Dr. Harvey Robb, who has been playing at Toronto's New Regent Theatre this season, Bruce Metcalfe, and Arthur Singer. The essence of his opinion Mr. Forsyth kindly supplies in the ensuing paragraphs, and since he has contributed to musical literature many songs with charming accompaniments, he is in an excellent position to make an authoritative statement.

"Piano, A Wonderful Help," Says Mr. Forsyth

"The advantage to a singer or a singing teacher of being able to play the piano are certainly, it appears to me, manifold. Not only have the good influences obtained through the study of the piano and some of its splendid literature been of great service in forming his taste, but they are of much value in assisting him to form musical judgments. In addition—and this is of real importance—he will have some technical skill to plan his own accompaniments, and this in itself is a wonderful help in studying (*Continued on page 39*)

Why Not Make Mary Merry?

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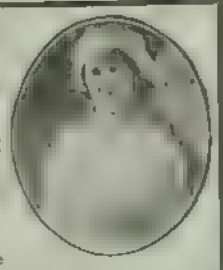

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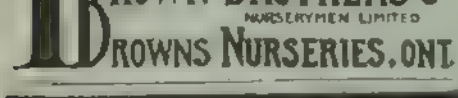

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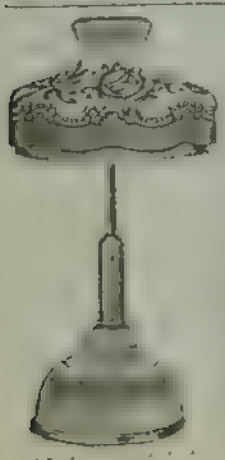

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DOES A COLLEGE EDUCATION PAY A GIRL

(Continued from page 6

ing for doctors and wholesale firms, and now I collect almost entirely for doctors ... sixty of them. One of my girls is working with the idea of going to ... and spending a year at Oxford. She ... already graduated from college ... is doing post-graduate work. A very good ...

Miss McFarlane came to the city a few years ago from a homestead ninety miles west of Saskatoon. She had just money enough to last two weeks, combined with a firm determination to go to college. How that was going to be accomplished she did not know, but, fortunately, before the two weeks were up, somebody had suggested debt-collecting as a possible solution of the problem, and so debt-collector she became.

Philosophy and debt-collecting! At first sight strange companions and incongruous, but Miss McFarlane finds them a fascinating combination. She loves the study at college and finds that work amongst people becomes more interesting in proportion as one understands more about the processes of the human mind. The very business which she manages with such conspicuous success is based on a subtle understanding of an undoubted factor in the psychology of man, for no man likes a girl to think that he cannot pay his debts. A triumph of practical applied psychology!

As we were talking, the telephone rang, and in a few brief sentences, Miss McFarlane arranged some business matter, hanging up the receiver with a thoughtful smile as she said, "Yes, I'm glad I've got his address; I shall call on him soon." I wondered just how "he" would meet that call.

"One is always confronted with new situations in this work," Miss McFarlane went on. People in debt have always some new story to tell, so that one has to be a detective, actress, persuasive speaker, all in one, but above all, she must be crowned with patience. It is work that calls for an infinite amount of tact and self-control, especially in a case like this, which often happens. One of my girls went to a man to collect $3.00 which still remained on an old debt. He pulled out a fat roll of bills from which he carefully extracted a two-dollar bill, saying, as he restored the remainder to his pocket, 'You can come round again for the rest.'"

Miss McFarlane is a striking example of where a college training is proving of incalculable help to a girl engaged in what, without it, might easily become a sordid and weary task, making it, on the contrary, a source of wider knowledge, further information and deeper understanding, interpreting to her that world wherein she must work, and, working, need all the joy and interest it is possible to find.

Reach the Children Through Books

MISS MABEL DUNHAM is a graduate of Victoria College and a member of the Ontario Library Association and the Library Institute Committee. Miss Dunham conducted the Ontario Library Summer School in Toronto, for three years, under the direction of the former Inspector of Public Libraries, and is well known throughout the Province as a speaker at Library Institute meetings.

Naturally we expect the college trained woman to be interested in books, and an increasing number of educated women are taking up library work as a profession and making a success of it, too. The library, in that much discussed town of Kitchener, Ont., is rapidly coming to be known as one of the best administered in the Province, and Miss Dunham, who is in charge, is throwing all her energies into the work; trying out new ideas, and giving special care and thought to the work with children and young people—a work which infallibly brings its own reward, not only in the joy of sharing beautiful things and leading others to realize their beauty, but in the friendships which arise out of personal contact with other ... Miss Dunham makes frequent visits to the schools, and is now so well known in the town that she cannot go about the streets without hearing somebody say, "Look! There's the Liberry woman!" ... librarian must do many things other than simply the issuing and receiving of books. If she works with children, she has to face the problem of evolving an attractive room in which they may read and where stories may be told. She must know children intimately, and what books and pictures they like. The crowning joy of the Library at Kitchener is a Projection Lantern, by which pictures are shown while a story is being told. This innovation established Miss Dunham's reputation as a "liberry woman" beyond all question, and the little ones flock to the children's room, which is, to use her own words, "a dream."

The fascinating part of work amongst books is that it does not stop with the Library, but brings us into closer contact with people, either through a wish to discuss mutual favourites, or a desire to introduce one's friends of the world to one's friends of the shelves. Miss Dunham recently started a club for young people, and now meetings are held once a week, and an eager group, largely office girls, gather under her leadership to study and discuss Tennyson, Ruskin, and other standard writers. Has a university education been wasted here?

The Girl Guides

A GREATER proportion of the world's work than ever before is to be done by women, and they must learn not only to find happiness in their work, but to realize that the world is full of interests and that there is joy in all things. If a girl can be taught in her teens the keen delight of helping others, and the joy which comes through realizing her own powers, much will have been effected toward making her a happy woman.

There is a wide field of work as yet but little explored in connection with The Girl Guides. For girls who at school have had the advantage of a thorough gymnastic training and have acquired a deep love for such physical exercise, there are countless openings as leaders of Girl Guide bands. They may pass their knowledge on and help growing girls to develop grace, instead of being awkward tom-boys who seem unable to find a place into which they can fit themselves.

A letter from a Captain of this organization at Oakville tells us that during all last winter, Miss Norma Smith, a graduate of Havergal College, drilled the girls, coached their games, and took them for long hikes into the country, when camp fires were lit—one match only to a fire—and a well earned repast cooked and thoroughly enjoyed.

It would take too long to tell about these wonderful hikes, for many and various were the adventures that befell the party; riding horses bareback, and crossing a stream by wobbly stepping-stones which at the critical moment wobbled too much and precipitated an unwary Guide into icy water. These and many other experiences were theirs on those long walks, when any accident was hailed as an opportunity to practise the First Aid they study so assiduously, the while they came to know and love the countryside. They learn to make the most practical use of what resources they have; and the outdoor exercise and drill cause round shoulders to straighten, dull eyes to brighten, and pale cheeks to grow rosy. They are taught to be "Guides all day and every day," in spirit as well as in deed; and here is where difficulties arise, for nobody can pretend to like sewing on buttons and darning stockings, yet such things have to be done, and without grumbling, too; so a Girl Guide is always busy.

Wide fields for enterprise and work, room for initiative and energy in every direction—this is the cry that comes from all quarters; and next month we shall see how other women have heard the call and are answering it.

Prize Winners in Uncle Peter's Bunny Club Contest

UNCLE PETER has great pleasure in announcing that the prizes for the six best application letters for The Bunny Club were awarded as follows:—Ruth Ryan, Hemmingford, Que.; George Blundun, Qu'Appelle, Sask.; Madeline Doupe, 123 Woodlawn Ave. W., Toronto; William Taylor, Trail, B.C.; Stella Newson, Driver, Sask.; Edna Scott, Gilbert Plains, Man.

For re-telling the story of "How John Bunny Ran a Race With Mr. Fox," the prizes have been awarded as follows:—1st prize, Eloise ... Hotter, Craven, Sask.; ... Here are selected prizes ... Mary Reeves, St. Lake, Man.; ... Hogan, Brockville, Ont.; ... Peel, Victoria, Ont.; Irene King, ... Ont.; ... Stockhill, 916 Ashworth Ave., Toronto.

Uncle Peter wants you to ask all your little friends to join The Bunny Club right away. If they have not read the previous stories they can write to Uncle Peter, who will send each one a set of them.

GIVEN TO GIRLS

This beautiful stylish muff will keep you lovely warm this winter and it is so handsome and dressy that you will be the envy of all your friends. It is the very newest pillow shape—extra large in size—lined with fine quality black sateen, and well finished throughout. It is warm and dressy, will give you years of wear and ... and is so ... you want it.

With your muff we will give you this beautiful ... finished imported Mesh Bag with fine ... ring. It is exceedingly fashionable and just the most convenient bag to carry with a muff. Mesh bags ... this sell at a very high price in the best jewellery ...

We are prepared to give away 1000 of these handsome ... and an early order ... these beautiful ... to ... your friends. The Fairy Berries ... the delightful new Cream Cake Toilet Beauty ... are the two ... most loved. Send your ... address and we will send you **Free** a big sample package ... of delightful some like packages to introduce ... your friends. Open your sample package and ask all your friends to try a "Fairy Berry." They'll like them so much you'll soon sell them in an hour. Just two or three Fairy Berries will perfume the breath ... fy the mouth, and have a delicious fragrance. They are ... tasted.

Return our $3.50 when the breathlets are sold, and we'll promptly forward both muff and mesh bag, all charges paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write to-day to

The Fairy Berry Co., Dept. M 2 Toronto, 2a

Once this Beauty Had Pimples

Stuart's Calcium Wafers Proved That Beauty Comes from the Blood and from Nowhere Else

Prove This With Free Trial Package

Plaster your skin all over and you'll stop breathing in an hour. There is only one way to remove pimples, blackheads, eruptions and eczema with its rash and itch, and that is by the blood. In Stuart's

Calcium Wafers, the wonderful calcium sulphide at meals serves to supply the blood with one of the most remarkable actions known to science. This is its activity in keeping firm the tiny fibres that compose even such minute muscles as those which control the slightest change of expressions, such as the eyelids, lips and so on. It is this substance which pervades the entire skin, keeps it healthy and drives away impurities. Get a 50 cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store and learn the great secret of facial beauty.

A free trial package will be mailed if you will send the coupon.

Free Trial Coupon

F. A. Stuart Co., 346 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Send me at once, by return mail, a free trial package of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

Name ...
Street ...
City ... State ...

Stop Using a Truss

Do away with bands of Steel and Rubber that Chafe and Pinch. You know, from your own experience, the truss is a mere makeshift a false prop against a collapsing wall—and is under mining your health. Stuart's Plapao-Pads are different, being medicine applicators, made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to bind the distended muscles securely to place. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Soft as velvet—Easy to apply—Inexpensive. Write today for Trial Plapao and 48-page book on rupture absolutely FREE—nothing to pay, now or ever. Nothing to be returned. Address
Plapao Laboratories Inc.,
Block 807, St. Louis, Mo.

YOUR SPARE TIME
Is Worth Money—We Will Buy It

Handsome Seven Piece Berry Set

Given for securing only three subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

This imported china Berry, Fruit or Salad Set has a handy oval shaped eight inch bowl and six fruit nappies to match. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design with [illegible] Sent securely packed. Express charges to be paid by the receiver.

Royal Alexandra Casserole

Given for securing four subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

This is the most thoroughly satisfactory premium we have ever given, and thousands of them in every day use are giving the utmost satisfaction.

The rich brown fireproof casserole has a spotless white porcelain lining, and the beautiful filigree frame is heavily nickel plated and has ebonized handles. Every good cook knows the great number of tasty dishes that can be made "in casserole" and the many savings in the household that casserole cooking makes possible.

Similar casseroles to this sell for $3.50 each, so that this is a most exceptional offer. Express charges on casserole to be paid by the receiver.

$20.00 Profit
From a Few Hours' Spare Time Effort

THIS is Miss Edna Little of 5_17 Wo[illegible] Ave., Me[illegible]d, [illegible] EVERYWOMAN'S World to represent her work [illegible] was successful at it from the start. Miss Little sent her first subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to qualify her entry to a contest. Then it was how easy it was to get subscriptions she [illegible] and neighbors in her district, using only her spare time. Cash re[illegible]ary for her first month's work amounted to [illegible]00. Would an extra income of $20.00 to $[illegible] each month prove useful to you, too?

Miss Little's record is no exception. EVERYWOMAN'S Women has over 16,000 subscription representatives in Canada who earn yearly thousands of dollars in cash commissions, salaries and the valuable premiums we offer. Let us show you how to make your spare time profitable.

No Experience Necessary
All Supplies Sent Free

Write to-day and we will sent you full particulars of our great money making cash commissions and salary offer. Sample copies of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Order Forms, Receipt Books, Illustrated Prospectus and many big sales helps will also be sent without cost

You Can Start To-Day
Earn One of these Fine Premiums

Read the descriptions of the valuable premiums illustrated on this page. You can easily earn any of them. Show this fine issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD among your friends and tell them that only $1.00—less than 2c a week—will bring them EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for a whole year all postage paid. You can easily and quickly obtain the number of subscriptions required to bring you any premium you desire. Try it to-day. For further supplies address,

THE AGENCY DIVISION

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

TORONTO, CANADA

Gold Filled Birthstone Lavalliere and Chain

Given for securing only four subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Birthstone jewelry is very fashionable now and you should grasp this opportunity of securing a beautiful pendant and chain. This pendant is heavy gold filled, warranted to give service and satisfaction. The chain is fine curb style, full 15 inches long, with safety clasp. The drop is a genuine Baroque pearl. The birthstones for each month are given below, and are fine doublets and high grade imitation stones. You will find that pendants like these bring high prices in the best jewelry stores. Tell us your birth month—

January Garnet	February Amethyst	March Bloodstone	April Diamond	May Emerald
June Agate	July Ruby	August Sardonyx	September Sapphire	October Opal

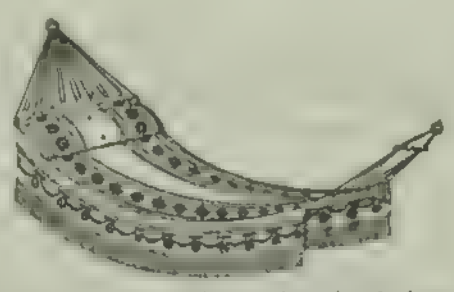
November, Topas December, Turquoise

High Grade Hammock

Given for securing six subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

This fine new hammock will be a comfort to every one in the family. You can easily and quickly earn it, so begin now.

This hammock is closely woven, of fine material in beautiful rich colors; has fine cushion and head and foot spreaders and is sturdy enough to give the best of service and satisfaction. Express charges to be paid by the receiver.



Handsome Wrist Watch

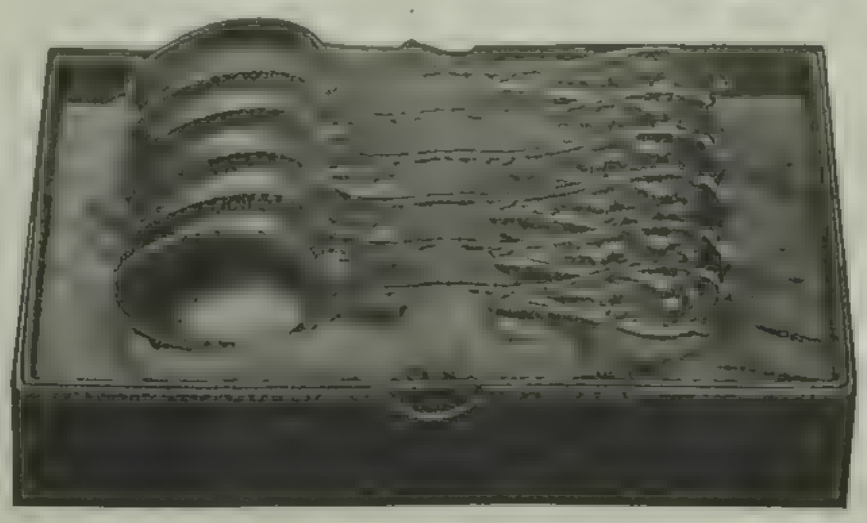
Given for securing 7 subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

This is the most serviceable and useful watch you could wish to own, and it is as beautiful as it is good. The case is solid nickel silver, fine imported movement, porcelain dial, and easy to read numerals. Guaranteed to give service and satisfaction. Sent all postage paid.

High Grade Film Camera

Given for securing five subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

This is one of the best film cameras on the market and takes perfect pictures, either snapshots or indoor, size 2½ x 2½. It takes the regulation roll film and you can take either six or twelve pictures at one loading. This camera has rapid lenses, high grade view finder, and carrying strap. Sent postage paid.



Set of Half Dozen Wm. A. Roger's Tea Spoons

Given for securing four subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

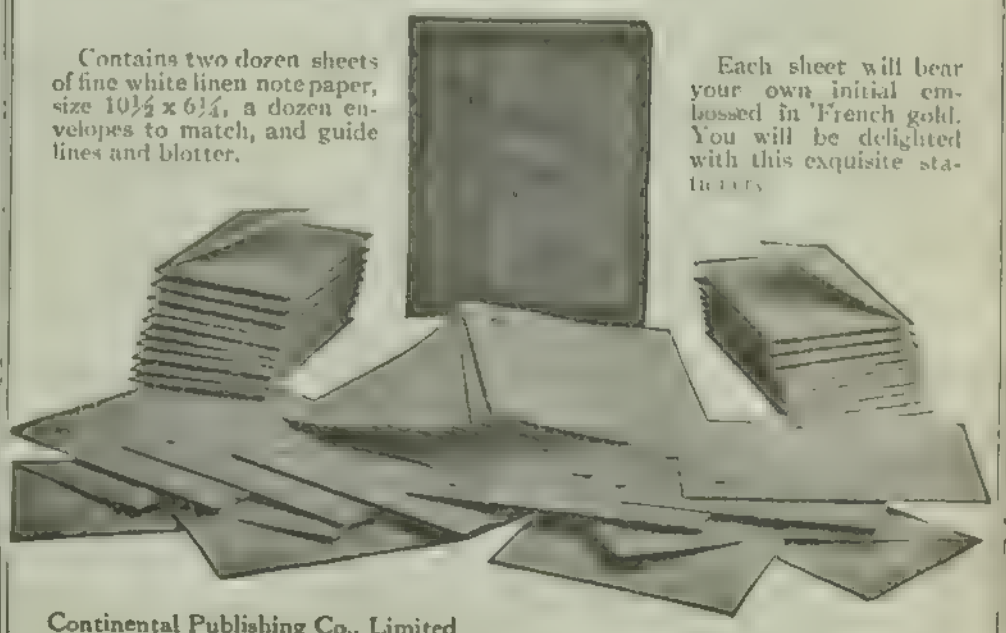
We have given away several thousand sets of these handsome spoons and they are giving the utmost in service and satisfaction. These spoons are the well known Wm. A Roger's quality in the beautiful French Carnation pattern. The bowls are bright finish with rich French grey handles. Each set is packed in a nice box as shown above. They are warranted for service and satisfaction. Sent all postage paid.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TO-DAY

Send Your First Subscriptions To-day and Get This Handsome Box of Initial Stationery

Contains two dozen sheets of fine white linen note paper, size 10½ x 6¼, a dozen envelopes to match, and guide lines and blotter.

Each sheet will bear your own initial embossed in French gold. You will be delighted with this exquisite stationery.



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Toronto, Ont.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which please send EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for one year to the following subscriber:

Name

Address.

For securing this subscription please send, all postage paid, the box of fine initial stationery offered in the July issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Initial desired ..... Please send me also full particulars of your big cash commission and salary offer to representatives. (State whether you will look after renewal subscriptions for us—) good pay for this work

Name.

Address

CANADA

NATIONAL SERVICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given under the authority of the "War Measures Act, 1914," that during the first week in January, 1917, an inventory will be made by the Post Office Authorities, of every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, residing in Canada.

National Service Cards and addressed envelopes for their return to Ottawa have been placed in the hands of all Postmasters for distribution amongst the persons required to fill in such cards. Every male person of the prescribed ages is required to fill in and return a card enclosed in an envelope within ten days of its receipt.

Any person who fails to receive a card and envelope may obtain the same upon application to the nearest Postmaster.

R. B. BENNETT,
Director General.

Ottawa, 15th December, 1916.

THE NATIONAL SERVICE CARD

1. What is your full name?. ... . 2. How old are you?... years.

3. Where do you live? Province... . .

4. Name of city, town, village or Post Office } . . .

Street . N... ...or

5. In what country were you born? - - } .

6. In what country was your father born? } .. ..

7. In what country was your mother born? } . . ..

10. How much time have you lost in last 12 months from sickness? }

11. Have you full use of your arms?...

8. Were you born a British subject? ... .

9. If not, are you naturalized? . .

12. Of your legs?.. ... . 13. Of your ... g

14. Of your hearing?...

15. Which are you—married, single or a widower? - } . . . . . .

16. How many persons besides yourself do you support? } . .

17. What are you working at for a living? . .

18. Whom do you work for?. . . .

19. Have you a trade or profession?. . 20. If so, what?..... . .. . . .

21. Are you working now?.... 22. If not, why?..... .. . ..

23. Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work at the same pay during the war?..... . ..

24. Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?. . . .

GOD SAVE THE KING

MAKING THE ACUAINTANCE OF THAT STRANGE ANIMAL—YOUR BOY

(Continued from page 14)

thing more than half of all the boys in the world have been trained as Scouts for fifteen years or thereabouts, war will be impossible between any civilized nations. For the motto "Be Prepared" makes toward "Preparedness for Peace."

A BOY SCOUT must be prepared to do the right thing at the right time, to relieve suffering, to rescue a companion, to help others, to do one kind act daily, to be cheerful under trying circumstances. When a boy, standing in a circle of Scouts, raises his right hand—thumb and little finger joined, the three other fingers upright—and promises upon his honour to be (1) loyal to God and the King, (2) to perform a good turn daily, (3) to keep the Scout Law, he has done all that is required of him to be accepted into the organization. Then, if he is a boy and not a species of jelly fish, ambition will tug at his vitals, and he will begin to work for his Proficiency Badges, for each of which a test must be passed. While these do not pretend to fit a boy for his vocation, they certainly assist him in discovering his bent. These tests include arts, sciences, mechanics—ambulance, blacksmith, boatman, bugler, carpenter, cook, cyclist, electrician, engineer, fireman, gardener, handyman, interpreter, laundryman, marksman, naturalist, photographer, pilot, plumber, signaller, surveyor, swimmer, telegrapher.

The Scout is never allowed to stand still; opportunity and incentive for progress are always at hand; facilities for learning crafts, coupled with character building attractively disguised in games, hikes and the taking of plenty of healthy exercise, are temptingly presented.

Giving boys interesting occupation is, above all things, what they need. Up to twelve or about that age they are content to remain in the home, subject in varying degrees to parental authority. But suddenly a change comes. As a Wolf Cub recently cried explosively, "I've got to do something or *bust*." Toys no longer hold his interest; books pall; his muscles cry for work to do; his brain hums with abortive ideas—*he must be occupied.*

He has reached that critical period between boyhood and manhood, when his soul is in turmoil, his character wobbly and uncertain—that period of adolescence, during which staticians declare that the greatest number of first commitments for crime occur, and when any mother may read of such crimes, saying, "There, but for the grace of God, is *my* son!"

The average mother turns her boy adrift at the very time when she should anchor him most firmly to the Home Port. True, she has brought him to a condition of physical strength; she has been with him through troublous storms of measles, mumps, and chicken pox, and now, when restlessness is a trial, when "the other fellows are going," and particularly when rebellion against petticoat government enters strongly into the daily and nightly life of the family, she *lets him go.* She finds it difficult to realize that dangers beset him now in comparison to which the rearing of him thus far has been child's play. Perhaps she does not know how great is the physical and spiritual change going on, the moral conflict, the doubt, the unrest. She is hurt and perplexed at his retreating from her; she looks helplessly about and finds no weapon with which to enter into his confidence.

WHAT'S the answer? Just the same thing—*give him an interest*, give him work that he likes to do. Take the weekly hikes, when parties leave the reeking cities for the noisy quiet of the forest—a forest which has lost all terror because the boy has learned to know it. He laughs silently and feels monstrous foolish, remembering the day when every charred stump looked like a malignant bear, every fallen limb like a boa constrictor; when something more prickly than conscience seemed to follow him with outstretched hands. After a day of work, mixed with laziness, he helps beat out the jolly camp fire before starting for home, because he knows—and shuns—the sin of careless campers. The forest has befriended him by offering him shelter from storms, by giving him game and fish; he will, in turn, constitute himself its protector. And if the Scouts in Canada did nothing other than help conserve our timber, they would have performed a service of incalculable value to the country and to the generations to come.

Taught woodcraft, taught to light a fire on a wet day with two matches, and taught to beat it out, most of the boys know that a large percentage of forest fires have been started—not by lightning, as we fondly hoped people would think; not by combustion, which was an easy way of shifting the blame on Mother Nature; not by locomotives—but by careless campers. A Boy Scout will glibly tell you some startling facts—that during the last century we stood stupidly by while *one half of the whole forest area of Canada was burned!*

There was a fellow who came home one night without his coat.

"I had to use it to beat out a fire," he told his mother. "Some idiots knocked the ashes out of their pipes right into some dry leaves and then walked off, leaving the whole side of the mountain to burn."

"But your coat—" remonstrated the mother, none too calmly. Indeed she was just about to administer drastic punishment when her husband walked in.

"Well, I've closed a big deal to-day," he said, with tired satisfaction. "Bought the Bowan Limits and will commence to cut the timber this winter."

"You wouldn't have had any to cut, Father," broke in the boy, "if I hadn't ruined my coat putting out a fire up there this afternoon!"

The boy had, by his knowledge, his courage, and his presence of mind, really saved his own father's valuable timber limits.

He never got that punishment!

INNUMERABLE stories are told of the heroism of the Scouts who have gone to the Front. Their training has fitted them for positions of trust and responsibility, and they are usually chosen in preference to other men. Recently, all the Scouts in the Empire gave an Ambulance to the British Red Cross. It is manned by King Scouts who glory in their errands of mercy. The amount was over subscribed and the Canadian Scouts used their contribution to build a Red Cross Hut in France. When Bill Hughson told his mother that, he told her another story about a Scout who had crawled from the trenches to bring in a comrade, wounded, and in danger of being shot to pieces.

"He got him," said Bill, "and he was almost safe himself, when a shell came along and caught him. The boys in the trenches managed to get what was left under cover and found that he was conscious. He sent us a message," Bill continued, rather hoarsely. "It was this: 'Tell the Scouts that they can't all serve the King as I have done—I always was a lucky begger. But there's something just as fine for each of them to do, and *not to miss it, looking for a bigger thing.* BE PREPARED"

"He made them lift up what used to be his hand, and he saluted," whispered Bill, "and—and—"

Then Bill Hughson's mother caught him in her arms and cried a little on his shoulder, reversing the old order of things, you see. And Bill, a little snuffily himself, let her. And to cheer her up he showed her a spoon he had won at rifle practice, and patiently explained the complexities of the handicap system. Then, because she really was sympathetic and interested, and seemed to understand, he unfolded a little more of his clean, white soul, until, through the medium of Scoutcraft, he discovered a perfectly new mother, one who answered his problems just as well now as she did when he was a "Kid," a mother with whom he did not feel foolish when he displayed some piece of abysmal ignorance, or fell foul of some of life's tangles and had to be set right. And the mother found a retreat turned into a timid advance, until most of the barriers were broken down, and she stood close to the strange being, so savage, so erratic, so brutal, so lovable, so full of possibilities—HER BOY!

I WAS JUST A BUNDLE OF NERVES

Now I know how to loosen the tension

By ZAYDA GLOVER

"IT won't go right, Mother! My silk's all puckered up! What's the matter with it?"

Tears of vexation were in my eyes as I saw my dolly's new frock puckered up under the needle of my mother's sewing machine. Mother had, as a treat, allowed me to sew on the machine; but I was not content to use it as she had left it—I wanted to regulate it myself—and tears and trouble resulted.

"Loosen the tension, child, loosen the tension," said my mother, as her eye swept the machine and her finger touched the thread.

It became a favourite expression as we children grew up and life developed its complications. "The Gospel of Relaxation," we called it, as we came to a fuller understanding of all it meant, and of the close analogy between a machine and these nerve-threaded bodies of ours. It is strange, too, how often and how much we may hear a truth without its full significance sinking into our consciousness!

Keyed Up!

IT was during a long illness that I came to understand that the body is really a very delicate, complicated, nicely balanced piece of machinery. I had gotten keyed up to such a high tension that I thought the world could not go on without me, and my greatest fear was that I should break down, or miss doing some one small thing that would throw the whole world out of balance, and life would—stop!

It did seem, when I was so "wound up," that I couldn't let go of the key, but had to go on winding until something happened. Something did happen—I fell flat! And as I crawled slowly back to life and usefulness I studied myself and my problems, as though I were considering a body and mind belonging to some one else. It was fascinating, too—this study of one's self in the abstract—and very, very instructive.

I saw the analogy clearly; and began to understand that no machine keyed up to a high tension can do work without an excessive amount of wear and tear, and neither can the human machine proceed with any degree of smoothness and without friction except there be relaxation.

The Gospel of Relaxation

HOW to "let go" is about as difficult of comprehension as it is easy of accomplishment. It is one of the things that needs only to be done—must be done—without any "how" about the doing. Just to make ourselves limp, heavy, as if we weighed a ton, even though we seem to slump together spinelessly, is to relax.

If the nerves which run from the body to the arm are severed, it is impossible to move the arm; and in relaxation it is necessary that we loosen the tenseness which enables us to move any and all parts of the body.

Have some one lift your hand up and then relax! They should then let go of your hand and, if you have relaxed, your hand will drop. If it still remains raised, you are holding it up and have not relaxed.

Some one has described relaxation as "taking the will out of the body," and this expresses it very well. It is the will that makes your hand remain raised when, if you were relaxed, it would fall. How many of us, when we are trying to sleep, cling to the bed with every nerve strained and every muscle taut, as though we feared it would slip away and leave us in mid-air?

Get Out of the Rut

IT is impossible to properly relax the body, if we keep the mind on the strain—the one affects the other too closely—and it is necessary to refuse admittance to disturbing thoughts by keeping the mind as nearly blank as possible.

This is difficult at first as our thoughts will slip back into the old well-worn troubles. But relaxing the body is a wonderful help in relieving the strain of the mind, and having accomplished that, the problem of the mind is easier.

Keep in mind the benefits which must result from the rest thus given to both body and mind. Note the cheery little woman, whose face is so fresh and youthful, and whose smile is so ready and whom you are always glad to meet. Then think of the woman with care written all over her face, with the corners of her mouth drawn down, whose every word is a complaint and whose every gesture is a protest of outraged nerves. Do you think that trouble passed the one woman by and laid a double burden on the other? Not so; the difference is in the manner in which troubles and cares were met and conquered.

Who Buys Dad's Underclothing?

"Mother"—nine times out of ten—not only Dad's but the whole family's—now if mother has the price she'll buy every time

"CEETEE"

THE PURE WOOL UNDERCLOTHING THAT WILL NOT SHRINK

Because she knows that while the first cost is higher—it's more economical in the long run—it is pure and clean—it is warmer and does not irritate and every garment is guaranteed and will be replaced free of charge if it shrinks at all.

Worn by the best people. Sold by the best dealers.
Ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE"—
Made in all sizes for Ladies, Children and Gentlemen.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, LIMITED GALT, ONTARIO

In Lower Priced Underwear Turnbull's Make

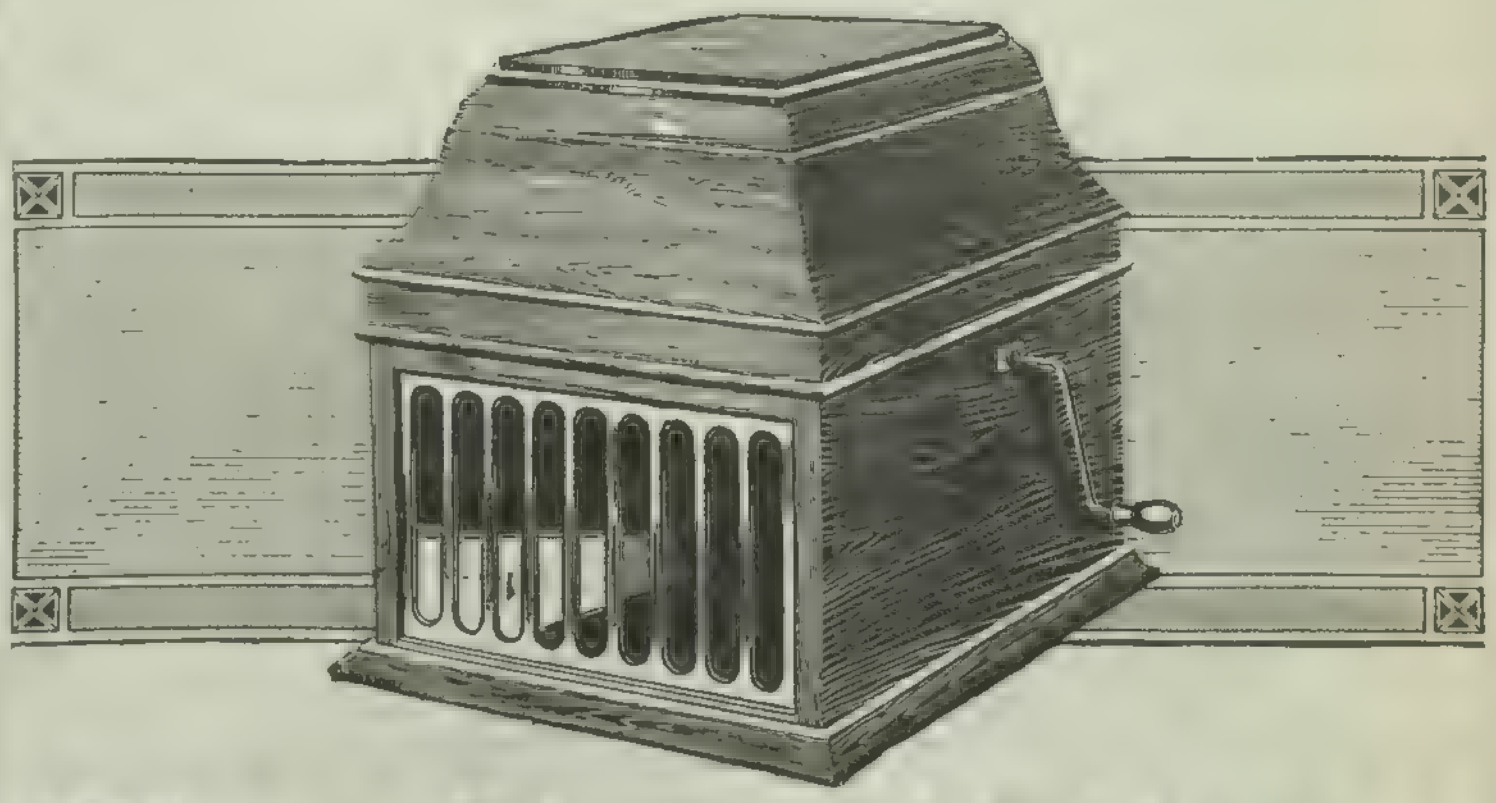
For Ladies—Turnbull's perfect fitting, elastic ribbed in Union Suits or separate garments.

For Children—Vests and Drawers made on our special machines—are exceptionally soft and wear well.

For Babies—TURNBULL'S "M" BANDS. A dear little garment of the finest and softest wool—with linen tapes going over the shoulders and attached to tabs front and back to which the diaper is pinned. They keep the baby always clean and comfortable.

Put up in boxes of three garments for $1.50 the box—send to-day—give age of baby when ordering.

A box of Turnbull's "M" Bands is the most appreciable Gift you can give a young mother.



The New Edison

With the New Diamond Stylus Reproducer

JUST OUT—The perfected musical wonder of the age. And shipped on a stupendous special offer direct from us. Write *today* for our *new* Edison Catalog—the catalog that tells you all about the wonderful *new* model Edison with Mr. Edison's *new* diamond point reproducer. It will also tell you about our *new* Edison offer! Now read:

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among all his wonderful inventions is his phonograph. He worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced this new model. Think of it; over 25 years of work on all these epoch-making inventions—then his pet and hobby perfected!

Endless Fun

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation.

Such a variety of entertainment! Here the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until the tears stream down your face and your sides ache from laughing at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns, the majestic choirs. Hear the pealing organs, the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two steps, the solos, duets and quartettes. All will be yours with the Edison in your home. Send the coupon TODAY.

Only $1.00 —and After Trial

We will send you the *new* model Edison and your choice of all the brand new records on an **absolutely free loan.** Hear all the waltzes, two-steps, vaudevilles, minstrels, grand operas, old sacred hymns, every kind of comic and popular music, also your choice of the highest grade concerts and operas, as rendered by the world's greatest artists. Entertain your family and your friends. **Then when you are through with the outfit, you may send it back at our expense.** If you decide to keep it—send us only a small deposit ($1.00) and pay the balance at the rate of only a few dollars a month—without interest.

REMEMBER, not a penny down—no deposit—no guarantee—no C. O. D. to us—no obligation to buy—a **full free trial** in your own home—**direct** from us—**direct** to you. Returnable at our expense or payable (if you want to keep it) at the actual rock-bottom price direct from us.

The Reason: Why should we make such an ultra-liberal offer? Well, we'll tell you—we are tremendously proud of this magnificent new instrument. When you get in your town we know everybody will say that nothing like it has ever been heard—so wonderful, so grand, so beautiful, such a king of entertainers—so we are pretty sure that at least some, if not you, then somebody else, will want to buy one of these new style Edisons especially as they are being offered now at the most astounding rock-bottom price and on easy terms as low as a few dollars a month.

Our *New* Edison Catalog Sent *Free!*

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter, (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—***while this offer lasts.*** Fill out the coupon today.

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dept. 131 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba
U. S. Office, Edison Block, Chicago

To
F. K. BABSON
Edison Phonograph Distributors,
Dept 131 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

Name.....

Address.....

Were you ever "fooled" by a talking machine ?

If you ever *heard* a talking machine without *seeing* it, did you, even momentarily, imagine that someone was singing or playing ?

Probably there are few so unmusical as to be unable to detect the talking machine tone the very instant it is heard. There is one instrument, however, from which the talking machine tone is absent, an instrument which Re-Creates all forms of music in a way that actually deceives the most highly trained ear. It is Thomas A. Edison's new invention,

The NEW EDISON

This new invention has no coined trade name. It is known by its inventor's name. It embodies a new art, the culmination of four years' research work by Mr. Edison in chemistry and acoustics, during which time he spent over two million dollars in experiments alone. It is not a talking machine. It does not give a mere mechanical and only approximate reproduction of musical sounds. It actually

Re-Creates Music

Numerous great artists—singers and instrumentalists—have sung and played in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of their work, and the musical critics of more than two hundred of America's principal newspapers, *in the columns of their own papers*, admit that they cannot distinguish between an artist's voice or instrumental performance and Edison's Re-Creation of it.

Watch your local papers

for the announcement of a merchant in your locality, who is licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell this new invention.

Ask for the booklet "What the Critics Say."

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.
Dept. 7581 Orange, N. J.

40

Anna Case

The Miracle Girl of the Metropolitan, whose bewitchingly beautiful soprano voice was chosen for the first test to determine whether Edison had actually succeeded in achieving his ambition to Re-Create the human voice so perfectly that his Re-Creation could not be distinguished from the original. Since then many other great artists have made similar tests—always with the same successful result.

Hear Edison's Re-Creation of Anna Case's voice, and then hear her at the Metropolitan or when she is on concert tour.

This photograph shows Miss Case actually singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.

WHAT I OWE MY MOTHER

(*Continued from page 12*)

learned with such benefit. I do not think a more useful lesson could be set in the mind of a boy starting out in the world, with little or no help other than an ordinary education and domestic environment."

If there is one thing more than another a mother can do, it is to so inspire the ambition of her son along some particular channel that the boy will never really be satisfied until he has learned the avocation or attained the point marked out for him. The Rev. Byron H. Stauffer, the popular and efficient pastor of Bond Street Congregational Church, illustrated this in a very clear manner. In response to my query he said:

"'What I Owe Most to My Mother' is a capital subject for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD to bring up at this present time, when all right-hearted citizens are endeavouring to do their utmost to improve the oncoming generation and make this Canada of ours more worth living in.

"I owe a great many things to my mother, as any honest man must acknowledge, but I believe I owe most the intense joy I have in preaching to human beings who are seeking to do the right thing in this workaday world of ours.

"My mother used to lift her little laddie up on a table when he was but six years old and have him recite, and I can see her now, looking round to see if the neighbours appreciated my effort.

"She set her heart on making a preacher of her youngest boy; she secured my first books at some inconvenience to herself, and she worked very, very hard to keep me at school.

"She took me to hear such orators as visited our locality from time to time. In this she showed neither denominational nor political bias. Henry Ward Beecher or Sam Jones, Father Matthew or E. P. Hammond, Sir John Macdonald or Edward Blake—she saw to it that I was there, well up to the front in the old town hall.

"And," concluded Mr. Stauffer, "when I began certain juvenile, literary-society stunts, she was about the only person within a square mile who did not laugh at the vehement declamations with which I used to excite myself."

WHEN I asked Mr. J. M. McClelland, of the publishing house of McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart, what he owed most to his mother, I got an answer back like a rapid-firing gun:

"Fair Play, Fair Play, above all other things, Fair Play!"

"Why, Mother used to take hours of her time elucidating in a practical way why a square deal was the only kind of a deal that paid. And I have found as I mixed with people, both in a business and a social way, that she was right, and very much right.

"I am sure," continued Mr. McClelland, "as I look back to my boyhood days, that while there are other things that I owe to her, none of them stand out so prominently as her great love of fair play and honest dealing. I sometimes think that Mother hit upon the best system of teaching the golden rule in just emphasising, in the way she did, the value of fair play. None of us were allowed, if she knew it, to have the bat and ball longer than any of the others; no favouritism was shown at the family table or away from it.

"No," said Mr. McClelland, as I arose to take my departure, "there is nothing that I would rather hand on and recommend to mothers, especially to those with more than one in the family, than that one thing which Mother made so real to me—'Play fair, boy, play fair!'"

"As I think back," said Mr. A. D. Clark, "the one thing that Mother impressed most on me was a love of nature and all God's handiwork, and it has remained with me up to the present time. As a young chap I was taught how to appreciate the blue sky and open air, and, as a consequence, was happier in the woods than anywhere else. Mother often said that few evil thoughts could find their way into a man's head when he was alone communing with nature, and the longer I live, the more satisfied I am that she was right.

"If I might pass on the good word to the young mothers who read EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, I would say: 'Take your children as much as possible into the open; help them to develop a love of old Mother Nature. It will tend to make them healthy, normal children physically, and will develop an observant eye and a clean mental attitude toward life. Furthermore, it will help you yourself to better understand your child, and that will help you just as much as it helps them!"

These interviews give us some idea of how mothers in the past helped to mould the lives of men who are living to-day and are putting into practice the principles they were taught. They are offered as an experience test to all those who are interested, with the hope that the good work that has been done in the past may be continued in the present and in the future for the welfare of a better Canadian citizenship than we have yet known.

(*Continued in February Issue.*)

SHOPPING IN ENGLAND

CONSIDERING the vast amount of intercourse which has for so many years existed—both socially and commercially—between Canada and England, it is surprising, and at the same time amusing, to note how opposite the meaning of the most common place words are.

Take the word homely for instance. This word applied to an English woman, would signify her to be domesticated, hospitable, and kind-hearted; in fact, would embrace all the qualities essential to the making of a womanly woman.

A plain featured person would be called ugly.

A good story is told of a charming Canadian on the occasion of her first visit to London. Endearing herself to her newly found relatives almost from the day of her arrival, she was addressed by one of them as follows: "We are all so fond of you, my dear Doris—you are so homely." "Indeed Auntie, I am not considered so in Canada," was her crestfalien reply.

Any one over there, endowed with more than average intelligence, is looked upon as being clever, not smart.

This latter word is used to express one appearing in the latest style of clothes—a reputation easily earned.

On going into an English shop, and asking for a spool of thread, the clerk would be at a loss to know what you meant. A request for a reel of cotton would bring forth the desired article.

Calicoes here are what are known as prints there; whilst all goods sold by the yard are called materials.

No doubt many of our readers who occasionally do shopping in England could recall some amusing incident connected with their first experience in that line. I remember on one occasion, going into a large shop and being accosted by an immaculate floor-walker, as to what I required. I asked him where the tulles were.

With a deep obeisance—worthy of a more hallowed shrine—he replied, "you will find them in the iron-mongery department, Madame."

Re wearing apparel, the term shirt waist is practically unknown, but a blouse is dear to the heart of every English woman. All makes, whether strictly tailored, or daintily frilled and furbelowed, come under the same category.

My lady's suit is a costume; her waist, a bodice.

MEN even do not enjoy the *sole* possession of boots; women's footgear is also known under the same name. Shoes apply only to the low cuts and house slippers.

The habit of having small bundles sent home is not as universal there as here. It is perhaps owing to the neat way they are done up, that women find it no inconvenience to carry them.

In all shops the method is the same. Parcels are always tied with string, and long ends left, which are made into a loop. This is slipped over the finger. It is not unusual to see ladies in the shopping district, with several small packages dangling from one finger.

Shopping, as the word implies here, is not tolerated in some parts of England. Many tourists will be ready to testify to this.

IT is not the easiest thing in the world to enter a place of business—say in a provincial town—just look around, then endeavour to walk out without making a purchase.

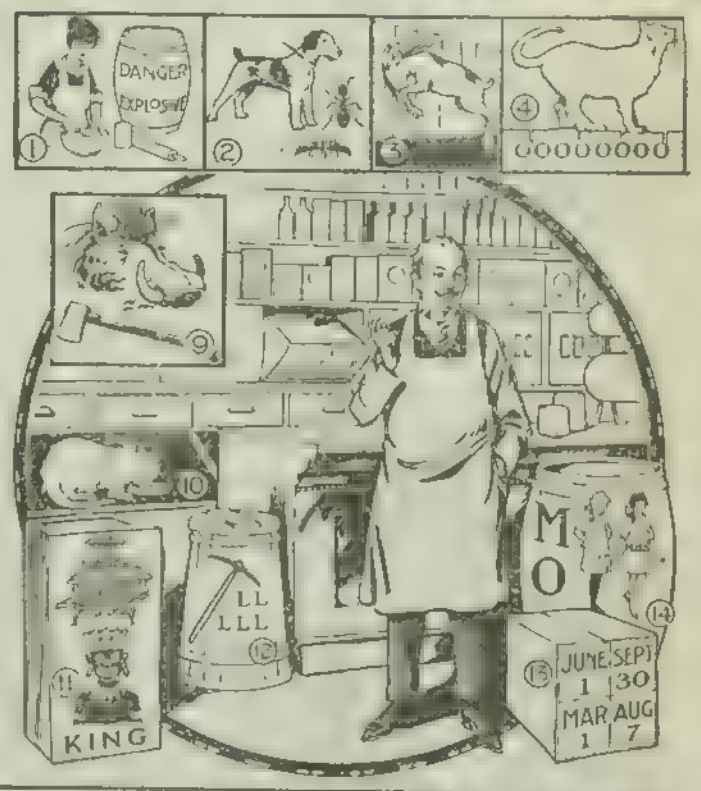
Especially if the clerk has disarranged any of his stock for you. With a polite, "Just a moment, Madame," the floor-walker is summoned, the assistant explains that you are not suited; then follows a cross examination by that autocrat, and to say the least, the situation is embarrassing; doubly so, if you had no intention of buying, and the excuses given were purely fictitious.

In London and Liverpool, however, this system is being abolished by the larger firms, and many have notices to the effect that ladies are invited to inspect and admire, without being pressed to buy.

YOU CAN WIN

A 1917 OVERLAND TOURING CAR

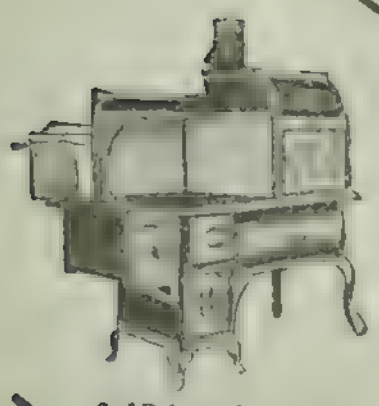
$1,000.00 In Other Fine Prizes Also To Be Awarded



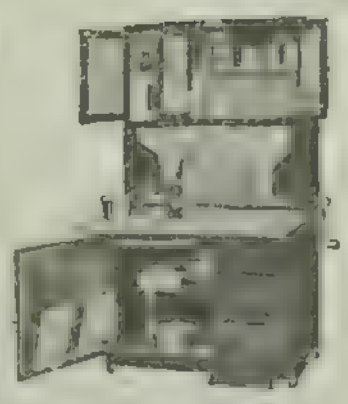
What Groceries Did Brown Advertise?

Here's a Real Puzzler for Wise Heads

JOHN BROWN is noted for being the livest merchant in town because of the novel way in which he advertises and creates interest in his well known grocery store. Recently Mr. Brown presented a clever problem to his customers. It is one that will give much amusement and entertainment to every puzzle lover. Look at this picture of Mr. Brown's store, and you will see his idea. He carefully covered the labels of the boxes, barrels and bins containing fourteen of the staple lines of his stock. Then he engaged a clever cartoonist and had him draw a series of puzzle pictures to be used as labels to represent the names of the hidden goods. The Artist caught the spirit of the idea and at once drew picture No. 2 to represent currants (cur-ants). Then he drew picture No. 4 as a label for tomatoes (Tom-eight-O's). With these two names to start you and the grocery list at the right by way of suggestion, can you find what the other twelve represent?



3rd Prize—Clare Bros. "Lighter Day" High Oven Range



6th Prize—Famous "Hoosier Beauty" roll door Kitchen Cabinet

SOME OF THE GROCERIES KEPT IN BROWN'S STORE

Apples	Ketchup	Figs	Oranges	Shoe Polish
Asparagus	Cocoa	Farina	Onions	Salt
Biscuits	Coffee	Jam	Potatoes	Soap
Bacon	Currants	Figs	Prunes	Syrup
Baking Powder	Crackers	Grapes	Pickles	Tapioca
Berries	Cheese	Lemons	Peaches	Cornflakes
Break	Cocoanut	Mixed	Rice	Salt
Bread	Corn	Nuts	Rolled Oats	Vinegar
Butter	Dates	Matches	Starch	

A FEW HINTS—A good plan is to study the list of groceries usually found in Mr. Brown's store, and then see which of the names in your opinion best fit the pictures. All the names represent articles in everyday use and which are to be found in any grocery store. No trade mark names or special manufacturers' names are used, so with these few hints and a little thinking you should be able to solve all the pictures.

IF YOUR ANSWERS GAIN 200 POINTS, YOU WIN FIRST PRIZE—The magnificent and valuable prizes in the contest will be awarded according to the number of points awarded on each entry. (See Rules). Be neat and careful, comply with the rules and conditions of the contest, and you are sure of a valuable prize.

These Are The Big Prizes You Can Win

First Prize **$890.00**

Five-Passenger Overland Touring Car

Completely Equipped And Ready For The Road

2nd Prize—Famous "Indian" Twin Cylinder Motor Cycle Value $300.00

Second Prize

$300.00 Indian Motorcycle

Third Prize

Clare Bros. High Oven Range

OTHER GRAND PRIZES INCLUDE

Fine Phonograph and Records
Waltham Watches for Men and Women
1917 Cleveland Bicycle
Genuine Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet
Famous Singer Sewing Machine
Perfection Oil Range
Cabinet of Rogers' Silverware
Mahogany Dressing Table
1900 Washing Machine
Wrist Watch
Sets of Books
Furniture
Solid Gold Jewellery and Rings

And Many Others Too Numerous To Mention Here

Big Complete Illustrated Prize List Sent You Free

This Contest Is Absolutely Free Of Expense

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST—Every Loyal Canadian will approve of the object of this great contest. It asks you to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can easily help us to do this when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked nor expected to take the magazine nor spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 130,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is **"Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home."** Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced, they will want it every month.

Therefore, when your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of points you have gained toward the prizes, and send you Free a copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to just five friends or neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you wish. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your entry may win in the contest.

REMEMBER—The big prizes are awarded on the merit of your entry. Your opportunity is equal with anyone else's. To win a fine prize it is not necessary to give any service beyond slight favor required by rules.

9th Prize—High Grade Cabinet Phonograph and Records

11th Prize—Beautiful Mahogany Dressing Table

Follow These Simple Rules When Sending Your Entry

1. Write your answers in pen and ink, using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than your name and address and your answers to the picture must be on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy, drawn nor typewritten entries.
2. Boys and Girls under 14 years of age are not allowed to compete, nor are the members and employees of the Continental Publishing Co. Limited, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD nor any of their relatives or friends.
3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle but only one set can be awarded a prize.
4. If different members of a family compete, only one prize will be awarded in one family or household.
5. The final awards will be made by a Judging Committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm, and contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of the Judges. The names of the Judges and the manner of the judging will be made known to all contestants. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry 200 Points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. 10 Points will be awarded for each correct answer, 20 for the general neatness and appearance of the entry, 10 for handwriting, and 50 for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. The contest will close April 15th, 1917, immediately after which the Judges will award the prizes. Entries should be forwarded promptly.
6. Each competitor will be required to show the sample copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which we shall send, to four or five friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service, and sending their orders, the Company guarantees to reward you with cash payment or a valuable prize entirely free of cost to any prize your answers may win in the contest.
7. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD nor are they asked to subscribe or to buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the Judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

First Prize 5-Passenger 1917 Model Overland Touring Car

VALUE $890.00

Address The Contest Editor, Everywoman's World

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For Your Baby

Or Your Friend's Baby

BUY these delightful and most serviceable garments, made of our high-quality Angora and Zephyr Wools.

These are all Famous Priscilla Brand Quality

The little jacket illustrated on the baby is made of silk and wool combined, with pretty ribbon ties and bows. It is very moderately priced at only $2.00, charges prepaid to your address. Just lovely for any baby; protects from colds and lung trouble.

You Can Have This Jacket Also With Straight Plain Sleeves. State Your Choice

This beautiful little bonnet made of pure Angora wool, with swan's down trimming round the face, and attractive silk ties, is priced at only $2.75; so cosy and warm, so cute! Just the thing needed for baby.

This fascinating little pair of mitts, also of pure Angora wool with silk cords to go round the baby's neck, are only $1.75; so warm and serviceable too.

These little bootees, a delightful combination of silk and wool with finished tops, come at only 75c. You need to keep baby's hands and feet cosy and warm.

On all orders received before February 10th, 1917, for this complete outfit—Jacket, Bonnet, Mitts and Bootees—the nicest and cosiest things you can get for Baby—we will allow a cash discount of 75c. and deliver to you charges prepaid for only $6.50.

In ordering remember that these little garments are finished in three ways—white with blue trimmings for Girl Babies, white with pink for Baby Boys, and cream white suitable for either. All are hand made.

The Price of All Wool

Is going up by leaps and bounds. Every one knows what Angora wool is. There is no other wool which can be compared with it. This wool seems to grow thicker the more it is worn, and with proper care and washing it will last for years. As almost the whole supply comes from France, the time is soon coming when very few will be able to get it. If you send now, you can get these articles at the low prices we quote and be one of the fortunate ones. These low prices we quote in this advertisement can be assured for only a limited time. Prices are sure to advance early in the New Year. *So send your order in now while the opportunity is yours.*

HENRY DAVIS & CO., LIMITED
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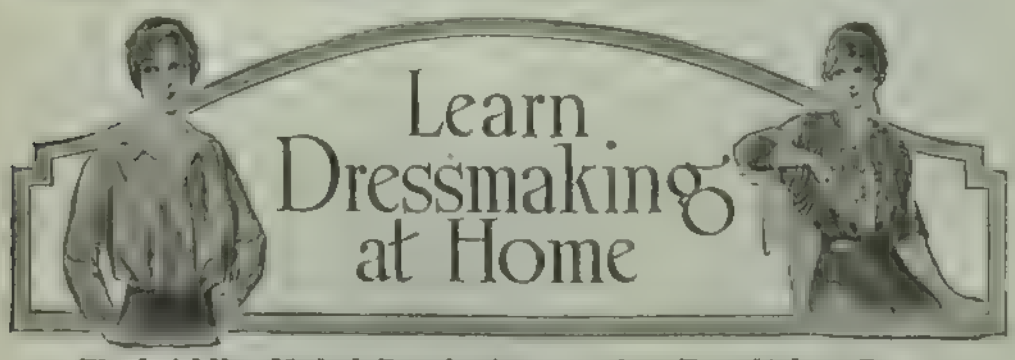

Wonderful New Method, Easy for Anyone. Save Two-thirds on Everything You Wear. An Opportunity No Woman Can Afford to Lose

THROUGH a wonderful new method of teaching dressmaking, hundreds of women are learning at home in spare time to make all their own and their children's clothes. This new method is far in advance of anything ever before attempted. With the simple instructions and the wonderfully clear illustrations before you, picturing every step, you cannot fail to understand and learn quickly.

And the wonderful thing about this new method is that right from the start you begin making the things you need, so that the money you save on your clothes while learning more than pays the entire cost of your course.

Save ⅔ On Your Clothes

You learn in just a little while, under our instruction, to make stylish clothes for so little the cost will surprise you. A $35 suit for only $12, a $20 gown for only $6, a $5 simple dress or waist or skirt for $1.60, and children's clothes for a mere fraction of what they would otherwise cost. Or you can remodel last season's clothes and have stylish new garments at no expense whatever. Think what it would mean to you to actually have twice as many pretty garments of all kinds for less than half what your clothes now cost you. What a pleasure and satisfaction it would be! How many other things you could have with the money you would save!

Only a little of your spare time is necessary. Just the minutes you can sit are most conveniently, and by our new method this knowledge of dressmaking is yours, this ability to make everything you want for all the years to come.

Make Your Own Hats

We also have a wonderfully simple and practical course in millinery, just as easy to master, made just as clear by hundreds of fascinating illustrations. So, if you wish, you can quickly learn to make and trim all your own hats and save three-fourths of what they now cost in a shop.

What Other Women Say

I enjoy every minute of the work. I wonder we stay untaught when the way is so pleasant and so within the means of anyone.
MRS. J. C. REYNOLDS, Corning, N. Y.

One can learn through these lessons in a few months what it would take years to learn in a workroom.
MRS. MARY H. BLAKE, Wollaston, Mass.

If I am left to my own resources, I can now make a comfortable living for myself and two small children.
MRS. MABEL GORRELL, Danville, Ind.

My lessons are so delightful I want to be sewing all the time. I needed waists, skirts and house dresses, so I made them up from my books and feel so much more satisfied, knowing they are made and finished right.
MRS. M. L. WATTS, Middletown, N. Y.

The more I study under your instructions the more enthused I become. I wish every woman who desires to always appear at her best could take advantage of the wonderful opportunity you offer her. I have worried along trying to make stylish-looking garments for my family so long, that I could almost shout for joy to have this opportunity to learn just how to give them that distinctive touch
MRS. GRACE M. LAKE, Lincoln, Ill.

Earn $25 to $40 Weekly

Either of these courses also will prepare you to go into business for yourself. Some day you may be thrown on your own resources. Think what a feeling of independence it would give you to know that you could *make money* in enjoyable work should ever circumstances require. Here is a chance for your daughter to prepare right at home to earn good money in a pleasant, dignified profession. There are splendid opportunities in dressmaking and millinery. Hundreds are earning $25 to $40 a week.

Special Offer Now

We have prepared a book that tells the whole story of this new, wonderful method. Let us send it to you, free, together with letters from dozens of successful, enthusiastic students and our special low price offer to those enrolling now.

Surely, when a knowledge of dressmaking can be gained so easily and will mean so much, you owe it to yourself and your family to find out all about this opportunity. Just send this coupon or a letter or postal today.

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THE LATE LAMENTED

(*Continued from page 11.*)

"I have always regarded bronchitis as a wholly unnecessary evil, due to carelessness, criminal carelessness, I may say. Many a fatal case of bronchial affection is directly traceable to a pair of neglected damp feet or undergarments inadequate to the rigours of our climate. For my own part, I have a predilection for woollen hose and the old-fashioned red flannel garments such as my grandparents wore. I suppose, my dear, in view of your husband's weak throat, it didn't occur to you to have him wear—"

"No," interrupted her hostess hastily, "it didn't." Her face matched the hue of Mrs. Carver's fancy in flannels

"Well," pursued the inquisitor severely, "I suppose I am archaic, but in my youth a wife was supposed to look after her husband's wardrobe—men are so careless in these matters. I hope Mr. Harris wore insoles and a chest protector."

The widow had grown in wisdom.

"Oh, yes! Yes, indeed!" she answered fervently; "I always insisted upon it"

At this moment the little French clock on the mantel struck the hour, inhospitably reminding Mrs. Carver that she was due at a meeting of the Ladies' Guild. She rose reluctantly, feeling that she had failed of her mission and resolving to suspend judgment pending further opportunity for research.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Harris," she said at parting, "I hope you have nothing with which to reproach yourself in regard to your late husband. Most young wives are reprehensibly careless, and the average man is as irresponsible as an infant and needs as much looking after. I think I can say that in the thirty years since my marriage I have never neglected my wifely duty in even the smallest detail. However," graciously, "I am, as I said, somewhat old-fashioned in my views, and I can scarcely expect a younger generation to conform to my standards. I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you soon."

And with this she departed, leaving her hostess with a sense of lively sympathy for the victims of the Inquisition.

PENDING Mrs. Carver's verdict, Mrs. Harris was asked out occasionally and proved herself so charming an adjunct to any sort of social function that she speedily found herself in demand. She maintained a certain reserve, however, and seldom spoke of herself or her affairs, even to Jessica Fenton, a lovely young girl with whom she had formed a friendship.

Jessica by degrees and the employment of the Socratic method had managed to learn that the late Mr. Harris had died a little more than two years previous; that, like his wife, he had no near living relatives, and that he had left his widow comfortably provided for. At the end of three months Jessica knew no more than this about her new friend, whom she found provokingly reticent.

"Dear," she said coaxingly one day as she and Mrs. Harris were having tea together in the latter's charmingly appointed studio, "you've never told me of your husband's personality. Was he very handsome? I'm sure he must have been."

Jessica had a taste for romance, and it was a disappointment that her friend was so vague concerning her own.

"Yes," the widow answered gravely, "Paul was considered rather unusually handsome, I believe."

"Describe him, won't you?" pleaded Jessica, delighted to find her friend more communicative than usual. "Was he tall or short, stout or slender, dark or fair?"

"Quite tall," Mrs. Harris answered slowly; her face wore an expression of melancholy retrospection. "He was muscular rather than stout—the trained athlete type. His eyes—as the memory of a certain pair which had lately haunted her thoughts recurred to her—"were blue—a very deep blue with wonderful dark lashes. His face was finely cut, with a strong, square jaw."

"Oh!" cried Jessica with a rapturous gurgle, "he must have been splendid! Haven't you a picture I may see?"

Mrs. Harris looked perturbed.

"Yes—no—that is nothing that does him justice," she said with hesitation.

"I know portraits are seldom accurate and that styles change and all that, but I promise to make allowances. Do let me see—"

Mrs. Harris' mental processes were rapid.

"Jessie, dear," she said gently, "I am planning to paint a portrait of Paul, partly from memory, partly from various unsatisfactory photographs I have—something which will express him as he really was. And when it is completed, I promise you shall see it. Won't that answer?"

And with this Jessica was forced to be content. The girl had subsisted for years upon a mental diet of fiction, and her views of life were distorted by an exaggerated romanticism. She was always investing her friends with heroic qualities they did not possess and dramatising romantic scenes and situations in which they figured. Mrs. Harris' beauty and bereavement made her an alluring subject and it delighted Jessica's fancy to figure her friend as living in the shadow of a buried sorrow, going her lonely way with beautiful resignation, quite impervious to masculine attempts at consolation.

"Dear Mrs. Harris," she rhapsodized, "your Paul must have been quite perfect!"

The widow turned away her face.

"Yes," she said in a voice that quivered with suppressed emotion, "I think I may say that Paul more nearly approached the ideal than any man I have ever known."

"HOW you must have loved him!" gushed the sympathetic Jessica; "and how loyal you are to his memory! Forgive my asking, dear, but is that why you won't let me bring my charming cousin to see you?" Mrs. Harris did not answer, but Jessica read assent in her silence and averted face.

"I knew it!" she cried, "But, dear, if you only knew Paul—*my* Paul—I'm sure you'd consent. He's so different from other men; he wouldn't presume at all, and he could be of use to you in your work. He studied Art in Paris, and I'm told he's a splendid critic. Won't you let me bring him up some time? He's just the dearest fellow—"

The widow shook her head.

"My dear," Jessica ventured hesitantly after a little, "don't you think it a mistake to live in the past like this? It's fine of you to remain faithful to your husband's memory, but there's no use shutting yourself off from all masculine society because of it. As for Paul, he's invulnerable. He's thirty-five"—a patriarchal age in the eyes of seventeen—"and he's never seemed to think of marrying, so there's no fear of his falling in love with you; and your heart is in your husband's grave,"—Jessica was very young!—"so there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't be friends. Say I may present him, won't you? He's so interested in your work and so eager to meet you."

Jessica was wise enough not to mention that her cousin had chanced to see Mrs. Harris a number of times since she had been in Fairfield and that his interest was rather personal than purely artistic. But so earnestly did she plead his cause that in the end it was agreed that so soon as a portrait of Jessica, on which Mrs. Harris was at work, was completed, Paul Challinor should be brought to see it.

Meanwhile, true to her promise, the widow began work on a portrait in oils of her late husband. She had always possessed a wonderful knack for likenesses, though her technic was faulty and her colouring the despair of her earlier masters. Without conscious intention, there presently began to grow upon the canvas a vivid likeness of a face she had first seen—and noted for its perfect contour—a few days after her arrival in Fairfield; a face which conformed more nearly to her half formulated ideal than any other she had known.

It was a countenance such as she had described to Jessica—the type one sees in the windows of metropolitan clubs and across the shoulders of patrician women in the boxes at the Opera. Certainly the artist must have marked it well, for a speaking likeness was growing under her deft fingers. She was more than usually successful with her flesh tints; the eyes had a wonderfully life-like expression, and the lips looked as though they might open in a cheery salutation any moment when she entered the studio. The portrait was like a living presence in the room, and she regarded it, when completed, as her masterpiece. But she was scarcely prepared for its effect upon Jessica Fenton, who, when confronted with the picture, stood petrified for a moment, then gasped in the utmost amazement:

"Why, *it's Paul!*"

"Yes," the widow assented sadly, "it's Paul to the life—poor, dear boy!"

"Oh, but I mean *my* Paul—Paul Challinor, my cousin!" cried Jessica in utter bewilderment. It was Mrs. Harris' turn to register surprise. She sank weakly into the nearest chair.

"Do you mean to say," she faltered, "that my husband's portrait is like—like some one you know?"

"Why, it's the exact image of my Cousin Paul!" declared Jessica excitedly. "It couldn't have been a better likeness if he'd sat for it. He must see it—I'll go get him—"

"No, no, indeed—he can't—you sha'n't—he musn't!" cried the widow hysterically. Jessica stared at her in remorseful dismay, but she speedily pulled herself together.

"Forgive me, Jessica," she begged after a moment. "I was a trifle upset—I didn't mean to be rude. But you will understand, dear," she went on with a beautiful, sad dignity, "how painful it would be for me to have dear Paul's portrait subjected to the comment and criticism of an utter stranger. You realize, I'm sure, that it was painted as a solace for my loneliness and not for the public gaze. I couldn't bear—" her voice broke a little, and impulsive Jessica threw both arms about her neck.

"YOU dear thing!" she said remorsefully. "Of course I understand. I've been horribly intrusive and impertinent. But the likeness is simply paralyzing! I do wish Paul could see it! But I promise not to breathe a word of it to him." And then coaxingly, "Mayn't I bring him up to-night—just to call, you know?" And bring him she did, in spite of the widow's half-hearted protests.

Mrs. Harris found that Jessica had exaggerated neither Paul Challinor's resemblance to the late Mr. Harris, which was remarkable, nor his tact and charm, which were equally exceptional. He manifested a cordial interest in his hostess' work, concerning which he said exactly the right things. He grasped the good points, and made a few helpful suggestions and criticisms with rare tact and understanding. He treated her gift with respect and subtly made her feel it very much worth while—in short, he made himself so charming during his brief call

[illegible] Mr. Harris [illegible]

And so it came about that Paul Challinor fell into the habit of dropping in at the studio now and then for a little chat about art and, as Jessica had predicted, he was able to render the artist valuable assistance. They speedily became friends, but one thing constantly pained and puzzled Mrs. Harris. There were times when Challinor completely unbent, and she felt perfectly at home and at ease with him; the next instant his manner would change, and she would feel as though a curtain had suddenly fallen between them.

She was at a loss to account for this, and though, as time went on, he became more and more part of her life, she was always subtly aware of an impalpable barrier between them.

She did not, at first, realize how much his moods meant to her, but at last she began to face the fact that the day was fair or dark according as Paul Challinor was kind or cold. She knew, as a woman always knows intuitively, that he was not indifferent to her. Chance had made her aware that the touch of her hand had power to [illegible] and that [illegible] alive to her presence. She was absurdly happy in the knowledge—so happy that she almost forgot to speculate upon his trying moods. For the first time in her life, she told herself, she was beginning to live.

ONE dismal afternoon in March, Mrs. Harris, attired in a most seductive [illegible] gowned good-bye, with charmingly feigned regret, to the last of a succession of callers. It was almost time for Paul to come and [illegible] eager to speed the parting guest.

The fire burned cheerily in the open grate, lighting to warmer tints the dull red of the studio walls with their lavish profusion of [illegible] and the crimson shaded electrics diffused a mellow glow, and the pretty room made a cosy and inviting contrast to the storm and gloom without.

After the inevitable feminine survey of herself in a mirror, Mrs. Harris sat down to await Paul's arrival. She waited—and continued to wait. The clock struck the half, and still no Paul. Could the storm have [illegible] But no, she had often heard him [illegible] battle with the elements. The minutes dragged wearily, and she was [illegible] of his coming when there came a tap at the door and she rose to her feet, her face aglow with expectation. The chaste Hannah stalked in like a Roman sentinel, offered her mistress a note on a tray and stalked solemnly out again.

Mrs. Harris eagerly tore open the missive—she had recognized the superscription. It was from Paul Challinor—a brief, almost curt, note, in which he told her that he loved her, had loved her from the first, and should love her always; but that Jessica had told him of her fealty to the memory of her dead husband, and that, even had it not been so, he could never have been content to feel that the woman he loved had belonged to another and that he must always hold second place in her heart and thoughts. He loved her with all his heart, but realizing the hopelessness of that love, he had felt it best that he should go away. He was leaving that night for Vancouver, and as he should probably not have an opportunity to see her again, he wished to thank her for the happiness their brief acquaintance had given him and to assure her that he should remain always faithfully her friend.

Mrs. Harris' first impulse was to laugh, but in an instant she realized that it was no laughing matter. Paul Challinor was evidently very much in earnest. By degrees it began to be borne in upon her that what had seemed an amusing escapade was taking tragic form, and that in seeking freedom to live her life in her own way, she had probably lost all that could make that life worth while.

She rose hastily. She would go to Paul and say—but what was there to be said? If she confessed the truth, would it not seem like throwing herself upon his charity? How could she tell him, how explain, how make him see the humour of the situation, which failed to appeal to her at the moment? She would only make herself ridiculous in his eyes by confession. Clearly there was nothing to be done. She must accept the consequences of her folly, put Paul Challinor out of her heart, and go on living her life as though he had never come into it. Having arrived at this eminently practical conclusion, she threw herself face downward among the pillows that heaped the couch and cried as though her heart were breaking.

How long she lay in an abandonment of woe she never knew. She had almost sobbed herself to sleep when a footstep sounded on the stair, and before she could do more than rise to her feet and give her dishevelled hair a hasty touch, the door opened and Paul Challinor burst unannounced into the room.

"Helen!" he cried. "Helen!" The remark was neither lucid nor illuminative, but he evidently considered it both, for he repeated it with something that sounded like "My darling."

Mrs. Harris drew herself up with all the dignity that the consciousness of disordered hair and a nose red and swollen with weeping would permit.

"You are forgetting yourself, Mr. Challinor. Mrs. Harris, if you please!"

Challinor should have been crushed, but he seemed to any appreciable extent. He met her [illegible] gaze for a moment with a mischievous twinkle; then deliberately and distinctly announced, in the "memorable and tremendous" words of the immortal *Betsy Prig*:

"*I don't believe there's no sich a person!*"

The effect was electrical. Helen gasped audibly, but she stood to her guns. She drew herself up imposingly and tried to freeze him with a Mrs. Bellamy Carver stare. But it was no use. Her gaze faltered, wavered, fell; the corners of her mouth twitched visibly, and the rebellious dimples displayed themselves in her flushed cheeks. She gave Challinor one last desperate, defiant glance—and then they both shrieked together.

Then she found herself laughing and crying by turns against Challinor's immaculate shirt front, while that impassive and unimpressionable individual—according to Jessica—indulged in the usual tender inanities.

"How did you know? Who could have told you?" Helen asked at length.

For answer, he drew from his pocket a crumpled missive directed in a stiff, unaccustomed script, the sight of which made Helen start.

"Kind Sir," the letter ran, "My respects and compliments and begging your pardon for making so bold, but this foolishness has gone far enough—and I never favoured it from the first! I ain't much for meddling with what don't concern me, and I never was, but I heard you was going away to-night and I felt I'd best speak out.

"I heard you tell Miss Jessie the other night that the memory of Paul Harris stood like a speck-ter between you and the woman you loved—which I take it is Miss Helen. So I want to tell you that there ain't no Mr. Harris and never was. Miss Helen ain't no more 'Mrs. Harris' than I be, but Miss Helen Harrison, as I can easy prove if you doubt my word. This was only one of her freaky notions—and goodness knows she's had a plenty—so as she could live her life to suit herself. I lived with her mother before her, so I ought to know. There ain't no Paul Harris and there ain't no speck-ter, so you are free to marry Miss Helen to-morrow—if you can get her consent. So no more from Yours respectful,

HANNAH MARSH."

Helen lifted her eyes, wet and shining.

"So it was Hannah—?" she began.

"Heaven bless her!" concluded Challinor. "Her note came just in time. I don't believe you'd have ever confessed if she hadn't told, and but for her I should have heeded *Mr. Weller's* advice and gone chasing across the continent to escape your fascinations. But for Hannah, dear, your little ruse—and a clever scheme it was!—might have kept us apart for ever. Eh, Helen, dear?" And he held her close as though the possibility were too much for him.

A moment later there came a discreet "Ahem!" from the doorway, and Hannah herself, armed with the belated tea tray, appeared between the parted portieres.

"Miss Helen," she began stiffly, as she advanced into the room, "I don't know as you'll consider that I had any call to intermeddle in your affairs, and I don't know as I did right in taking matters into my own hands, but—" Helen made an impetuous rush upon her, seriously imperilling her favourite Dresden service.

"You dear old thing!" she cried happily. "You did the very rightest thing you could possibly have done—."

And Paul Challinor added with solemn fervour:

"Hannah Marsh, you're an angel!"

Which was the first and last time in the course of her career that Hannah had the pleasure of hearing that sentiment from the lips of man.

HOW THE PIANO HELPS THE SINGER

(*Continued from page 31*)

and learning a song, or in teaching song literature."

"Intellectual Grasp of Instrumental," Says a Critic

"Katherine Hale," who is well known in Canada's literary and musical circles also as Mrs. John Garvin, is in special sympathy with vocalists, not only on account of her own musical accomplishments, but because many of her poems are well adapted to harmonic setting. She has favoured this page with her views as follows:

"If there is to be any individuality, not to speak of originality, in a singer's career, it is surely necessary that he should possess an intellectual grasp at least, if not advanced proficiency, in that instrument which is the back-ground of the singer's art—the piano. No pupil really knows a song, if the harmonies on which the melody is based are ignored; and certainly no great artist would be satisfied to sing an aria or ballad whose accompaniment he was unable to read. The day of thoughtless singing has passed; it is now an art, not merely a pastime for more or less ambitious persons; and I should say that the first step in the career of the successful vocalist is a practical knowledge of the piano."

Katherine Hale's opinion is the more reliable since her poetry has all the essence of musical art. Here is a beautiful bit for lovers of song from her latest book, "The White Comrade," a war-time story of visions in France. A Canadian soldier, wounded at Ypres, is reminded of home music once more:

"In the first bird note at St. Julien,
I heard that flute again from hills of home."

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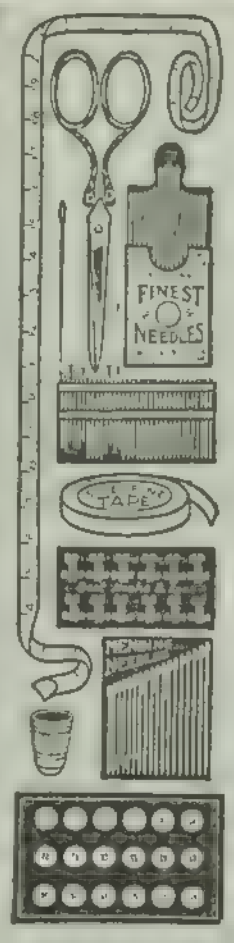

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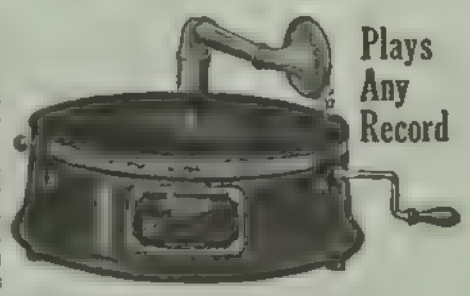

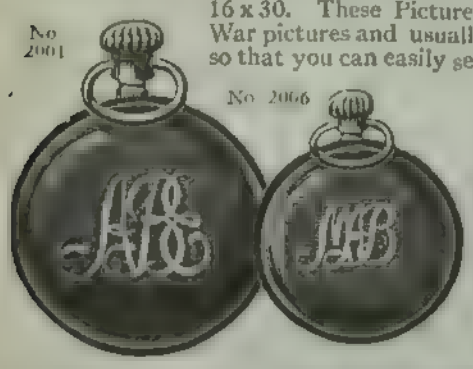

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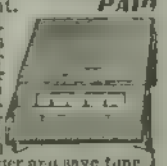

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THE TRAGEDY OF THE YELLOW YAPOSHA

(*Continued from page 5.*)

"It is the song of an ancestress of mine, monsieur," she said, smiling. "She was named Hoshi, for the star that shone over her father's workshop the night she was born, when he rediscovered the secret of making the blue pottery. For sixteen years the fame of his art spread over Nippon, but he kept the secret to himself, determined that it should die again with him, so that the ware should be called only by his name. Then a stranger came to the village, Sir Itara Tarogo Takeyasu, saying he was a ronin, that is a samurai who has lost the favour of his lord, and has no master. As he was a skilful potter, the old man took him to work for him, and after two years rewarded him by giving him Hoshi for his wife. But Itara was no ronin, but a samurai whose Daimyo had sent him to discover the secret of the blue ware. He and Hoshi loved each other, and when they had been married five years, and had two children, he bade her steal from her father, while he slept, the paper he always carried on him. And as a woman should always obey her husband, whatever he orders, and obey smiling, Hoshi stole the paper. Then Itara told her the truth, commanding her not to speak of what she had done, so that he only would be blamed for the theft; then he fled. He destroyed the paper after committing its contents to memory, and when he reached his lord and was beginning to tell his story, a messenger came in, and after salutations, said:

"'I grieve, Sir Itara Tarogo Takeyasu, that I bring bad news, but the house you built in our village is burnt down.'

"'Alas,' answered Itara, 'is it altogether destroyed?'

"'No,' said the other, 'we saved enough of the posts to make four crosses. On three we hung O Hoshi San and her children, for she confessed her sin against her people in a song, though her husband had forbidden her to speak of it. The fourth cross is still empty.'

"Itara laughed. 'Then I will return with you to fill it,' he said.

"But his lord spoke: 'You are my man; but if your honour makes you go, I am silent; only first tell me the secret of the blue pottery.'

"But Itara only went on laughing, and they knew that all reason had left him. He was still laughing when they nailed him to the fourth cross."

"The yellow devils!" exclaimed Von Rohn.

Then he knew that this girl with the soft, childish eyes was pleading with him, by this story, not to accept Carter's treason; warning him, too, of what a woman of Nippon might do if her standard of wifely obedience forced her to betray her people.

AT last he understood this little creature whom he had despised, and for a moment his manhood woke—for her sweet sake he would keep her miserable husband from torturing her with his treasons. Then the iron heel of German discipline crushed the generous impulse down. Germany before all—before a man's honour or a girl's young life! Yet he told himself fiercely that he would save her. By his love he would make her forget any madness of self-destruction she might have in mind by which to punish herself after she had obeyed her husband and also carefully kept suspicion from him.

The wall opened again, and Hayashi Daimyo entered, a very stately little man in his gray silk kimona with partly shaved head and *coseiqued* top-knot. After much bowing and salutations he withdrew with Carter; and Hoshi, smiling, watched Von Rohn slip on the disguise. She then went with him to the auto, passing the castle gate unchallenged; and putting the machine to its highest speed, dashed down the mountain road.

Along a shelf on the side of a precipice they sped, Von Rohn thinking uneasily how easy it would be for this "Yellow Yaposha" to kill them both; but with steady hands she held the auto to a safe course, shooting across a narrow neck of land uniting two hills, then down again through a deep cut in a red sandstone cliff.

There was no sign of human habitation; above was the evening sky and the gray of the higher peaks; below was the narrow green gorge where the sound of falling water mingled with the whirr of their machine. Suddenly before them Von Rohn saw the moon, its light catching on the waterfall, that seemed to pour a stream of molten silver from the heavens, between two high crags. The unearthly beauty of it all stirred his soul, and for a minute he struggled with the impulse to save this brave, silent little women at any cost to himself. But his hard patriotism kept him still, and they passed into Osaka, where the lights shone through the paper walls of the houses.

Four days later he was in Shanghai, waiting for the junk blockade runner that was to take him to besieged Tsing-tau; and frowning as he thought of the girl who would not be coaxed to eat or sleep, and who had scarcely spoken those three days and nights that she had knelt in the corner of their cabin on the American steamer.

Then she was by him, still smiling, and not tired or ruffled. "Are you satisfied that I have obeyed my husband, monsieur?" she asked. "I think you may reach Tsing tau safely, because our honourable Admiral, Sadakichi-Kato, takes his ships some distance from the coast at nights, for fear of mines and torpedo boats. The honourable English ships do the same, and as the build of these junks allows them to sail very close in, they will probably be able to reach Tsing-tau unseen."

"Estelle, dear little girl, you must come with me. I can't, and I won't, leave you for that brute who makes merchandise of your faithfulness. Come with me, and I will teach you what love is."

For a moment he was startled at her quiet "Yes!" Then he caught her in his arms, she submitting with her set smile to his "patting and pawing," as she called it.

"Say that you love me, Estelle," he demanded at last.

"Certainly, if you wish it, monsieur; only you must not be angry if I am stupidly slow in learning your love customs. Now you must let me go, for the junk captain will not take women on board, so I must dress as a boy, and you must treat me only as your servant till we reach Tsing-tau."

FOR twenty-four hours Von Rohn chafed in a Shanghai hotel, suspecting Hoshi of having fled and the junk captain of backing out of the trip; and then she came to tell him all was ready—came in the uniform of a Nipponese soldier, but unarmed.

"Was this the only dress you could get?" he asked, frowning.

"It was the best one, monsieur. Come, the junk is about to start; and remember I am a deserter from my army, and your servant."

It was a very dark night as the junk plunged through the black water, with every light on board hidden, and steering toward the wheeling beams of the German search-lights. The Allies' great ships of war lay too far out for their fire to reach the blockade runner, as for a moment she showed visible in the glare of a long white shaft of light; then she passed on to safety. Only Von Rohn wiped the perspiration from his brow at the thought of the mines they might strike at any moment; the Chinese and Hoshi were not in the least troubled by their nerves at the dangers strewn in their road. Only his stern sense of duty made Von Rohn take that desperate voyage; but the Chinese did it for money, and Hoshi, he hoped, for love.

Then with a thrill of pride he was pointing out to Hoshi the great forts—Iltis, Bismarck, and Moltke.

"They are as strong as—as Germany," he exclaimed. "Our foes have no weapons that can silence their great guns."

Then he added to the German officers who came on board: "I am General Von Manz's secretary, and I wish to see him at once. This boy can stay with me; he is a Japanese deserter who helped me to escape."

It was in a large room, where sworded men lounged in a haze of tobacco smoke scented with beer, that Von Rohn came with Hoshi. He was effusively welcomed, and then, as Von Manz would have taken him into an inner room to hear what he had to tell, Hoshi drew her revolver—and that which had been Von Rohn was only a thing on the floor with a little bluish hole in its forehead. The clever brain that had learned so much for Germany was quite useless now.

"I am a samurai," said Hoshi, when they questioned her before their court. "All my fathers were men entitled to wear sworos. Also I am a soldier of Nippon, for even the women and children of the samurai are always that. I regret that a pledge of honour forced me to bring this man to you; but while we waited at Shanghai, I came here alone to General Kamio, who commands our land forces, and lay at his feet, confessing that I had helped this enemy to escape—I could not tell him why—and asking that he crucify me. This he refused; but he graciously granted my next request that I come here with this man, to die the most honourable of deaths, in my Emperor's uniform and by the hands of his foes. Pardon my insolence in making suggestions to you, but I should like you to abuse me in every way possible, and then to crucify me. You are so low a people that you can do what my soldiers must not in these days. And I deserve worse than it is possible for me to suffer."

CARTER sat in his comfortable cell in the Yokohama jail. He had been arrested for complicity in Von Rohn's escape, but there was really no evidence against him; and Dunn had just told him that, owing to strong representations made by the American Embassy against his being any longer detained, he would shortly be released. Then Hayashi Daimyo visited him, talking with a multitude of flowery words, among which Carter gathered that the old nobleman was sure of his innocence and approved of his intention to return to America, to forget, if he could, among his own people, the bitter wrong his soul had suffered in Nippon.

He slowly unfolded the illustrated paper the Daimyo had left him, thinking of Hoshi.

"Poor little girl!" he thought. "I was a brute to tell you to do what I did, knowing that you would obey me; though how your white soul must have hated it! Never mind, I had to have the money, and you are quite safe in Shanghai, and soon we will be together in that corner of Mexico that I know of. I'll be more to you than you ever thought of asking—you always were content with so little, my poor star girl—but I'll make up to you for everything, now I've got that wretched money at last. I will make you happy, and perhaps you will be able to make me good, my Star."

He sat staring at the (*Continued on page 43.*)

LADY ELEANOR: LAWBREAKER

Continued from p[illegible]

and pay my respects to Mrs. Sheridan Adieu, God bless you."

Ah, Charles, Charlie, no [illegible]

"I gave you my word of honour t[illegible] was none. If you doubt it, I will run you through."

No, no, in heaven's n[illegible]! Where [illegible]eal is concerned, 'tis gold, and not steel, I yearn for. To be called out by the best swordsman in London, on the very eve of a fortune! That were an anti-climax indeed. I'd refuse, Charlie. But I'm no marplot. Good-bye to you." Lord Ba[illegible] shook his head. "Oh, Charlie, Charlie!" he said laughing, and walked away

THERE was no answering mirth in the eyes that watched his retreat.

"By the plague," muttered Brandon, "I never before knew Dick so tiresome." Then he dismissed Sheridan from his mind, and turned to greet Lady Eleanor, who, absorbed in her own meditations, had not seen him.

"Good-morning, Eleanor."

At the sound of his voice the girl looked up quickly, and faced him with a little gasp of astonishment.

"Oh!—I was not expecting to meet any one!" she said. Recovering her self-possession, she advanced, holding out her hand

"They say that every one meets every one else sooner or later in London," remarked Brandon, seeking for an easy conversational opening.

"Is our meeting by chance, then?"

"No; I was waiting for you."

"Waiting for me?"

"Yes; I have been here this hour or more."

"How did you know I was in London?

"As every one meets every one in London, it naturally follows that every one must some time come to London. If Eleanor came to London, it was but natural she should inhabit her own house If any one in London were interested in Eleanor, he need but to pass that house each morning, when the windows silently would tell him whether she were in residence or not."

"How charmingly courteous of him, not now indefatigable," said Eleanor, laughing a little. "I need not tell you, then, that I arrived early in the week."

"As for three mornings I have wandered in your neighbourhood through this park, the information is superfluous, Nell."

"And why was I kept so long in ignorance of the great favour bestowed upon me? I thought only royalty claimed the silent attendance of one so highly placed as the Earl of Brandon."

There are always two Queens in England, Nelly, when a man's in love."

What reply do you expect to such a remark as that?"

The answer is 'yes,' that three-letter word which proves that luck's in odd numbers. 'Tis the only word in the lovers' dictionary, you know."

"How should I know? The language would appear to be very limited."

"In its limitation lies its delight, and that word is often spoken by the eyes long before the lips utter it. It is a magic word, like a conjurer's packet, from which all the delights of earth may be produced—yes, and those of heaven borrowed to make up full measure."

"Your mornings in the park would seem to be employed in composing gallant speeches. St. James' Park must be an inspiring place."

"Park? 'Tis no park. The moment that you set foot in it, it is the Garden of Eden."

"With a silent Eve," she laughed. "That were Paradise indeed. It required three days to break the spell and unloosen her tongue."

"It required courage, Nelly. My first progenitor in the Garden was so quickly thrust out that I dared not venture till now."

"WELL, your belated valour appears to have wrought no evil consequence. If this is the Garden of Eden, your words have proved no magician's incantation to waft it into space."

No; they have been no *open sesame* to reveal new wonders."

"Your visions are so ethereal, Charles, that you make me ashamed to mention my more earthly dream. Do you know why I come here every morning?"

"I can guess. Your hatred of London drives you to even a semblance of the country."

"Semblance of the country? Fie upon you. Where is your Garden of Eden now?"

"I said when you were here, Eleanor. When you are gone, 'tis but St. James' Park again, and this lake not the clear waters of Damascus eulogised in Scripture, but merely Rosamond's Pond sung of by the courtly poet Waller—the lake of disastrous love, they call it."

"I do not hate London," protested Eleanor, going back to his former remark.

"You once said you did with a scorn that tingles in my memory, for I was part of your contempt."

"Ah, I was overwrought when I said that. I fear I have some excuses to make, and some misunderstandings to clear away But London fascinates me. I wander about it at night like the Sultan in the Arabian Tales, and regard it with ever increasing wonder."

"Wander about at night? Who goes with you?"

"That would spoil the enchantment; I wander alone."

"Alone! Merciful Heaven! Eleanor you cannot mean that!"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Alone in the streets of London at night? Nell, you amaze me."

"You speak as though I had penetrated an African jungle."

"The deadliest African jungle is as Brandon village High Street compared with night in London. Lady Eleanor Beaumont strolling along through the darkened streets of London! Good God, you must not do that again!"

"Must not?"

"No; of course you must not. I forbid it."

I do not recognize your right to say what I shall or shall not do in that peremptory fashion."

"I am the head of our house, and I ask you never again to go into the streets of London unprotected."

Eleanor drew herself up in anger, but laughed, almost at once.

"Charles, do you know why I forgive you for your sudden presumption?" she asked with no trace of resentment. "For the moment you were a boy again—the boy who tyrannized over me on the shores of Brandon Water. 'You shall not!' you would say, and stamp your foot. I have spoiled you, Charlie, by being your willing little slave, fetching and carrying at your command."

"I was an unmitigated little beast."

"Oh, not more than you are now, I imagine, when the polish wears a little thin I shall have nothing said against that boy, even by myself. When I sank on the grass weeping

"The brute!" interjected Brandon

he would throw himself at my feet, and promise to be an angel did I but desist, and sometimes he was good for as much as half an hour after. Indeed, he would willingly have spent his life for me, though he might have boxed my ears before taking the fatal plunge."

"NELLY, you make me jealous of that unmannerly cub."

Eleanor dreamily indicated the opposite shore of Rosamond's Pond.

"See, over yonder is our favourite playground, and there is Brandon Water, and if those two towers of Westminster Abbey were but one, it would be Brandon Church."

"That is true, now you point it out. So, for all you say of London's fascination, you come here because you are lonely for Brandon Park?"

"Perhaps"

"And because you think of that objectionable boy who threw himself at your feet over yonder. I am jealous of him, and filled with a loathing for him. But let the little scoundrel go. I'll say no more of him. So you come here every morning merely to visit your own Park?"

"My own Park? 'Tis not mine, but yours. 'Twas yours, and despite myself you have thrust it upon me. I walk your halls and wring my hands; your revenge has been complete. If you, having the will in your possession, had shown it, and confounded me thus, 'twould have not been so cruel, but you waited until I sent for it You proved to me that I was mean enough to use that testament to stop the sale Why did you not throw the parchment in the fire?"

"Impossible. Brandon Hall was never mine. First it was my father's; then it was yours."

"Not once in all the centuries had it descended but to a Brandon. Why was it not entailed? I suppose it seemed impossible that any lord of Brandon should leave it to a woman.' What right have I to stand between a Brandon and his heritage? Take it, Charles, now; 'tis not too late. Sell it, or do what you wish with it, and build Sheridan a dozen theatres if he need them." (*Continued on page 42*)

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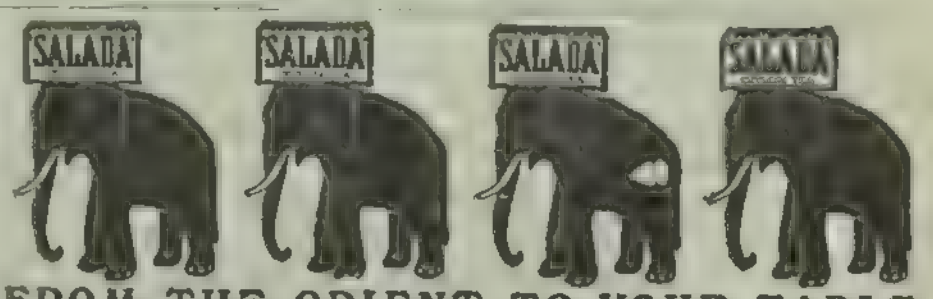

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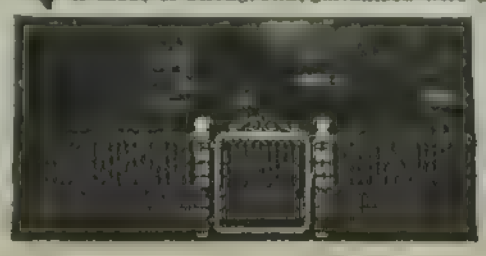

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LADY ELEANOR: LAWBREAKER

(*Continued from page 41*)

"Oh, Sheridan? He is in the way of fortune. He expects to-morrow that twenty thousand pounds."

"And from whom?"

"Ah, that he will not tell. Sworn to secrecy, he says, but I suspect old Garrick."

"Are you still friendly with Richard Sheridan, Charles?"

"Friends now, and friends forever."

"I did not know. It sometimes happens that friendship breaks."

"Not between Dick and me. Nothing could come between us."

"Nothing?"

"No. He is the king of men. Surely you knew that by merely looking at him?"

"I never saw him."

"What! Never saw Dick Sheridan?"

"Never; when he was at Brandon Hall I was sulking, you may remember."

"BUT you saw him that day at the lawyer's office. He came there with me. It is incredible that you were in Dick Sheridan's presence, and never looked at him."

"I have no recollection of him."

"Why, it seems strange that you two, brought face to face, should profess no knowledge of one another, for not an hour since he said he had never seen you."

"How came you to be talking of me?"

"Oh, he remembered Aunt Selina, and fancied her the heiress, so I set him right."

"Did you mention my name?"

"I think not; no, I am sure not. I called you my cousin."

"Since he does not dwell in my mind, will you tell me something of him?"

"Oh, he is in every sense a fine gentleman; handsome, debonnair, courteous—"

"Yes, yes; I've heard all that, but would he keep his word to a woman if he had promised her?"

"Well, he kept his word to one woman, and married her."

"Oh, he's married, then?"

"Very much so, as I told you at Brandon Hall. He took the beautiful singer, Miss Lindley, to be his wife. She leads him a dance, I think: furiously jealous, and indeed, Dick himself—"

"I am not interested in her. What I wish to know is this: if Richard Sheridan held a woman's secret, and had sworn to that woman not to reveal it, would he keep his word?"

"Nelly, why do you ask such a question?" Brandon was startled into seriousness.

Eleanor put him off, nonchalantly.

"Oh, 'tis no matter. You need not answer unless you choose."

"Would—Dick Sheridan—keep faith—with a woman?"

"Yes; other than his wife."

"Other than his wife?"

"Oh, I expect no reply," laughed Eleanor. "Indeed, you have replied already. He is not to be depended on."

"I did not say that."

"Your manner says it."

"God's troth, my manner wrongs him, then. Sooth to say, I was not thinking of Sheridan, but of you. Why should little Nelly, from the crystal waters of Brandon Lake, put such a question by the turbid flood of Rosamond's Pond?"

"You make too much of it, Charles. Some day, mayhap, I shall tell you why I ask."

"When?"

"Let us say to-morrow, if you will do me the honour to call upon me."

"To-morrow? I shall call upon you to-day, if I may."

"No, you must not. To-morrow."

Brandon frowned, recalling Sheridan's words.

"'Tis strange that you and Sheridan should both—" he hesitated.

"Should both profess never to have seen one another, though we met?"

"Yes, that is strange, also."

"Also? What else is strange?"

"THAT if I had not been on this spot to meet you, Sheridan would have occupied my place."

"Sheridan?"

"Yes; he left here, laughing, when he saw you approach."

"Indeed, Charlie, I shall laugh and leave you myself, if you look so puzzled. You do not surely mean to hint that I had a tryst here with a man whom I never saw?"

"No, no. 'Tis absurd, of course."

"Perhaps Sheridan laughed because he thought I kept a tryst with you?"

"He pretended that."

"Pretended? Well, you know how untrue it is. I kept tryst only with this semblance of Brandon Water. What reason did Sheridan give for his presence here?"

"He said he was in search of me, to tell of his good fortune in securing the money."

"That reason seems plausible enough."

"Plausible? Yes, that's the word. Plausible. Plausible! Dick Sheridan is a plausible man where women are concerned."

"Am I a woman concerned?"

"No. For a moment your questions and the coincidences disquieted me."

"Will you call it plausible if I say that it is natural I should make some inquiry regarding Mr. Sheridan when you were on the eve of beggaring yourself on his behalf, and he was the cause of my falling out with you?"

"Did we fall out, Nelly?"

"You were rather harsh with me, Charlie, the last time we met, when you flung back in my face the wealth you would so cheerfully have bestowed upon another. Something you said just now touched me, and I pictured to myself you, here in London, passing the house that should have been your own, had justice been done, thinking not of the injustice, however, but of the unworthy tenant. Tell me truly, Charlie, have you been in poverty since you parted from me?"

"Only in that I feared I was bankrupt of your regard."

"Will you not accept this legacy, wrongly left to me?"

"I will accept nothing but yourself, Nelly," said Brandon, holding out his hands.

"I am speaking seriously, Charlie," Eleanor rebuked him gently, drawing back.

"So am I."

"If the bank of Rosamond's Pond is disastrous to a certain sentiment, as you have said, would it not be more auspicious to postpone such talk until to-morrow?"

"No. Let's change the reputation of Rosamond's Pond, and cause it ever after to be named the Haven of Prosperous Love."

Eleanor shook her head just a little wearily.

"I am superstitious, Charlie, and tired of battling with Fate. I will tempt it no further. It is not long until to-morrow."

"Oh, to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow! I like better the shorter word 'to-day'."

"'No' is a shorter word than 'yes'."

"Ah, Nell, that is a cruel hint."

"IT is but a plain statement of fact to match your own. If 'no' mates with 'to-day,' perhaps 'yes' mates with 'to-morrow.' But now I must tune my talk in unison with my surroundings, and so will tell you something I have recently discovered about my disastrous love. I have some excuses to make, and some misapprehensions to clear away. Charging you with harshness, I confess I also was harsh; yet I feel no fear but that pardon will be granted before I ask it."

"You are right there, Eleanor, did one so sweet and gentle as you need pardon, which I deny."

"This scene is not so disastrous, after all, Charles, when you accord forgiveness so courteously. I said that he I loved had died in London. I find it is not true. He is living still."

"And 'tis that brings you to London?"

"That, and another mission."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

"Then his perfection comes into living contrast with my demerit?"

"Charles, this is the misapprehension. I find myself mistaken in him, and confess my disappointment."

"Thank God! I'm human enough to delight in seeing a paragon displaced, even if he be my rival. A ghost I could not combat, but I am afraid of no living man. How far has this giant declined in stature? Has he descended near to my own height?"

"Indeed, Charlie, the qualities of you two are so evenly balanced that I must ask until to-morrow to decide between you," and against her quiet decision not all Lord Brandon's pleadings could prevail.

(*To be continued.*)

A GREAT MAN

"Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?" asked Frederick Jimson of his friend Benderley.

"Never," replied Benderley.

"Well, mine does. She flatters me."

"Often?"

"Oh, yes, frequently; particularly in winter," replied Frederick.

"Why does she flatter you so much in winter?"

"Whenever the coal fire needs replenishing, she points to the fireplace and says, 'Frederick, the grate'"

AS MARS SEES US

Being just a little glimpse of ourselves as seen from a planet of supermen.

By ELIZABETH FIELD YARDLEY

HIS brow wrinkling anxiously, the Chief Doctor of the School for Universal Research up in Mars handed the binoculars to a student at his side

"Observe," quoth he, "and tabulate accurately the progress of events in that queer looking little body down yonder."

Swiftly the student brought forth the Encyclopædia of Minor Bodies. As he ran his finger through the index, his lip curled disdainfully.

"That, Doctor," he said finally, "we have classified as The Little Egotist." Continuing, he read from the reference book: "Inhabitants, a primitive race; lived until recently in caves and jungles, still truculent and barbaric; depend for existence upon the physical consumption and digestion of matter called 'food.' The race has attained but meagre understanding of the metaphysical consciousness; planet is called The Earth; and they are just outgrowing the theory that it is the centre of the universe."

Being descended from many generations of supermen, the Chief Doctor smiled indulgently.

"It is in evolution," he said, "that we see the history of the universe. For some time past I have detected signs of change in an inhabitant of The Little Egotist called 'Woman.' Observe this creature closely."

The student sighed, for he had been in deep contemplation of the soul's progress in Sirius. Still, being a superman also, he undertook the appointed task without remonstrance.

Before the school closed its doors for the day, he had appended to his note book this data:

"Interesting evolution noted in specie called 'Woman,' found on The Little Egotist. Alleged 'scientific' theory that it was evolved from protoplasm; queer religious tradition that it was made from rib of specie called 'Man' led to its subordination to 'Man.'

"Customary for each 'Man' to own at least one 'Woman.' Creature named Solomon said to have owned a thousand.

"Originally two classes of 'Woman'—slaves and ornaments. 'Slaves' work, drudge, toil, for owners. 'Ornaments' dance, sing, entertain, paint and attire themselves brilliantly, to please 'Man.'

"First upheaval threatened by 'Woman' about a thousand years ago. Arrangement called 'law' undertook to protect specie from physical violence.

"Second upheaval about a hundred years ago. Arrangement called 'divorce' enabled 'Woman' to escape from owner, and select new proprietor.

"Third upheaval, thirty years ago. General fermentation ever since. 'Colleges' founded for 'Woman.' Incessant talk about 'clubs,' 'rights,' 'votes,' 'higher education,' becoming ever more clamourous and aggressive.

"Modern developments most extraordinary. 'Man' fighting everywhere. More barbarism and bloodshed than ever known before in the history of The Little Egotist. Much talk about 'extermination of the race,' and 'end of the world.'

"'Woman,' meanwhile, acting as Man's' substitute in all vocations. Manages and works 'factories,' 'laboratories,' 'mines,' 'farms,' operates 'automobiles,' 'cars,' 'aeroplanes,' and other pieces of machinery. 'Woman' occupied as 'letter carriers,' 'boot-blacks,' 'barbers,' 'jewellers.' Impossible to find any work of 'Man' which 'Woman' has been unable to duplicate successfully."

Said the Chief Doctor when he glanced through the student's note book:

"For the next twenty years watch The Little Egotist carefully. Be constantly on the alert to detect the ultimate outcome of the specie called 'Man.'"

THE TRAGEDY OF THE YELLOW YAPOSHA

(Continued from page 40)

picture in the paper—a lurid thing, drawn with a careful study to express the horrible; and it called itself the picture of the girl assassin shot at Tsing-tau. It showed the nude body of a woman, with distorted limbs and bullet-mangled breasts, lying in a dead, huddled heap beside a newly dug pit—and the face was the face of Hoshi, his wife.

Hayashi Daimyo smiled as he walked down the Benton Dori, where English and Nipponese flags waved everywhere, to celebrate the first victories of the Allies in the War—Tsing tau had been captured on that sixth of November, 1914.

"The old ways of torture were so unnecessary," smiled Hayashi Daimyo to himself. "With a little care and skill criminals can always be made to torture themselves."

Hayashi smiled again, knowing that in that most civilized and humanely managed prison Pedro Carter had gone mad.

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ANNOUNCEMENT OF INTEREST TO EVERY READER

In this issue of Everywoman's World the opportunity is given you to Win this $890.00 Overland Touring Car

FOR an evening's real entertainment that will give a mental stimulus to everybody in the family turn to the interesting puzzle contest elsewhere in this issue and see whether you can figure out the right answers to the question "What Groceries Did Brown Advertise?"

Puzzling is a pastime of very ancient growth, rich in historical associations, and its popularity is perhaps greater to-day than ever before. Many leading magazines publish a puzzle each month in which numerous small prizes are awarded, but EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD feels that its readers prefer the present plan of having only one contest in a season, and making the prizes of such great value as to be really worth competing for.

This is the third great opportunity of this kind that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has given and thousands of dollars in cash and fine prizes have been distributed to people in all parts of Canada. But never before has so grand a prize as this $890.00 Overland Touring Car been available to our friends. It is a beautiful car to own and drive, and it is economical to keep; but if you were to win it and preferred cash to the car, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD would gladly send it to you just as it has sent cash prizes to many other prize winners. The cash value of this car would surely start a magnificent bank account for anybody.

Read it should bear in mind that this contest is unlike any other mast ach as it is not by any means a competition in securing subscriptions by which the one who obtains the greatest number of subscriptions wins a prize. Everybody's opportunity in this contest is equal and when the Judges award the car and other fine prizes among the qualified contestants they will have no knowledge whatsoever of who the contestant is or what she or he has done, as all the names on the entries are covered at the time of judging. If you or any one else were to secure every subscription, it would not make even the slightest difference. Mr. Hugh A. Ross, who won the Ford Touring Car last year, Mrs. Clarke of Montreal, who won the $450.00 Piano, or Mr. Geddes, who won the Ford Car given in 1915, did not secure subscriptions or render any service to us beyond what is required by the rules. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD spares no trouble or expense to make the contest absolutely fair and equal to all.

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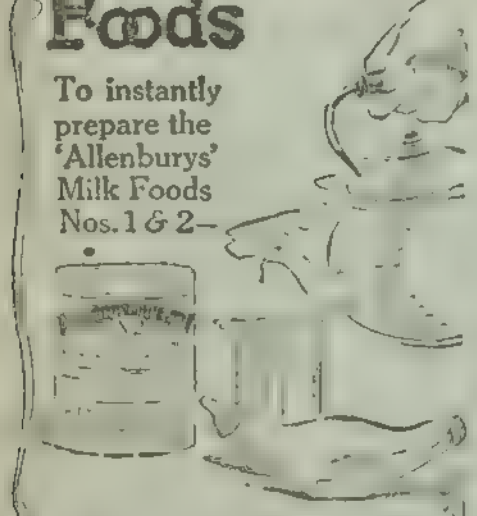

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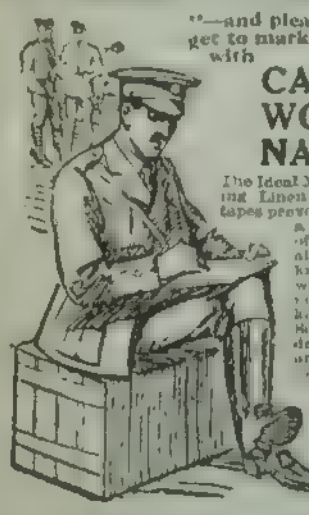

"—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with

CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

The Ideal Method of Marking Linen because these tapes prevent loss and are a quick means of identification; also woven and knitted garments which cannot be marked with marking ink. Sold by all leading dry goods stores and men's furnishing stores. Prices for any name not exceeding 24 letters:

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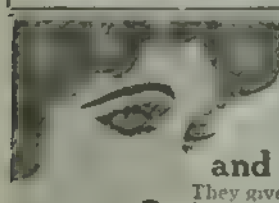

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Maybell Laboratories, 4068-K Indiana Ave., Chicago

SYSTEM AND METHOD

(Continued from page 7)

JENKINS: To get rid of you, I'll look. (*... hums tune, and does steps ... searches in packet for ...* What's this! I've hun... Southern Pacific. Oh, it's a mistake of that fool Hatton. (*Rushes to desk. Takes duplicate order book.*) My own handwriting! How could I have been such a fool.

F... System and Method

J... Five hundred dollars a point. (*Takes newspaper and hurriedly turns leaves.*) "Southern passes dividend. Sensational 16-point drop." Oh, how could I have made such a mistake!

F... Don't distress yourself. I wrote it ... I'll have you j... led for it.

F...: You forget. I'm a fairy. (*Puts on cloak, takes it off.*)

JENKINS: Con..., Madam, whoever ... you have brou... ... Then the blow has been severe?

J...KINS: It would take more than I am worth ... I am not only ruined, I am disgraced!

FAIRY (*up to this point has been speaking very drily, now ... solemnly and impressively*). I am not a mortal. I am a fairy. Now listen! For some time back we have been watching you. You are the worst man in town, the most selfish, the least kindly, the most conceited. You think of nothing but your own comfort. You have, by ordinary ability and plodding, attained a reasonably good position. Your conceit makes you believe yourself a genius, a marvel of system and method. Finally, you are cruel, abominably cruel, to your wife. Do you remember her as you first saw her? Do you recall the kind of protestations that won her love? Think of those early days. Then compare this evening. Recently children, four loving children, came to you. We hoped they would soften you. You have made them dread your footstep. For the sake of the ... you were, we have decided to ... it is necessary to chasten you. You ... ved the first discipline.

JENKINS: Is it not enough? I am ruined. There is truth in what you say. Cancel what has been, and I will do better.

FAIRY: You might try to, but you could not keep your word. Prepare for the second punishment now being brought you by the postman. The third soon follows.

(*Post knock. Fairy assumes cloak, and remains at back of stage. Jenkins goes to door and returns with two letters.*)

JENKINS: For Mary. (*puts it on table, opens other.*) Ah! From the Department (*reads*) "I regret to inform you that, owing to rearrangement of staff, your services will be dispensed with from date. Following the invariable custom of this office, a month's salary will be paid you in lieu of notice." That completes it. A new start in life at forty. What shall I do? What *shall* I do?

(*Throws letter in desk. Goes to chair and sits with head in hands. Mary enters.*)

MARY: I think I heard the post. Is there anything for me?

JENKINS: On the table.

(*Mary ... letter and reads it eagerly.*)

MARY: John, I have just heard from my sister, Margaret.

JOHN (*heatily*). Yes.

MARY: It was in answer to one I wrote her a week ago.

JOHN (*still abstractedly*): Well?

MARY: It was after you had spoken rather roughly to me, John. (*A pause.*) John, I have tried to please you for a long time, but I have not been very successful. I do not seem to be able to try any longer. I am not happy, John. Margaret has agreed to have me and the children, and—and I have decided to leave you, John.

J...: You are going to leave me?

MARY: It will be better for us both, John. You will be happier without the children and me, and I—I can't keep up any longer, John.

J... When do you leave?

M... To-morrow morning, I think, John.

(*Jenkins, dumbfounded, allows her to leave without further talk. Fairy comes forward ... off cloak.*)

FAIRY: Well?

JENKINS: Could you not have left me my wife? Don't you know I love her and have always loved her?

F...: How tactfully you showed it.

J... I know. I've treated her brutally. ... bring what other misfortunes you wish, maim me, blind me, starve me, but let me keep my wife's love.

FAIRY: You are showing a better spirit. Wait and see. I don't want to punish you, I want to improve you. Let us see what the force of example will do.

(*Fairy assumes cloak. Knock at door. Jenkins opens it. Enter Meredith.*)

JENKINS: Ah! Meredith! Have you heard the news?

MEREDITH: I have just heard it. I can hardly believe it.

JENKINS: How about your own position?

MEREDITH: I retain it. Tell me, Jenkins, is it true? The rumour I heard about your being hit on the Stock Market, this afternoon?

JENKINS: I'm a doubly, trebly ruined man, Meredith.

M...: Well, that's what I came about. ... have saved up, and I thought you might be able to use it ... sion business, until something better turns up, you know.

JENKINS: I don't know what to ...

MEREDITH: Not a word. Not a word. You and I have had our tiffs at the office, but I have always thought highly of you. And what with your business knowledge, system and method, you know, you'll be at the top of the tree in no time. (*Enter Mary.*) Oh, Mrs. Jenkins. I just came in to cheer your husband up a bit. Don't let him despond at the bad news. He'll pull through all right. Good-night, good-night.

(*Exit Meredith.*)

MARY: John, what did Mr. Meredith mean?

JENKINS: I have lost both my money and my position. I have only heard it during the last half hour. Meredith was kindly offering ... some assistance.

MARY: John, you didn't tell me!

JENKINS: Mary, Mary, don't leave me, dear. I don't care for what has happened to-day if you will only stay with me and give me a little of your love. My Mary, my little sweetheart. Mary, I'll try to do better.

MARY: I could never leave you if you needed me, John, and you have always had my love. Oh, John, dear, I am so happy.

(*Mary exits quickly, with handkerchief to ... Enter Fairy.*)

FAIRY: I've come to say good-bye. Do you believe in Fairies?

JENKINS: I do. I do.

FAIRY: Just a word in your ear. Look at your duplicate order to the broker when you have time. Now watch me perform a Fairy trick. Good bye.

(*Fairy goes to clock and turns back hands one half hour. This must be done in full view of audience. Stage is immediately darkened for an instant. John is then found asleep in arm chair. Everything is in position as on Mary's ... it with children. A pause. Jenkins wakes, as Mary is heard off stage.*)

MARY: All right, dears. I'll try. (*To ... John, I feel ... anxious to have Santa Claus. Don't you think we might?*

J...KINS: Might? I *should say* we might! (*Gives her a wad of bills.*) Run to the corner store and buy everything in sight.

MARY: But, John, I have a few presents.

JENKINS: Well, buy lots more, especially fairy Tale books.

MARY: Oh, John, you are a dear. I thought you'd be in!

JENKINS: Never mind, I do now. And bring me a Santa Claus suit if they have one.

(*Mary puts on hat as they talk, goes to door. Postman's knock. Mary hands one letter to John, leaves another on table. Exits running.*)

JENKINS: From the Department. Ugh! (*reads letter.*) "I am pleased to notify you that you have been appointed to fill the position made vacant by the transference of Mr. Meredith to the Department of Agriculture. The position will carry a salary double what you are at present drawing." (*Dances a pas-seul that carries him to the desk.*) Oh, my order to the broker. (*Opens it.*) Maria Jones! Jumping Snakes! I've sold, not bought! I'm to the good! Little Fairy, my hat off to you. That'll make a Christmas box for Mary. (*Pulls stocking out of work basket and puts in order and letter.*)

(*Mary enters laden. Jenkins takes presents, etc., and exits.*)

MARY (*goes to door, calls*): Mabel, bring the others here quickly.

(*Enter children in night clothes. Jenkins enters immediately afterward, dressed as Santa Claus, wig, beard, etc.*)

JENKINS: Well, my little dears, I suppose you thought I was not coming. But I always come to good children who want me.

MABEL: We wanted you an awful lot.

J...KINS: Did you? Well, I had a fine old ... getting down your chimney. Where's Baby? Here's the biggest Teddy Bear that was ever born at the North Pole. (*Gives Baby bear.*) Come, I think I ought to have a kiss for that. (*Kisses.*) And for Irene, a most ... doll that shuts her eyes, Lady Ermentrude Fitz Jones. For Charlie, a big drum and a sure-enough gun. And for Mabel, a whole bunch of books so that she can tell the others all about the fairies.

(*Jenkins kisses the children as he gives them the presents.*)

Then for Aunty, something she will like much better than toys. (*Gives Mary stocking.*)

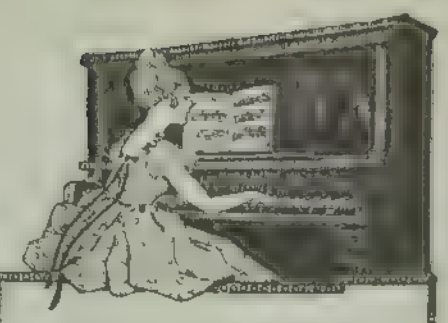
MABEL: Please, Santa Claus, I hope you have brought something for Uncle.

JENKINS: Oh, I gave him his when he came to fetch me—

MABEL: We ... I thought—

J...: Oh, he was only joking with you. He ... full of fun. You'll see.

(*During last of above, Mary opens letter on table. The children group at back of stage, playing with toys.*) (Continued on page 47).



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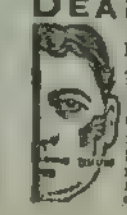
DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD
Suite 202, 150 5th Ave., N.Y. City

SCENARIO EDITORS ARE LOOKING FOR GOOD PHOTOPLAYS

(Continued from page 12)

a detail that requires your most careful attention. The fans get fidgety if one scene remains on the screen too long, except it be broken by explanatory matter or a switching back to another part of the story. A stage play and a film are as different in this respect as chalk is from cheese. A long scene should be avoided.

What to Avoid

THE silent drama makes a determined effort to portray life as it is, and in this laudable ambition the photoplay has an advantage over the legitimate stage by being able to introduce genuine outdoor settings. For example, I shall suppose that there are two different families in a play, residing in separate houses. This fact must be impressed upon spectators. But how? The way to accomplish this is, when a character is leaving one house for the other, to run in a scene showing him either leaving the first or entering the second, for players should not literally "drop" from one residence into another.

Mary H. Connor, Scenario Editor, Griffith's Fine Arts Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Weak, tedious and [illegible] they are delicate subjects and tend only to offend those of opposite creed or class. Some motion picture companies will not accept plays based on these themes.

Many comedies appear exceedingly funny on paper, but when seen in the cold light of the screen, the humour has sadly departed. This is the experience of most scenario editors. But you should not write a comedy, humorously, merely for the benefit of the script editor. He reads in pictures, while the beginner too often writes in words, without thinking whether his play will stand a visualized test. Bear this in mind, and your rejections should decrease.

THE fiction writer generally recognizes the sky as the limit, but when it comes to the writing of photoplays, remember that the art cannot be regarded in the same light.

In a photoplay every incident must be acted before the exacting lens of the motion picture camera, and you should say, continuously, to yourself, "Can it be done?" I should advise you, as a beginner, to leave subjects alone when they demand the utmost knowledge of the possibilities of motion pictures. I mean such things as trick effects and double exposures, by which seemingly impossible situations are obtained. Keep to a thoroughly straightforward play, and you are not so likely to come to grief.

Do not open your play in England, then transfer the action to Japan, thence to New Zealand, with Canada as the setting for the climax. Restrict yourself to one country. Remember that it is not possible for a producing company to send a company to these far-away countries for a single production. There are certain exceptions, of course; but if you must let your characters travel, keep to interiors.

The fiction writer has facilities for describing his characters and telling their traits, but the photoplay author cannot go beyond having these traits and characteristics expressed by the actions of the players. The idea of a photoplay should be based on one or more of the traits—malice, benevolence, sympathy, ignorance, love, joy, gratification, courage, dislike, waywardness, thoughtfulness, devotion.

IF several hundred feet of a picture are taken up with sub-titles and inserts, the selling chances are practically nill, and it would, I am of opinion, be more suitable as a short story. There is a limit to everything, and the fans patronize the movies to be entertained, not to ponder over what is inserted in the films.

Although manufacturers are every now and then prepared to incur a huge expenditure on some sensational situation, you should not blindly rush in and act accordingly. Only staff writers are in a position to take advantage of such opportunities.

The Editor and the Market

NOT a few folk are inclined to look upon the scenario editor as a man who passes his time in stealing other people's ideas. I want to disprove this fallacy, and to assure you that your stories will be honourably treated if you send them to reputable companies, quite the same as when you send a manuscript to a magazine editor.

Scenarios should be typewritten, and submitted in the usual way. On the first page state to which class your play belongs: Western drama, drawing room comedy, et

All editors now ask for double spaced matter; that is to say, that a space should be left between the lines and double as much to separate one scene from another. The jumbling of scenes will not put the editor in a pleased frame of mind, since it makes his work twice as long as it should be.

THE following concerns are in the market for scenarios:

World Film Corporation, 130 West 46th Street, New York, N.Y.

Vitagraph Company, East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Fine Arts Film Company, Santa Monica, Calif.

Metro Pictures Corporation, 1465 Broadway, New York. N.Y.

Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Rialto Film Company, 220 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.

Rolin Film Company, Inc., 907 Brockman Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

Lasky Feature Film Company, Hollywood, Calif.

Atlas Motion Picture Company, 710 Smith Building, Detroit, Mich.

Vim Film Corporation, Jacksonville, Fla

Nestor Film Company, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Edison Film Mfg. Co., 2826 Decatur Avenue, Bedford Park, New York, N.Y.

Ziegfeld Photoplays Company, 4137 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Eagle Film Mfg. Company, Jacksonville, Fla.

Lubin Film Company, Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harvey Hoyt, Scenario Editor, Rolph Metro Pictures

Centaur Film Company, 1019 South Main Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Gaumont Company, Flushing, Long Island, N.Y.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Western Branch, Universal City, Calif.

Famous Players Film Company, New York, N.Y

American Film Mfg. Company, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Selig Polyscope Company, Chicago, Ill.

Kalem Company, West 23rd Street, New York, N.Y.

Editor's Note

Photoplay writing is becoming as much a recognized profession as is that of the artist or author, but unlike the demand for art and fiction, the demand for good scenarios far exceeds the supply. The photoplay has reached in a few short years a prominence that required long years for art and fiction to attain.

It goes without saying that many writers of both poetry and prose are qualified to succeed in the writing of scenarios, once they understand the limitations that must be observed; and as the field is not crowded, it presents an opening for much good and profitable work.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has made arrangements for a series of articles on this very interesting and pertinent subject. These articles will include sketches of prominent scenario artists who have made a success of this branch of acting. Ernest Alfred Dench is prepared to answer inquiries and supply information. Address, Mr. Dench in care of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, enclosing self-addressed and stamped envelope.

THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM

"NO NEED TO DARN ANY MORE 17¢ SOCKS"

For the last few months there has been a most interesting discussion in the columns of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD as to whether it pays a woman to spend time darning 17c socks. This argument arose from a letter written by a troubled husband who claimed that his wife's time should be worth 50c an hour and that it was poor economy to spend an hour of 50c time to save a 17c sock.

There are two sides to every question and in this discussion both sides are right from their own point of view.

Naturally the wife tries to save the 17c sock and largely because she does not value her time at 50c an hour.

And why does she NOT value her own time higher? Because she has never found out how to give her time an actual money value.

She must have time for recreation. We propose to give a money value to her spare working hours, to fill in the "Darning time" more profitably.

This is what the Auto-Knitter will do for you, relieve you of tedious work and give you the means of actually producing the 50c per hour which Mary's husband said HER time was worth.

THE AUTO-KNITTER AS A MONEY SAVER AS A MONEY MAKER

Imagine his pleasure in being able to point out to her the solution of his and her difficulty, the simple and effective machine which will produce socks and stockings for the whole family at a minimum cost.

And just think of the ease with which you will be able to supply the needs of your own particular Boys at the Front. The call is ever for more socks—"More Socks"—and the comfort and efficiency of your soldier friends depend absolutely upon his being fitted with plenty of good warm socks—especially during the winter and spring months.

The money saving features of the Auto-Knitter are not confined to the actual making of hosiery for your family. That is a big saving, it is true, but you will find that you can make all your family hosiery for NOTHING, because the profit on what you make and sell will pay for all you use yourself

Did you ever count up the cost of socks and stockings in a year for the average family or for your family? Every time the Auto-Knitter runs off a few pairs for your boys and girls at the mere cost of the wool, you SAVE MONEY!

Here's where the value of your time comes in. A few minutes' work—an extra pair of socks or stockings made—there will be no difficulty in finding customers for them. YOU won't need to LOOK for customers—WE buy your output.

We have a plan which makes it absolutely certain that you will be able to dispose of every pair of hose you make at fixed rates. You will read all about this in our free book which will be sent to you on request.

SEND TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE BOOK AND SEE HOW YOU CAN MAKE YOUR TIME WORTH 50¢ PER HOUR

Brussels, Ont., Aug. 26th, 1916

Dear Sirs:

I am very pleased with the Auto-Knitter purchased from you in June. I find it most convenient having the two cylinders, and would advise all would be purchasers to buy the Auto-Knitter. It is so simple to use. I have knit from the very finest to the heaviest of yarns and have turned out very satisfactory work. All my neighbors speak highly of the beautiful even work your machine turns out. I am hoping to make quite a good living from it. It is pleasant work. Believe me, Yours sincerely, LOUISE LUNN

Okanagan Falls, B.C., March 30th, 1916

Dear Sirs:

I have had one of your Duplex Knitting Machines a month now and am delighted with it. I have learned how to use it entirely from the book of instructions, and was able to make some socks for the Red Cross Society in a few days after learning how to work the machine. Yours truly A. L. S.

Toronto, Aug 28th 1916.

Dear Sirs:

I have owned an Auto-Knitter since January of this year, since when, during spare time, I have knitted over 500 pairs of socks which have given perfect satisfaction private trade). All who see them want them.

My experience of the machine is that it is eminently satisfactory and [illegible] claimed to be the firm courteous and straightforward. Yours truly, C A M

154 Roslin Ave., Bedford Park,
Toronto, August 14th 1916

Dear Sirs:

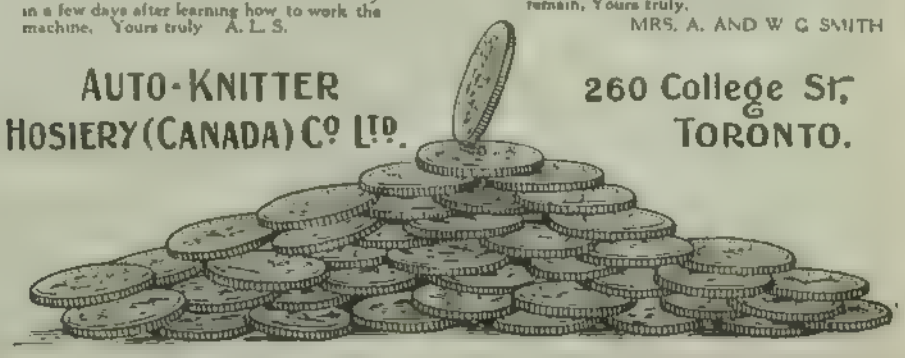
Mrs. Smith and myself are very much pleased with the Duplex Knitting Machine which we purchased from you several months ago. It has proved a great success in every way. We earn as much as ten dollars a week.

Wishing your Company every success, we remain, Yours truly,

MRS. A. AND W. G. SMITH

AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY (CANADA) Co Ltd.

260 College St, TORONTO.



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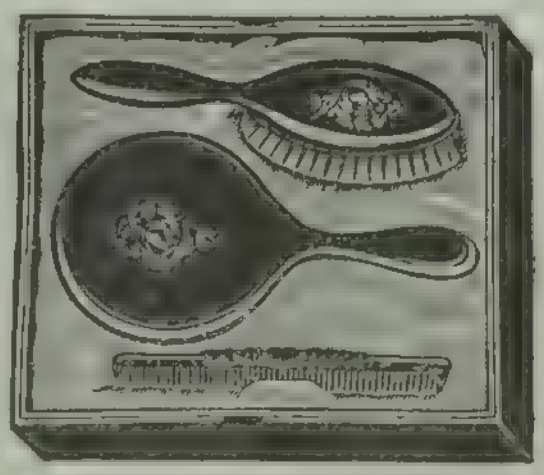

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You will also be delighted with the exquisite gold finished bracelet watch because it is such a beauty. Bracelet watches are now all the rage. Many of them in solid gold and set with precious stones sell for as high as $100.00 each. This lovely bracelet watch is just as beautiful as any you could buy. It is richly gold finished, stem wind and set, and has the genuine expansion bracelet that fits snugly on any wrist.

We are giving away these magnificent presents to quickly advertise and introduce our delicious new Royal Japanese Perfume. Help us to do it and you can get them without a cent of cost. Just write to-day and we will send you, postage paid, only 25 lovely trial size bottles to distribute among your friends at only 10c each. There are six delicious odors: White Rose, Wood Violet, French Carnation, Lily of the Valley and Most Lovely. Only three or four of these fine bottles at once. They go like hot cakes. It is no trouble at all.

Return our $2.50 when the perfume is sold and we will promptly send you this beautiful Princess Mary Toilet Set and the just as represented and the lovely bracelet watch, you can receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your beautiful present to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods as you did.

Write to-day—NOW—don't miss this great opportunity. We pay all charges on these lovely presents.

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WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE OF YOUR BOY?

(*Continued from page 8*)

ideas, His size and weight are a power in influencing men in business and in the professions.

But the advantage is not all to the man of many inches. As a rule the large man is more loosely put together, and it is a fundamental law that it requires the expenditure of more energy to start a loosely constructed mechanism than it does to put a compact, closely knit piece of machinery into motion. The small man "gets under way" more quickly, his movements are more rapid, and the operations of his intellect and feelings usually correspond with those of the body. For these reasons he succeeds where quickness of thought and action rather than impressiveness are required. In salesmanship or the professions where acquaintance or reputation can overcome the handicap of physical insignificance, he succeeds by being able to think and act more rapidly than his customer or opponent.

Texture is the inherent grain or fibre of the body and corresponds to the grain of woods or the temper of metals.

People differ, just as woods and metals differ, in hardness, fineness, and flexibility; and exactly as these qualities determine the suitability of woods or metals for different uses, so they determine the adaptability of persons to different occupations.

TEXTURE differs from size in that it is not subject to sudden change during the period of growth; and while it is true that in all people the texture becomes harder, coarser, and less flexibleas the years pass from infancy to maturity, andthat it may be modified by habits of body andmind, the change is very gradual, and is evenless marked than changes in the colour of hair and eyes.

Hard muscular work, exposure, and the development of severity of character increase the hardness of the texture, while inactivity and the cultivation of sensitiveness soften it.

Refined surroundings, work calling for delicacy of touch and discrimination, abstemious habits of living, and the cultivation of poetry, music, and art, refine the texture. Rough work, mental inactivity, over-eating and dissipation—beer, tobacco, and alcohol—coarsen it.

Variety of occupation and interest increases flexibility, while monotony and sameness of physical and mental life produce stiffness and rigidity.

When we have a delicate mission to accomplish, we do not send the man of coarse, hard, unyielding fibre—he wins only by sledge hammer blows. Neither do we choose a fine, soft fibred man to control and direct a body of coarse grained, rough labourers—he may do it in an emergency, but not as a steady job.

Probably the easiest way to judge of hardness and flexibility is by the hand. Notice the next dozen persons with whom you shake hands. Apart from any difference in size or warmth, you will find a very marked difference in the consistency and flexibility.

Hardness: Some hands are so hard that there is little or no "give" to the grip. Others are so soft that you are almost afraid your fingers will crush through them like so much jelly. Hardness follows the natural law of harmony, and boys of hard, unyielding texture like to handle resisting materials and will do best working with brick, stone, iron, metals, hardware. This type gives us the man who is often called hard-headed and sometimes hard-hearted.

Softness: The softness that is the natural inherent texture of the organization indicates lack of energy and stamina, and persons of this type soon break down under any unusual strain, either physical or nervous. They are emotionally sensitive and impressible and are governed by their feelings rather than by will. They like to handle the softer and more yielding materials, such as wool and textiles. A little observation soon proves the truth of this rule. The man who is perfectly at home and happy in the grocery business is of softer texture than the man who, from choice, deals with hardware; and the man whose work is among ribbons and silks is of softer fibre than he who prefers the carpet or furniture department.

In infancy, before the muscles are well developed, the tissues are very soft; and in prolonged illness the muscles become weak from disease and the hands soft. This should be distinguished from the softness which characterises some people in health.

Fineness: The boy of fine texture—that is fine skin and fine, silky hair—is sensitive and responsive. He loves beauty, and will not work well nor happily in coarse, unlovely, harsh surroundings; neither is he at his best in handling coarse, heavy, ugly tools or materials. He should do literary, artistic, or scientific work, or, if other indications point to a love of machinery or manufacture, work where he will handle fine machinery such as watches, beautiful tools, silks, and satins, objects of art, jewellery, and anything delicate, light and artistic. Fineness of texture is a distinct advantage where delicacy and finish are required. The fine texture of gold makes it an excellent metal for filling teeth or the making of jewellery, but cast iron is better for heavy pieces of machinery, and still coarser concrete for the foundations of roads and buildings.

THE sharpness with which the features are chiselled is usually a fair index of the texture of the whole body. Just as it is impossible to put a razor edge on a piece of cast iron, so it is impossible for nature to chisel sharply cut classical features if the texture is coarse.

Coarseness: There is a general dislike of coarseness and a disinclination to be placed in this class. We are apt to forget that the man of coarse fibre has his own particular work to do and his own particular place in the Creator's wise scheme of life—a work that could not be accomplished and a place that cannot be filled by a man of fine grain.

A friend of mine used to use himself as a horrible example of coarse texture. He was a splendid specimen, six feet tall and broad in proportion, with coarse hands, coarse skin and rough hewn features. He was not lacking in kindliness and generosity, but he did lack sensitiveness and fineness of perception, and for this reason unintentionally offended people of the fine textured type, just as sandstone may scratch gold if it touches it. But he had size and strength in proportion to his coarseness of texture, the power of the pile driver, if not the delicacy of a tack hammer.

Did you ever notice how much more striking some men and women appear at a distance than close at hand?

This is another of the peculiarities of coarse texture. Just as the open grained Georgia pine or oak is more attractive seen at a little distance, as in house trimming, than a close grained wood like box wood or teak, so the coarse textured man or woman looks best at a distance, as, for example, on the stage or platform in a large hall, where a person of very fine texture appears weak and insipid.

The coarse man must have bulk and quantity to make him impressive and to enable him to handle large things in a large, wholesale way.

Close at hand he probably looks uncouth. In a limited space he will be awkward. He is always chary of handling small, fine, delicate articles. He wants and needs plenty of space, large opportunities, and unrestricted liberty in his ideas. He is simple, large in his tolerance, and does not care to split hairs. Fine shades of thought escape him, but he will go to the root of the matter and pick out the salient points, passing over all the lesser points in a large, broad manner. This is why the man of large size and coarse fibre succeeds so well in controlling large audiences and enterprises. He gives people a few strong points, presents them slowly and deliberately, and drives these home in a few strong words, backed by the impressiveness of his large physique. His audience carry away these few strong points and remember them. The man of small size or of fine texture will endeavour to present all sides of the subject and will touch on so many points that his audience have only a confused impression of many ideas and a clear impression of none.

Just as the man of fine texture likes fine fabrics, so the man of coarse texture will be found to prefer coarse fabrics and loud patterns, and in choosing such for his clothes he does well, for they harmonize with his individuality.

FLEXIBILITY: Are you flexible or inflexible? Just see how far you can bend back your fingers at the knuckles. The average person's fingers will bend back, without pain, about forty-five degrees. A very flexible person may be able to bend the fingers back until they form a right angle with the back of the hand, while you will meet people whose joints will hardly bend back at all.

The flexible boy has great adaptability, is at home anywhere, and in any company. He responds to the moods of others. The extreme type is inconstant in temperament and changeable in disposition. There is a large amount of "give and take" to him. He will often yield a point for the sake of harmony, since discord jars him. But, when the chance of discord has passed, he is very apt to return to his first opinion or condition. Like rubber, he yields to pressure, but springs back when that pressure is removed.

Rigidity: The boy with very rigid joints is very hard to impress, unresponsive, slow to change, difficult to move, and in extreme types shows much severity of disposition. He does not adapt himself easily or readily to new conditions or strange surroundings. He is, as it were, brittle, finds it almost impossible to bend, and will break rather than yield. This boy needs understanding, sympathy and care in training, if you would spare him the inevitable shattering of his life which he must be broken, since he won't bend. He is naturally conservative, happy in a groove, and opposed to change of any kind, and usually sticks down in some old established trade and declines to change with the times.

Six foot men of fine quality do well in selling high class artistic or educational propositions as specialties or in a wholesale way, especially where they must do business with strangers on the first call. Henry Nerlich, founder of the fancy goods business of Nerlich & Co., was such a man.

Six foot men of coarse quality succeed in handling big, coarse materials, such as structural steel, roadways, bridges, in a large way; and in such occupations as lumbering, contracting, power, development.

The small, fine man has a decided advantage in handling goods of fine texture where space is limited, as in a retail store, handling fancy goods, jewellery, furnishings, drugs or toilet goods.

The very small man of coarse texture will succeed on the whole as well as a fine grained man of the same size, but will be at his best handling coarser materials, such as builders' hardware or building materials in a retail way.

MY CAREER

(*Continued from page 10*)

able to make a convincing explanation, that it continued to be such a mental thorn in my side.

I did explain the affair to Mr. Frohman, but his was too big a soul to treat the matter seriously, and he advised me to put it lightly aside and give it no further attention. Had I then been blessed with the more catholic vision of life which comes of the mellowing experience of years, I most likely should have considered it as an event of no consequence.

But even had I happily been able thus to let it pass as a lurid dream of the night, there were those with whom I soon was to be associated who presently would again have revived the spirit of the incident and made me conscious of the embarrassing situation. For, as though in pertinent and cheerful contradiction of the disconcerting press criticism, I was a member of Mr. Sothern's company within less than two weeks following its publication.

IT has sometimes seemed to me that this was my first real chance, far though it was from the part of leading woman. It came about as a result of Mr. Sothern's play, "Change Alley," not proving successful and the consequent revival of "Lord Chumley." And, mark you! I was engaged to play the part of the little slavey, *Meg*, Angel of the Attic, the actress who had played it in the original cast not being able to go on tour with the company.

Think of me, cast for the part of *Meg*, of blackened face and unclean raiment! I, who had dreamed of the transcendent glory of *Viola*, *Rosalind* and *Juliet*, not to mention other bewitching heroines of Shakespeare.

I confess I found it most difficult to reconcile myself to a part for which I had to put horrid smut on my face, and wear a dirty dress. However, in recalling those developing days it pleases me to imagine that I played the part more than passing well, despite the fact that the great Shakespeare had neglected to write it for me.

I may as well admit that the ghost of that vexatious newspaper comment exasperatingly persisted in following me into Mr. Sothern's company and that there was manifested from the first a certain well defined attitude of adverse and unfriendly feeling toward me from all the members, excepting Mr. Sothern himself. He was either too big and too liberal minded to have given a second thought to a newspaper contretemps, or else he had grown callous to such criticism through experience.

As illustrating the prejudiced spirit of my fellow actors, at this time, I recall an incident which occurred on the night of my first appearance with Mr. Sothern in "Lord Chumley." At the time it deeply wounded my feelings, which naturally were not a little over sensitive because of the unamiable sentiment of the members of the company. Now that I get a better perspective of the situation, however, I can see the humour of it all, and—almost—forgive.

Because of some untoward incident connected with the business of the stage on this evening, Mr. Sothern was in an irritable mood, if indeed he had not quite lost his temper. On such occasions it may not be denied that he was wont to express his displeasure in no uncertain and quite forceful language.

Possibly because of the newness of my environment, or it may have been the subconscious influence of the press criticism which so unrelentingly seemed to haunt me, that I somehow got the impression that Mr. Sothern was indirectly addressing me with his fervid remarks.

At any rate, it disconcerted me not a little, and in the confusion I unfortunately missed my footing at the head of the stairs leading to the dressing-room below stage and went tumbling to the bottom, where I picked myself up, more bruised in spirit than in body.

Quite naturally enough, this did not in any measure tend to relieve my agitation, and in consequence, when my time came to go upon the stage, in a scene with Mr. Sothern, I was a bit timorous and somewhat lacking in self-confidence.

At one point in the action it was a part of my "business" to swing a broom in such a way as to strike a newspaper from his hands. In the circumstances I had a nervous dread of making a *faux pas*—if one can make a *faux pas* with one's hand—and, rather than risk the chance of striking Mr. Sothern instead of the paper, I swung and deliberately missed.

"What a fool!" derisively ejaculated a member of the company who stood watching from the wings. It may be that he was nearer right in his snap judgment that I had been in my studied procedure. Thus giving him the benefit of the doubt, I may sometime bring myself unconditionally to forgive him, but I scarcely shall be able ever to forget.

MANY years after that Mr. Daniel Frohman, ever an unfailing, loyal friend, told me that during my engagement with Mr. Sothern, that gentleman had sent him a telegram, which read, "Keep your eye on Miss Anglin." To which Mr. Frohman wired in reply, "I have."

During that season Mr. Sothern produced Anthony Hope's drama, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," in which Mr. Sothern's wife, Miss Virginia Harned, played the title *role*.

This play was put on in Philadelphia and I was terribly disappointed when I found that I was not to have a part in it. However, my aspirations were wonderfully heightened when I first saw Miss Harned play the part of *Lady Ursula*, since it appealed to me as the one particular *role* I should most like to have.

Further, I then and there determined to avail myself of the first opportunity to become familiar with the part and, as I was on salary, I asked that I be allowed to understudy it, only to be told that an understudy was not to be considered. Nevertheless, I did not give up hope.

From Philadelphia we went to Chicago. On the morning of the day we were to leave for Omaha, Miss Harned was taken ill and I was given the manuscript of the play with instructions to be prepared at the matinee to walk through the part of *Lady Ursula* and read the lines. Instead, Miss Harned appeared, both at the afternoon and night performance. But, what was of much import to me, I was in possession of the manuscript of the part, and I forthwith economised every spare moment in committing it to memory.

Evidently Miss Harned's indisposition grew more acute, for she did not go to Omaha. Although the company's continued attitude of aloofness deprived me of their confidences, yet I gathered from occasional bits of conversation that, because of Miss Harned's absence, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula" would, in all probability, be withdrawn, and "Lord Chumley" and the "Lady of Lyons" substituted.

Communication by wire with Omaha, however, disclosed that the manager there had other views. Presently Mr. Sothern came and sat beside me, his face a study in disturbed expression. He wanted to know if I thought I could read through the part of *Lady Ursula* the following night, and I rather like to fancy that he was pleasantly surprised when I told him that I had already memorised the part.

And then, through the roll and roar and swing of the flying train we ran through a complete rehearsal of the part. The following day Mr. Sothern gave me every considerate attention in coaching me for the evening performance, in the giving of which, I feel, marked my first notable success on the stage.

Incidentally, there is only one first doll, only one first long dress, only one first party, only one first kiss, and only one first press notice, when one's name appears in prominent and unqualified commendation. It came when we were playing "The Adventures of Lady Ursula" in Kansas City.

THE theatrical critics had been unstinted in their approval in the morning papers following the first night's performance in which I played *Lady Ursula*. The editor of the Kansas City Star, however, seemingly was not content even with the enthusiastic approbation of his critical reviewer, and he came the second night to witness the performance of *Lady Ursula*, after which he wrote a most wonderful review in encomium which appeared as a column-long editorial the next morning.

This was one of the few occasions in which I have figured in the sacred columns usually devoted to the mendacity of the opposite political party and the many phases of those profound problems of Municipal, State and National issues. I shall always regret that I never met this editor or ever even learned his name.

This omission, however, does not make that highly pleasing editorial any the less my "only one first" press notice.

Also it served wonderfully to salve the hurt feelings I had experienced as a result of the satirical newspaper article, which so unmercifully had ridiculed me for proclaiming myself as leading woman to Mr. Sothern, which, through the fortuitous tide of Fate, I then was. Equally pleasing, too, was the fact that following my successful appearance in the leading *role* as *Lady Ursula* with Mr. Sothern, the members of the company became delightfully friendly to me. And, further, this happy eventuality naturally turned the tables of ridicule upon the writer of the aforesaid criticism. I think I well may be excused from saying whether or not this thought gave me a sense of gratification.

Aside from the now almost forgotten sting that came of that unwarranted newspaper fling, I must, in all justice, say that always I have met with the same display of cordial feeling during my stage life in England, in Australia, in the United States, and elsewhere. But nowhere have I met with more sympathetic, heartful courtesy and attention than among the people of my own beloved Canada.

(*Continued in February issue.*)

SYSTEM AND METHOD

(*Continued from page 44*)

JENKINS: Mary, what's in that letter?

MARY: It's from Margaret. She wants me—

JENKINS (*anxiously*): What?

MARY: To ask you to take us all over to their house for New Year's.

JENKINS: Why, of course, Mary — (*the slightest pause*) Mary, when you were with the children, I had a kind of dream. Not altogether a happy one. But it made me want to shape the rest of our lives so as to be happier than the happiest of happy dreams. Will you help me, Mary?

MARY: John, dear!

JOHN: Mary, my wife! (*They embrace.*)

CURTAIN

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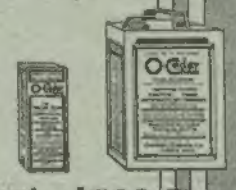

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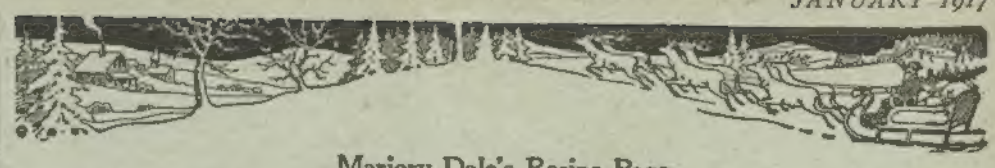


Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

NEW YEAR'S GOODIES

By MARJORY DALE

IN most homes there is a great deal of cooking and baking going on for the holiday season; foods that are too great a trouble to prepare and dishes much too expensive to make at other times find their way to the table then. The cake box and the cooky jar are filled to overflowing. Puddings are ready to be heated for the first festive meal, just because it wouldn't be New Year's without them.

The following recipes are excellent, and, if accurately followed, will find favour with the Canadian housewife:

Father Time Cakes

Three eggs, 2 large cups brown sugar, a little over ¼ cup sifted flour, 2 large teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 teaspoons baking powder, mix thoroughly. Select 1 large shallow baking pan and 2 small ones, grease thoroughly, place mixture in pan and spread thinly and evenly with a wet knife or, better still, dip hands in water and use them, as it is sticky and somewhat hard to spread. Bake in a moderate oven for 15 or 20 minutes. Ice immediately with a thin icing made of icing sugar and milk. When almost cool, cut in squares, and when icing is hard make a thicker chocolate icing and outline an hour glass.

Bell Salad (Individual)

Green peppers, candied cherries, cream cheese, salad dressing.

Cut the end off a sweet green pepper, remove seeds and immerse in cold water. When ready to serve, fill with cream cheese and salad dressing made into a paste. Form a handle out of the stem of the pepper and from it hang a candied cherry, for a bell. Place on individual plates.

Chocolate Marshmallow Cream Roll

Beat 4 eggs light without separating the whites and yolks; gradually beat in 1 cup of granulated sugar, ¼ cup of cocoa (less may be used) and 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter; then fold in 1 cup of sifted flour, sifted again with 1 level teaspoonful of baking powder. Turn into a dripping pan 13½ by 8½ inches, lined with buttered paper, and let bake about twelve minutes or until firm to the touch. Turn on to a cloth or paper and trim off the crisp edges; when cooled somewhat, spread with marshmallow filling and roll like a jelly-roll; roll in the cloth and let stand half an hour or longer. Spread confectioners' chocolate frosting over the top.

Hickory Nut Cake

One cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 cup chopped hickory nut meats, 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cream together the butter and sugar, add lemon juice, egg yolks beaten till lemon coloured. Sift together soda, salt and flour, add nut meats and raisins, stir alternately into the cake mixture with the milk. Then fold in the egg whites stiff and dry. Bake an hour in a moderate oven. Ice with a plain white frosting.

Simple Plum Pudding

One cup grated raw potatoes, 1 cup grated raw carrots, 1 cup chopped suet, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 lb. chopped raisins, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon allspice.

Mix thoroughly in order given, put in well oiled pudding mould, cover and steam five hours. Serve hot with hard fruit or plain hard sauce.

New Year's Cake

One pound butter, 1 lb. brown sugar, 2 lbs. raisins, 10 eggs, 1 teaspoon cloves, 2 lbs. currants, ¼ lb. almonds, ¼ lb. mixed peel, 1 lb. flour, 1 teaspoon mace, 2 teapoons baking powder sifted in the flour, with vanilla or lemon flavouring.

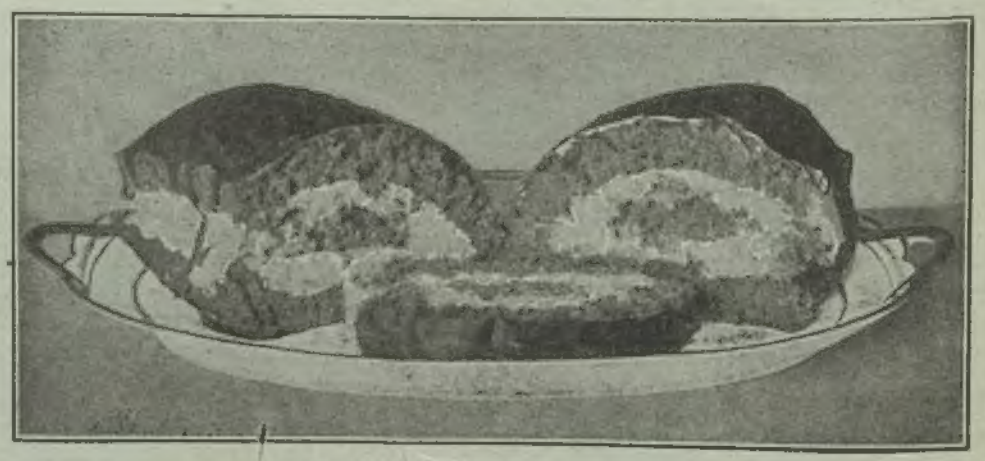
Cream the butter and sugar, add eggs and beat well. Then add flour and spice and beat again. Flour the raisins and currants and add fruit and nuts last. Sprinkle tin with flour, line with well greased paper, and bake 3½ hours.

Fig Layer Cake

Three eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar.

Cream butter, gradually add sugar, then beaten yolks of eggs, and beat well. Sift flour with soda and cream of tartar and add to the cream mixture with the milk. Flavour with 1 teaspoon of vanilla, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in layers.

Filling—1 lb. figs chopped fine, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk. Cook slowly until it thickens and when cool spread between layers and ice with plain white icing.



Chocolate Marshmallow Cream Roll

Corn Chicken Dressing

Two and a half cups stale bread crumbs, ½ can corn, 3 teaspoons powdered celery leaves, ¼ cup melted butter, 2 tablespoons chopped green peppers, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper.

Combine in order given. This amount is sufficient for one chicken.

Baked Oranges

Use thin skinned oranges, cut off tops ¼ down, pull out pith, and fill these cavities with 4 teaspoons of sugar to each orange. Put the fruit in a casserole, fill ¼ full of water, cover, bake till tender.

Remove from oven and make a sauce of the juices in the pan by stirring in 2 teaspoons of corn starch to each cup of liquid, measured after the juice from the top of the oranges has been added. Put ½ teaspoon of butter on the top of each orange, pour sauce over them, return to oven uncovered to brown. Serve hot.

English Plum Cake

One cup of butter creamed, 2 cups white sugar, 3 eggs beaten light, 1 cup sweet milk, 4 cups flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt, 1 even teaspoon baking powder, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup candied orange peel, 1 cup candied lemon peel, chopped fine.

This makes 2 loaves. Cook in bread tins 2 hours in rather slow oven. This will keep 2 months or more. Should be kept wrapped in waxed paper in stone crock. Any desired flavouring may be used.

Mock Mince Pies

Four soda biscuits, rolled fine, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, ½ cup butter, ½ cup vinegar or boiled cider, ½ cup cold water, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 cup chopped raisins, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon cloves. This amount will make 3 pies.

French Cranberry Pie

One cup cranberries chopped fine, 1 cup sugar, butter the size of a walnut, 2 teaspoons flour, ½ cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake with either 1 or 2 crusts.

Boston Fig Pudding

Stir one cup of any wheaten breakfast food into 2 cups scalded milk, and as soon as mixture becomes thickened, remove from fire and stir gradually into a cup of figs, chopped with ¼ cup of suet. Add ½ cup molasses, 2 well beaten eggs, and 1 teaspoon each of soda and salt. Turn into a 3-pint mould and steam 3 hours. Serve with the following hard sauce:

Hard Sauce.—Cream ½ cup butter, add 1 cup powdered sugar gradually. Flavour with 1 teaspoon vanilla or with the grated rind of a lemon or nutmeg.

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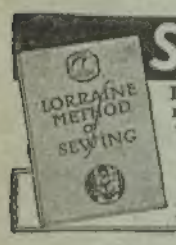

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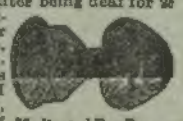

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